The Saturday Evening
POST
November 24, 1962 20¢

THE HOT WAR IN ASIA
Exclusive Report From Communist North Vietnam

"My Awful Wedded Husband"
By Mrs. Kirk Douglas

Sunday's Gladiators: Pro Football in Color

A Crime King's Charmed Life

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Handles a winding road just like downtown. You could sit there all day in your easy chair reading about this '63 Corvair Monza, but the best way to get the message on how it goes is in a bucket seat—driving. For, while we can tell you we've added self-adjusting brakes and new styling touches here and there, you've got to get in one (say that coupe above) to see what makes a Monza such a moving experience: The way it takes curves like they were straightaways; steers and reacts like an extension of your nervous system. Behind all this is something we sure didn't change—the tracking ability of this rear-engine machine. (And it never needs water or antifreeze, just air to cool it.) Why not go try one? Take the gang along, too. Corvair's a good sport with families. It comes from a big one. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

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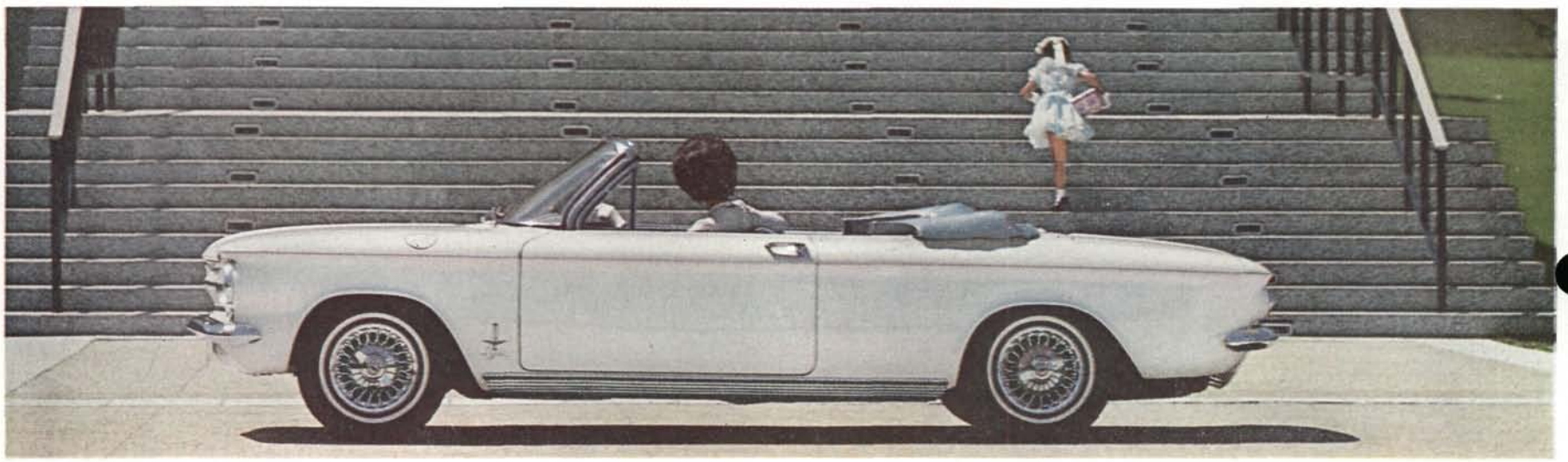

Corvair's agility and dimensions make it doubly delightful to drive. You'll find it just as much at home running cross-town errands as making cross-country runs. Shown above is the '63 Corvair Monza Convertible, topped off with optional-at-extra-cost Spyder equipment and *real* knock-off wire wheels.

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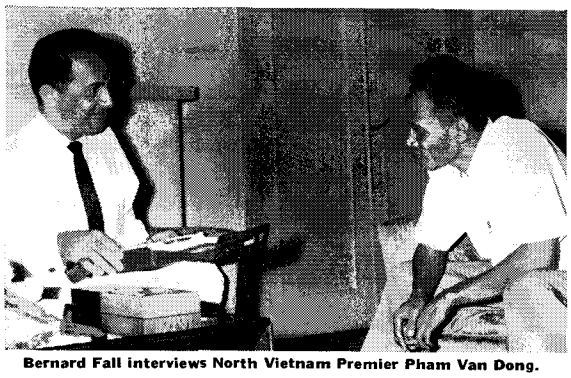

Bernard Fall interviews North Vietnam Premier Pham Van Dong.

Vietnam Reporters. The exclusive report on Communist North Vietnam is by a 36-year-old United States-based Frenchman, **Bernard B. Fall,** who has spent much of his time the last 10 years observing and writing about Southeast Asia. Fall first visited Vietnam in 1953 while doing research for his Ph.D. thesis at Syracuse University. He returned to Indochina in 1957 for further research, went again in 1959 on a fellowship for field study of Communist infiltration in several Southeast Asian countries, and spent the school year 1961–1962 teaching international relations at the Royal Cambodian Institute of Administration. He has written several books on Southeast Asia, and his latest, *The Two Vietnams*, will be published next spring by Frederick A. Praeger. Fall, his American wife Dorothy and their two small children now live in Alexandria, Virginia, and he commutes to his classes at Howard University in Washington, D.C., where he is a professor of international relations. . . . To research the article on South Vietnam, *Post* contributing editor **Harold H. Martin** accompanied a small group of Marine Corps, Army and Air Force officers sent from the Pentagon for a firsthand look at the hot war. Martin, who saw action in the Pacific as a Marine combat correspondent in World War II and as a *Post* correspondent during the Korean War, flew over much of South Vietnam in a military helicopter, but failed to encounter any actual fighting. A few days after Martin left, however, one of the helicopters in the squadron was shot down while flying over the same area, and one Army crew chief was killed.

Other By-Lines. **Harry T. Paxton** is sports editor of *The Post*. . . . **Sandy Smith**, crime reporter for the Chicago *Tribune*, has been writing about The Mob in Chicago for the past 15 years. . . . **Frank X. Tolbert,** columnist for the Dallas *Morning News*, says he likes his own chili "so hot that most people have to put cold packs between their shoulder blades to eat it." . . . **Mrs. Kirk Douglas** writes in her article that one of the reasons Kirk married her was that she was not an actress and had no desire whatever to be one. However, she will appear on the Jack Benny television show December 11. Comments Mrs. Douglas, "I'm still not an actress, and if you see the show, you will realize it." . . . **Ben Patterson** is a *Post* associate editor. . . . **Lt. Col. Walter M. Turner,** who received the Silver Star medal and the Bronze Star with two clusters during the Korean War, is chief of the Implementations Division of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and lives in Annandale, Virginia. . . . **Ben Hibbs,** former Editor of *The Post*, is now a senior editor devoting most of his time to writing.

The Cover. Having a truckload of turkeys staring at him across the drawing board for several days has had its effect on cover artist **Jan Balet** of Brookville, Long Island. He and the missus are having goose for Thanksgiving dinner this year.

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at the first sign of a cold take...

There is no cure for a cold, but there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer for relief of many cold miseries. ▫ Relieves headache pain. ▫ Soothes muscular aches and pains. ▫ Reduces fever. Alka-Seltzer—to help you feel better while you're getting better.

LETTERS

The Right Medicine

Dear Sirs:

THE ABOMINABLE EXPERTS [SPEAKING OUT, by Peter Wyden, Oct. 27] was just the right medicine. I laughed until my sides ached.

HELENE COPPLE
Lee's Summit, Mo.

IF PETER WYDEN IS TRULY "RECONCILED TO THE NOTION THAT IT TAKES THREE DIFFERENT DOCTORS TO TREAT A POSTNASAL DRIP, AN UPSET STOMACH AND AN INFECTED TOENAIL," THEN I SUBMIT HE HAS ONLY HIMSELF TO BLAME FOR THE PLETHORA OF SPECIALISTS. ANY ONE OF THE MORE THAN 28,000 FAMILY DOCTORS WHO BELONG TO THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF GENERAL PRACTICE WOULD BE HAPPY TO SOLVE MR. WYDEN'S HEALTH-CARE PROBLEMS.

WALTER H. KAMP
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF GENERAL PRACTICE
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Defending the Duke

Dear Sirs:

We found your article [THE WOES OF BOX-OFFICE KING JOHN WAYNE, by Dean Jennings, Oct. 27] most illuminating. John Wayne has always been a favorite movie star in our family. Now he is a favorite human being too.

MRS. HARRY S. LAIN
Midland, Texas

Dear Sirs:

You must have been desperate for something to fill four pages. This is the kind of article that makes me want to forget that I've been a *Post* subscriber for years.

MRS. J. H. CLARKE
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Sirs:

I hope hell freezes over before Wayne abandons the sound stages of Hollywood. His swivel-hipped gait, furrowed brow, icy blue eyes and infectious grin have delighted audiences here and abroad for years and probably will do so for years to come. For my money (and he's welcome to it if he really needs it) he's the greatest.

J. SANZONE
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

John "Duke" Wayne may be broke, but since 1957 he has been the first of San Fernando Valley's 1,000,000 citizens to rush a generous check every spring for a nonprofit, community-sponsored boys' athletic program in suburban Encino, California.

DAVE DEXTER JR.
Capitol Records, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.

Voters' Choice

Dear Sirs:

I gather Ted Kennedy [WHAT MADE TEDDY RUN? by Stewart Alsop, Oct. 27] is a handsome man. Is this to be held against him? Should one be condemned for his looks, good or bad? Was Abraham Lincoln elected for his straight nose, his cleanly shaven face and cute chin?

JOHN EKAS
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

For Heaven's sake! When did sex appeal become a prime qualification for high political office? Why should any politician have to "make bobby-soxers squeal?"

MRS. TED SPINKS
Miami, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on Ted Kennedy very much—all but your definition of that magnificent and pungent word, *hutzpa*. It is not, as you stated, "gall or brass." Gall, as my younger sister says, is a bladder, and brass is a metal.

ANN DAVIDSON
Upper Darby, Pa.

Cameras in the Courtroom

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the editorial [NO PLACE FOR TELEVISION, Oct. 20]—concerning the televising of the Billie Sol Estes case. I agree that you have a point regarding the prejudicing of a defendant's right, but I wonder if in this instance the decision of the judge was not correct. Billie Sol's empire was built not only on money from people in his own state but—where the Federal Government was concerned—on money from every adult in the United States. The merest chance that some of my tax money fell into Billie's pocket makes me extremely interested in this case, and I want to keep in close touch with it by whatever means is available. Perhaps if the people who pay for Government were able to "tune it in," we would not keep finding ourselves faced with waste and scandals.

MRS. ANDREW SCHAIDLER
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I thoroughly agree with your position opposing the televising of court trials. Perhaps films could be made to be shown after a decision is reached. The public would be just as well informed.

MRS. CHARLES E. NOLTE
Springfield, Va.

Dear Sirs:

You contend that a court trial is "no place for television." To do so is to contend that the courtroom also is no place for the American people. Wherever the people have a right to go in person they have the right to hear and see—through the facilities of broadcasting, just as through the newspaper reporter's pad and pencil. Because of the size of this nation, it's possible for only a small number of people to attend trials in person. This is all the more reason to have broadcast coverage. Of course broadcast journalists or anyone else should not be allowed to distort or interfere with the purpose of a trial. But to deny all broadcast coverage because of the existence of broadcasting equipment is to overlook

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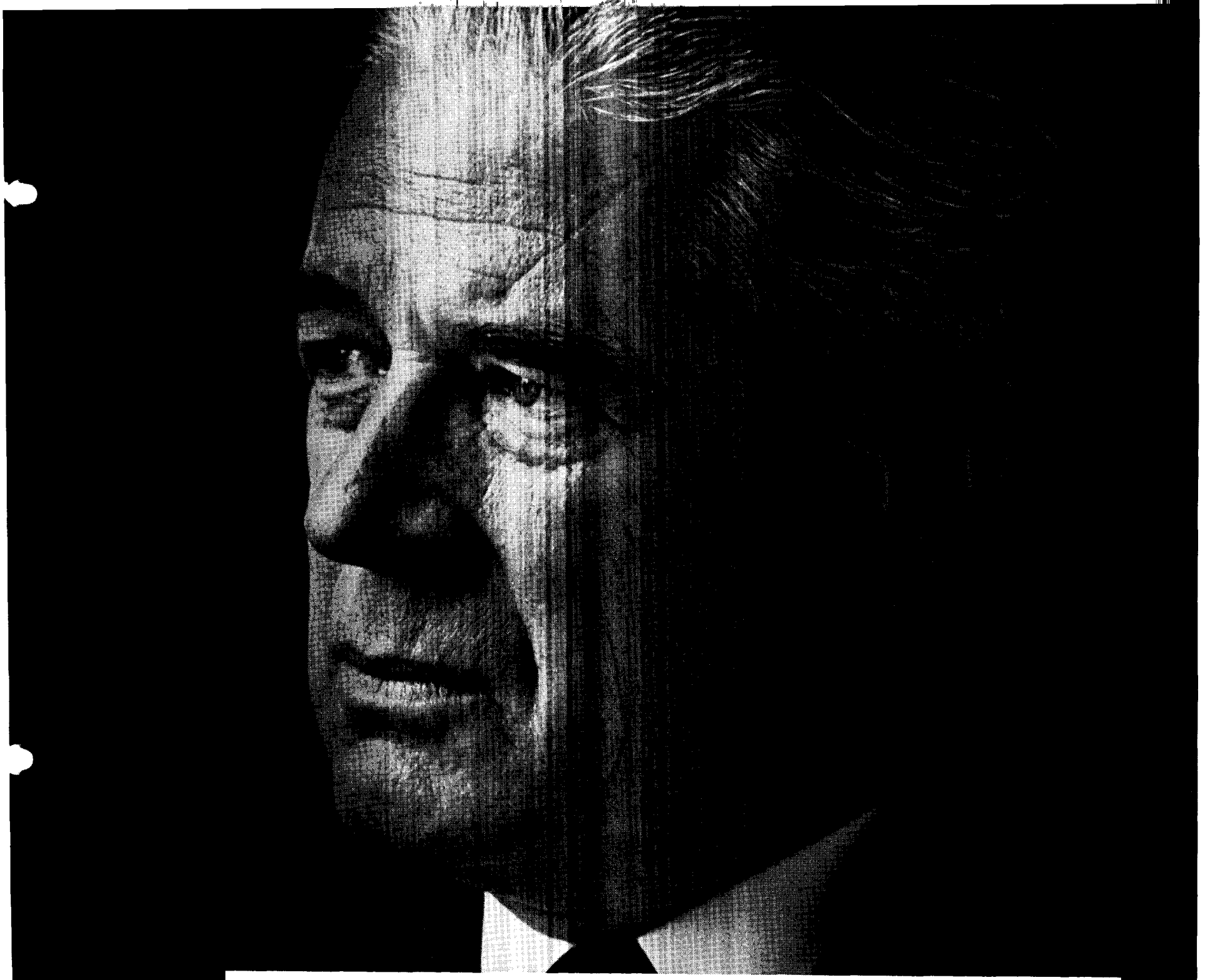

Will you retire to a life of comfort . . . or want?

Naturally, you hope it'll be a life of comfort—but can it, if you have too little money and slim chance of getting more?

Many a man has said goodbye to the daily grind (and the regular paychecks that went with it) only to find himself facing serious money problems.

Although his time is his own now, it isn't filled with pleasure; it's filled with anxiety. It's filled with concern over too many bills and too little cash . . . over a dwindling bank account . . . the threat of costly illness . . . and over scores of other things that keep eating up money, month after month.

Life needn't be like this after retirement, though. It can have a bright new beginning for you, if you resolve to do something about it *now*. The thing to do is *guarantee* yourself enough retirement income to live as you'd like—by setting up a Lincoln Life retirement plan.

With this economical plan, you can have the money to avoid a pinch-penny life. This unique plan lets you retire when you please—as young as age 50, if you wish—and gives you life insurance protection until you begin getting the income. Phone or write your Lincoln Life agent for particulars.

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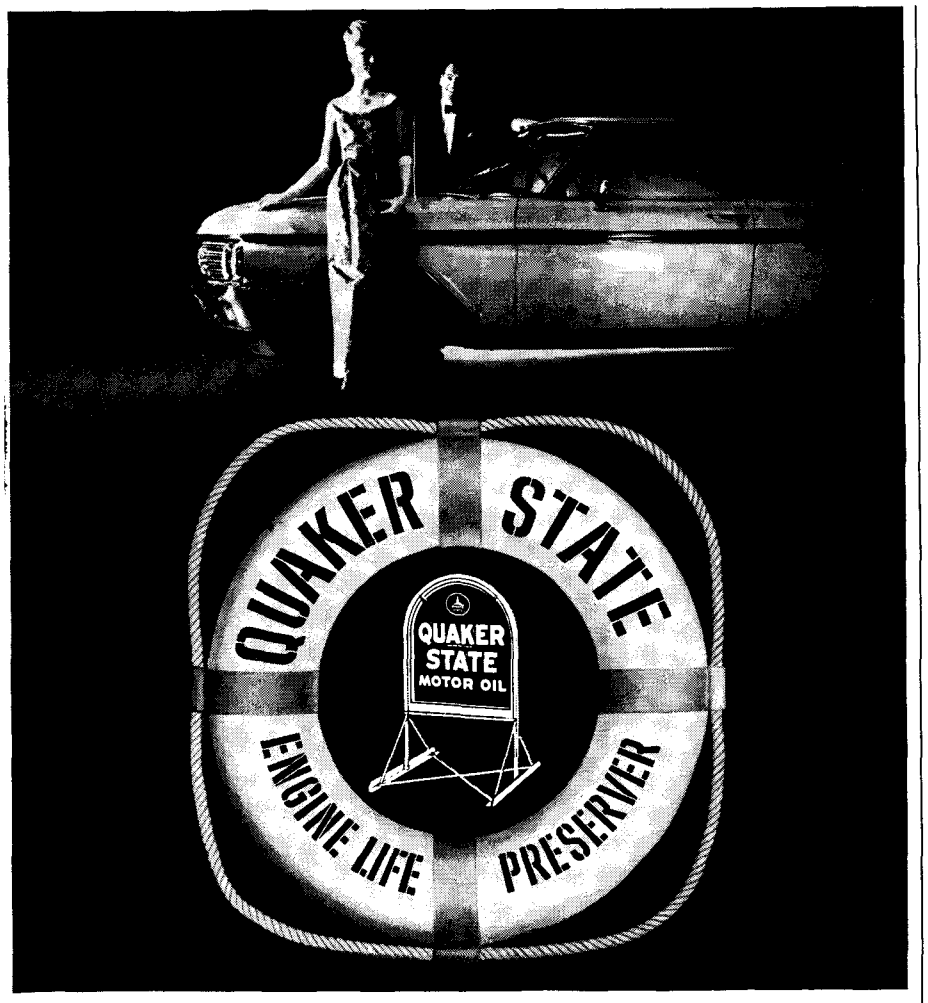

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LETTERS

the fact that, technically, it's possible today to cover a trial without anyone even being aware that microphone and camera are in the courtroom.

HOWARD H. BELL
Vice President
National Assn. of Broadcasters
Washington, D.C.

Realistic Reaction?

Dear Sirs:

FAIL-SAFE by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler (Oct. 27) is beyond doubt the greatest fiction I have ever read. After reading the first installment I have never waited so eagerly for the second and then final parts. Thanks for such exciting reading.

ROBERT DEUBELL JR.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

How unrealistic and ridiculous can one get? Americans may be sure that there is no officer at SAC headquarters who will "crack up" under *any* emergency. No general, such as Black, will commit suicide to avoid a responsibility. No President will sit safely in a bomb shelter and chat with an enemy leader like two football coaches planning a reunion after a rough game.

DR. T. C. P. OPHMO
East Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed FAIL-SAFE very much. But one thing bothered me: When the President informs Mr. Khrushchev that he is about to bomb New York, Mr. Khrushchev exclaims, "Oh, God." He is an atheist, and it is hard to believe this would be his reaction. Maybe if he did believe in God, the world would be a better place.

WILLIAM R. WEIR
Age 12
Westbury, N. Y.

No Drawl at All

Dear Sirs:

I appreciated your mention of my recent book in the editor's note accompanying my article in *The Post* [SPEAKING OUT: COLLEGE FOOTBALL IS GOING BERSERK, Oct. 20], but may I call your attention to the fact that the title of my book is *With a Southern Exposure*, not *With a Southern Accent* as you stated. I must admit, however, that your title is probably an improvement.

FURMAN BISHER
Atlanta, Ga.

Getting the Picture

Dear Sirs:

All of us at KQED were grateful for the fine tribute to the station in your article [SHOESTRING TELEVISION, by Frank J. Taylor, Oct. 20]. However, I am afraid I was given more credit than is just or deserved. I am very proud of the program, THE RED MYTH, but I did not dream it up. It was the brainchild of Witold Swerakowski, assistant director of Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, and was produced by KQED in cooperation with the Hoover Institution and the National Educational Television and Radio Center.

JONATHAN C. RI(
Program Manager
KQED
San Francisco, Calif.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

HOW SAFE ARE WE?
An exclusive interview with
Defense Secretary McNamara

Hollywood's New Breed
The Well-Groomed Young Men

Painter Marc Chagall—in color

The Cloak-and-Dagger Story Behind
Berlin's Tunnels to Freedom

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

8–Arnold Roth. • 13–Norman Adams. • 15–Calogero Cascio (Rapho-Guillumette); Birnback. • 16–Birnback. 17–Charles Trainer; from Mrs. Cordell. • 18–Sovfoto; from Bernard Fall. • 21–from Bernard Fall. • 22–Evan Peskin. • 23–Neil Leifer. • 24–Leigh Weiner. • 25–Neil Leifer. • 26, 27–Leigh Weiner. • 28–5 by Chicago Police Department; Arthur Shay. • 36–Wide World. • 39–George Lazarnick. • 42, 43–Dick Pfahl. • 54–Bruce Bomberger. 62–Sid Avery. • 63, 64–Culver. • 65–Sid Avery. • 66, 67–A.Y. Owen. • 69–Ollie Atkins. • 73, 74, 75, 76, 77–Bill Shrout.

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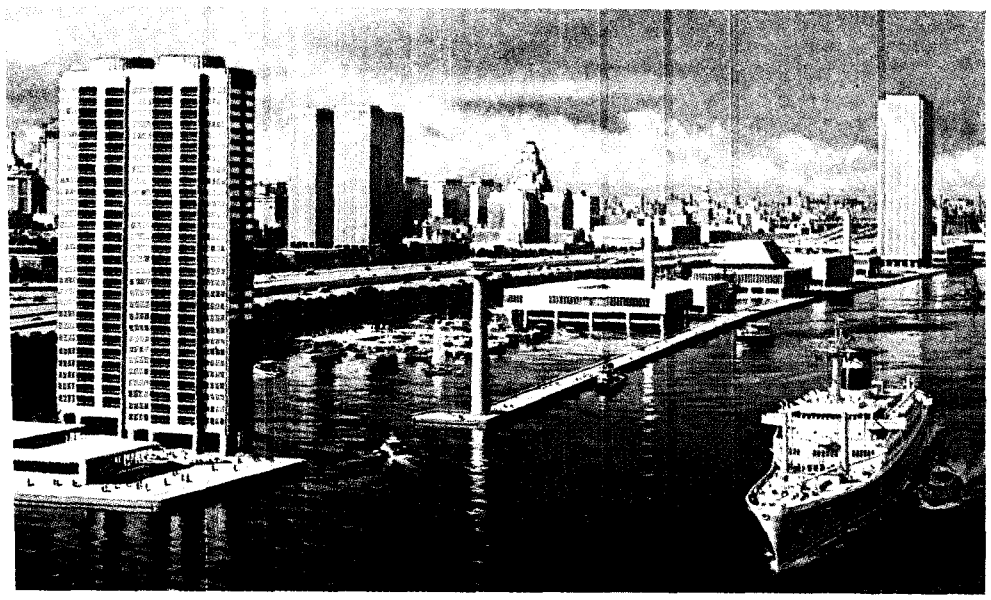
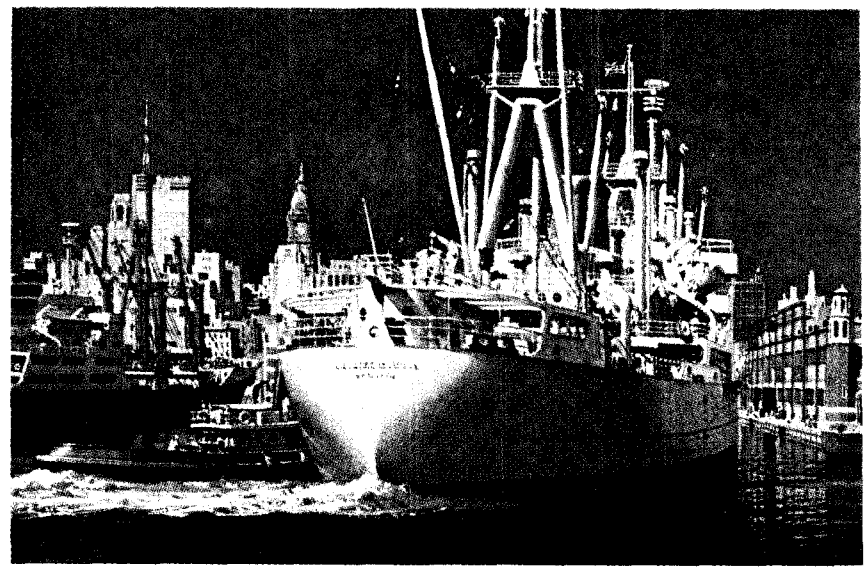
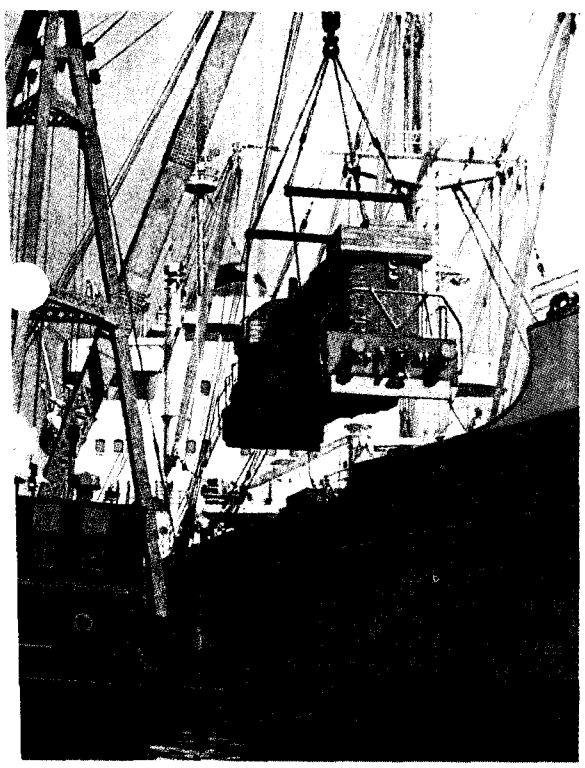
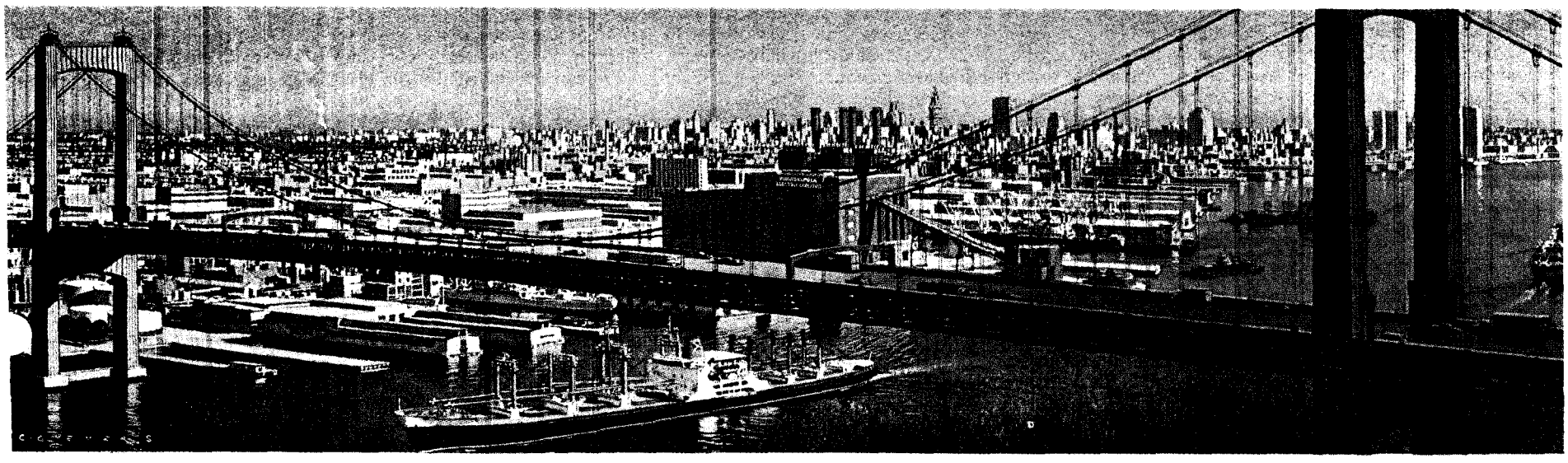
The world looks to Philadelphia ...America's fastest growing port







Philadelphia now leads the nation in foreign tonnage, and its volume of commerce keeps rising. Into its deep-channeled port come ships from all over the world to take advantage of the Port's exceptional cargo-handling facilities. These include hundreds of piers, extensive warehousing, and ship-side access to three major railroads and hundreds of motor lines. Another important factor is that within a radius of 100 miles, Philadelphia has more population and business than any other city in the United States. Your business would fit nicely into this ideal and progressive area.



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Mis-applied Science

America is losing tomorrow's battles by insisting that scientists concentrate on producing better mousetraps.

By Dr. Albert E. Burke

In the tense, half-hidden struggle which we call the Cold War, the West is operating under a crippling and wholly needless handicap. This is the failure of the United States, the free world's leader, to appreciate the importance of basic scientific research. The prevailing attitude in this country seems to be that science is primarily the handmaiden of industry; research which does not clearly lead to the development of a product which can be sold in supermarkets is considered impractical, a waste of money. At a time when the future of mankind is quite probably at stake, this kind of ignorance is not merely shameful; it is frightening.

Yet, as far as I can determine, not many Americans were particularly interested in a news item in March, 1961, which told about the results of a scientific experiment in which a man spent 57 hours in an airtight tank. Normally, anyone sealed into a small airtight air space would not stay alive very long. But this was not a normal air space because it was next to banks of brightly illuminated tubes filled with single-celled plants called algae.

The Green Miracle

As the man breathed out carbon dioxide the algae absorbed it and used it to turn out oxygen. He survived because of the green miracle in the plants, the chlorophyll, which (for reasons scientists still do not understand completely) takes energy out of light in the process of photosynthesis. Using the energy from light, plants give off oxygen while producing the carbohydrates, fats and proteins space travelers will need. And both these items, air and food, are in one package, instead of the tons of containers full of canned air and canned food that would have to be hauled around the universe to keep tomorrow's space travelers alive.

That experiment was vital to us. So are others like it now being conducted around the nation. They can be the key to man's future in space.

Yet only a few years ago, when the nation learned that Soviet science was moving ahead of ours in fields such as rocketry and space research, Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson told the nation that he wasn't particularly concerned about the situation. He was more concerned about cutting back spending by his department. He was not interested, he said, in research that would not produce what he described as "useful" or "valuable" results.

He meant, for example, to eliminate work then under way by the Navy to find out why potatoes turn brown and why grass is green. It was a vitally important subject, as the "life-support" experiment involving algae now makes clear, but practically all the people in this country who make decisions about such scientific matters, like that Cabinet member, did not understand this—which brings us face to face with a little-understood but very serious problem. The problem is an important difference between the President of the United States and his Cabinet on the one hand, and on the other hand the premier of the U.S.S.R. and his Presidium, the ruling group of men around Mr. Khrushchev. Not one of the men sitting as the Cabinet of the United States during Mr. Kennedy's first year in office was fitted, by training or by background, to deal at first hand with the facts of power changed through science in our time—like the reason why grass is green.

Men with nonscientific backgrounds simply do not see the kind of world that the members of the Soviet Communist Party Presidium see. Nine of those 15 leaders were trained as scientists or engineers. They have been dealing at first hand with the changing facts of power through science, making the top-level decisions which have moved Soviet science and research ahead of ours in rocketry and space programs. They have made decisions which have placed a third of mankind and a third of the world's real estate under Communist control.

This is no criticism of the lawyers, bankers, business executives, economists, and variety of social scientists who, with a few exceptions, have composed the Cabinets of every American administration through the past 20 years. But during those years the facts of power and the basis of power have altered.

Serious problems, therefore, begin with this difference in what the two groups of men recognize as the facts of power today and what they do about those facts.

There is a second part of this problem which concerns a fellow I shall call Joe Smith and something Joe Smith did. Not long ago he made Mr, Khrushchev and his friends more confident than ever that the world will indeed be a Communist one in our time.

Mr. Smith is not a Communist. He is an inventor who lives in a fairly large city in the Western United States. About three years ago Joe Smith stumbled onto a new idea for an engine to power automobiles and airplanes better than ever before. This engine could be used to power rockets through space too.

Joe Smith worked out his idea carefully and then went through the same experience most American inventors have known. He could not get the right people interested in using his idea. He was told it would not work. Company after company turned Joe down. Government agencies were not interested either, because, they said, Joe Smith's idea did not guarantee any practical results.

Three years of frustration left Joe Smith disappointed and broke. Then he remembered something he had heard at a science convention about scientific societies in Europe that were looking for basic ideas turned out by the Joe Smiths of the world. Those societies paid well for some ideas, too, he had been told.

After checking, Joe Smith sent a letter outlining his new idea to a society in Western Europe. He received an immediate reply telling him that his idea interested the society very much. If, after further study, it proved to be a workable idea, the society was prepared to pay him a very sizable chunk of cash in American dollars.

The experts decided that the idea was workable, and Mr. Smith was, soon afterward, still a frustrated American inventor, but no longer broke. He was paid very well for an idea which had been studied very carefully by experts located at 14 Leninski Lane, Moscow, U.S.S.R.

The scientific organization in Western Europe to which Joe Smith wrote was a foreign agency, one of many combing the world for ideas to strengthen the Soviet Academy of Sciences. Joe Smith's scientific idea landed in Moscow because there they have an awareness of the value of his kind of science.

Good Reason to Worry

Up until World War II we Americans never had to worry about that kind of science. Now, however, we have good reason to worry about it, a reason that concerns a young man by the name of Peter Starovsky, a Soviet physics student whom I met in August, 1960, at the Lenin Library in Moscow.

The Lenin Library is a repository library, much like the Library of Congress, where publications from many countries are kept on file. I met Peter Starovsky in the section set aside for aeronautical and space publications. He was sitting at a table piled high with books and magazines from the United States which mentioned

Doctor Burke is a scientist, economist, television personality—he produces his own weekly program—and an author. This article is taken from his book Enough Good Men, *published this week by The World Publishing Company.*

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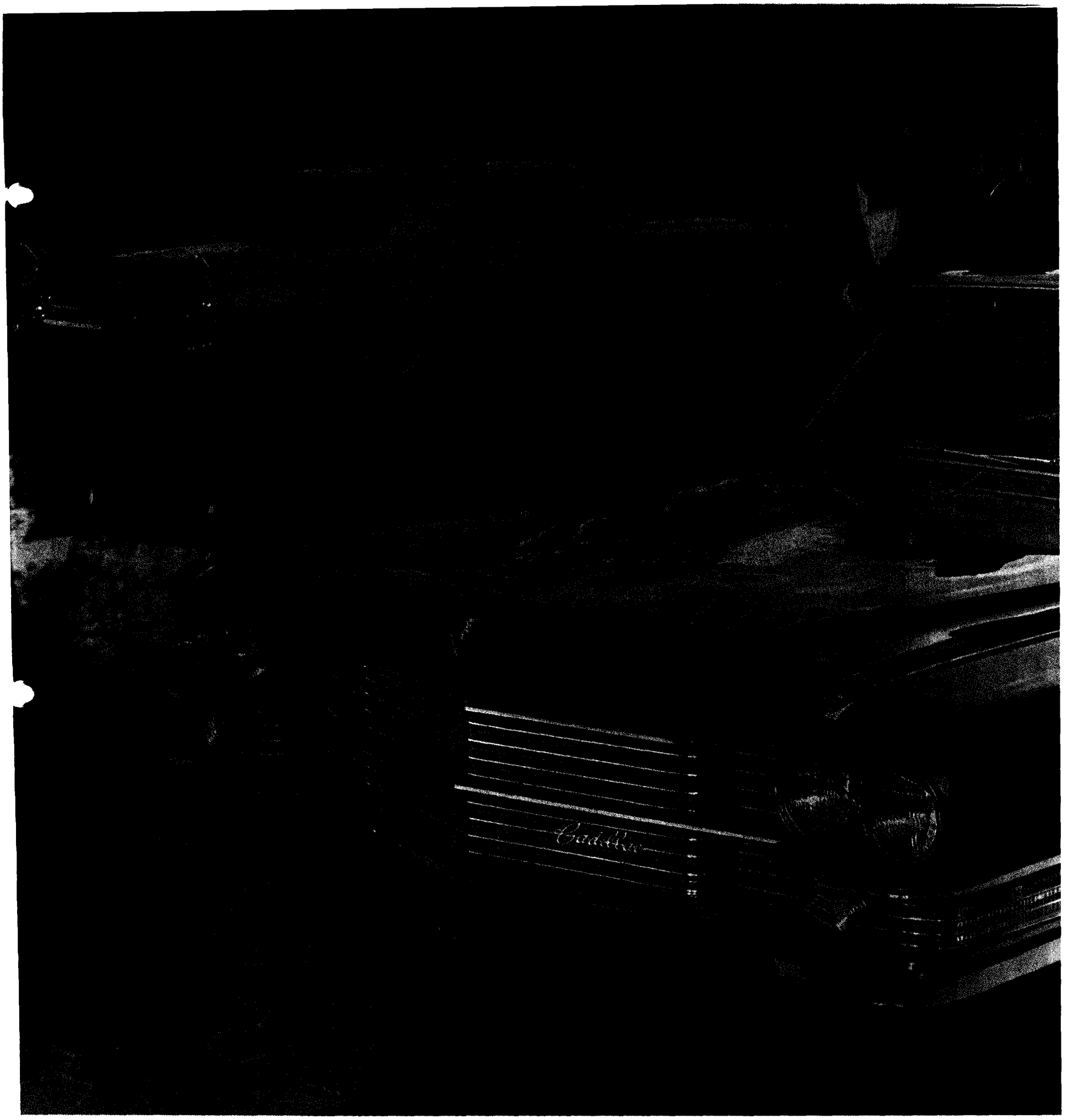

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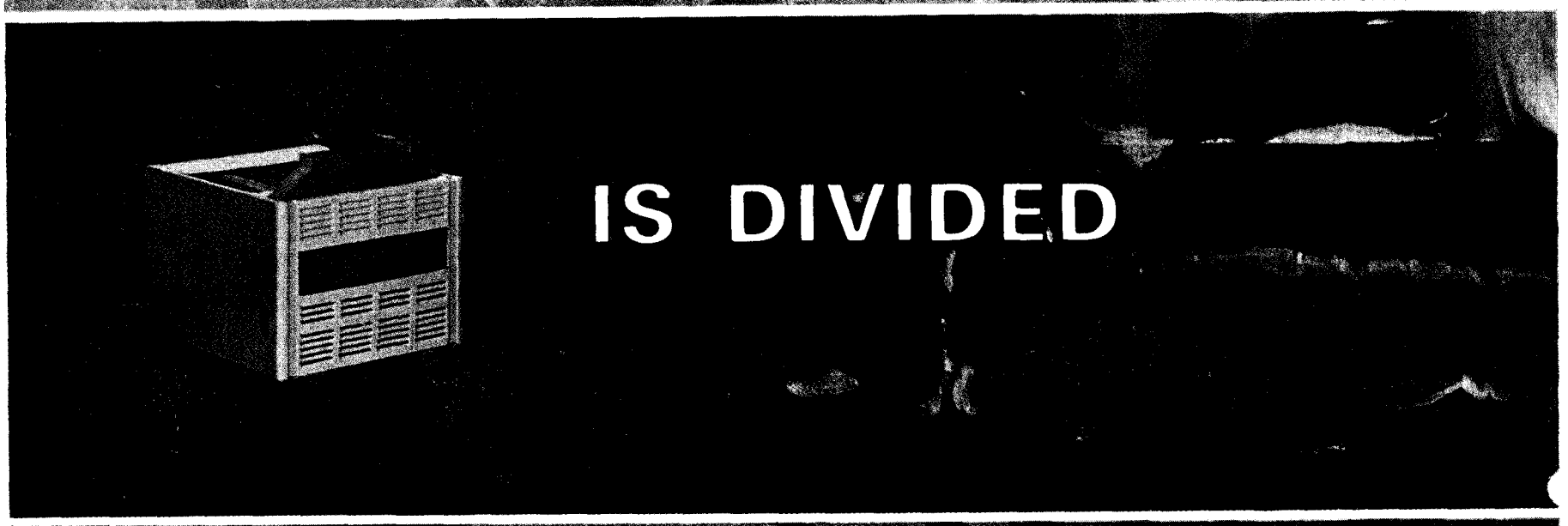

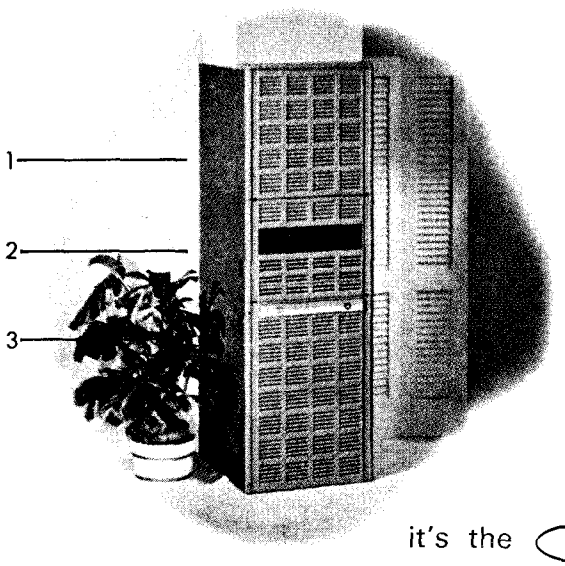

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SPEAKING OUT

the work being done in an attempt to develop our rocket plane, the X-15, into a manned space probe.

Peter was a fourth-year student at the University of Moscow, and the X-15 was a special assignment in his main field of study, the field of propulsion. As he explained it to me, his assignment was to study the propulsion system of our rocket plane. Then he was to work out a theoretical substitute for that propulsion system, some kind of drive that would do the same job better.

Now what this means is that Peter was being trained by the Soviet Union in both theoretical and applied physics in the hope that he might work out a completely new idea about how to move things. In other words, he was to do what Joe Smith, American inventor, had done. Unlike Joe Smith, however, Peter would have no trouble getting his idea developed.

Consumer-Oriented Science

Obviously, the word "science" does not mean the same thing in the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Americans see science as a way to turn out more and better ball-point pens and refrigerators and hairpins.

The Communist countries do not use their science or research for this purpose. They use our science and our research to give their people hair sprays, flip-top boxes and hairpins, simply by copying these things. By letting other people research and develop better consumer goods, then copying them, the Communist countries save their money and effort for more important scientific research.

They save their energies for the research that will produce new propulsion systems, new kinds of energy to change the basis of power in the world, just as the idea that all matter is energy changed the world through the development of atomic energy. Since World War II, the Communist countries have been pouring their energies into working from basic theoretical ideas toward technological revolutions which they can direct to a Communist future for the human race.

Up until about 20 years ago, most American science had roots abroad. First, men named Maxwell, Faraday, Hertz and Thomson produced theories about electricity. Edison then used theories such as theirs to make his light. Becquerel theorized his way into basic ideas about radioactivity, which were much later transformed in this country into atomic energy. Sir Alexander Fleming theorized his way to penicillin, which represents one of the most important basic ideas in medical science today.

We took the ideas of those men, theoretical scientists doing basic research someplace outside America, and we applied their ideas to things like electric lights, television sets, jet engines and nuclear reactors. But since World War II, the Cold War has reduced that supply of ideas from other places.

All of this poses an important question: Where are the ideas to come from in the future? American schools have not turned out many theoretical scientists in the past; and, for the most part, they are not turning them out today. Most of our scientifically trained people are not doing basic research, studying problems such as why grass is green, or theorizing about new propulsion systems. We have never been interested in such things, although out of this theoretical work have come all the things that made us a great industrial nation.

Do the nation's lawyers, businessmen, economists, bankers and the rest, in government or out of it, have an answer to this problem? Do they know the problem exists? Last year a man who heads one of the nation's largest industries wrote an article stating that he was fed up with our overriding concern about what the Communist nations are doing in science and technology. We are spending too much time and effort trying to match the U.S.S.R.'s accomplishments in such things as space research, and there is no need to do this, this businessman said.

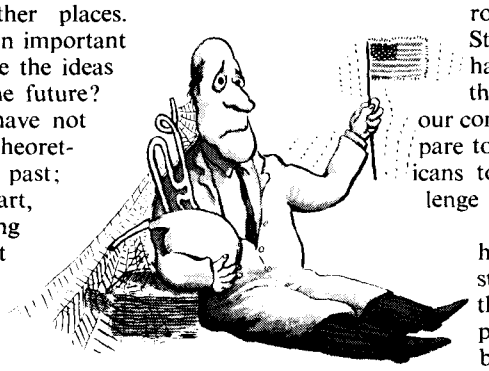
Instead, he argued, we should do what we consider to be important in terms of our own scientific needs. Let the Soviet Union wear itself out in leading the race to space. Let America do what Americans do best in science. This brought us the world's highest living standards in the past, and it benefited the whole world, too.

If that important business leader were advised to run his business as he suggests the nation run its foreign affairs, he would consider such a suggestion ill-advised, and that's a polite term for it. Suppose his company were to discover suddenly that one of its competitors had found a way to produce things at half the price that his company has to charge, challenging his company's markets, taking away his customers. Given this economic situation, in simple business terms, how long do you suppose that businessman would go on doing business in the same old way, doing what he did best, and ignoring his competition? That situation is not one whit different from the political competition that now exists between America and the West on the one side and the Communist powers on the other.

Science as a Weapon

The Communist countries see science as their most important weapon, a tool to use in controlling the future of the world. We seemed to understand this importance of science well enough when our survival as a nation was at stake during World War II. At that time, we set up the wartime Office of Scientific Research and Development. Although that office was geared for war, most of the consumers' goods that we take as the measure of the good life today came out of its basic research projects.

The nation's survival is at stake again today, and we need a Secretary of Scientific Research and Development with full Cabinet status to meet our problems of survival. It is not enough to have scientific advisers to the politicians. The future is being decided right now on top government levels and in the classrooms of two countries—the United States and the U.S.S.R. Out of the Soviet Union's classrooms came Peter Starovsky. What is happening now in the classrooms of our communities to prepare tomorrow's Americans to meet the challenge this boy poses?



As throughout history, the future still belongs to those who have prepared for it best. **THE END**

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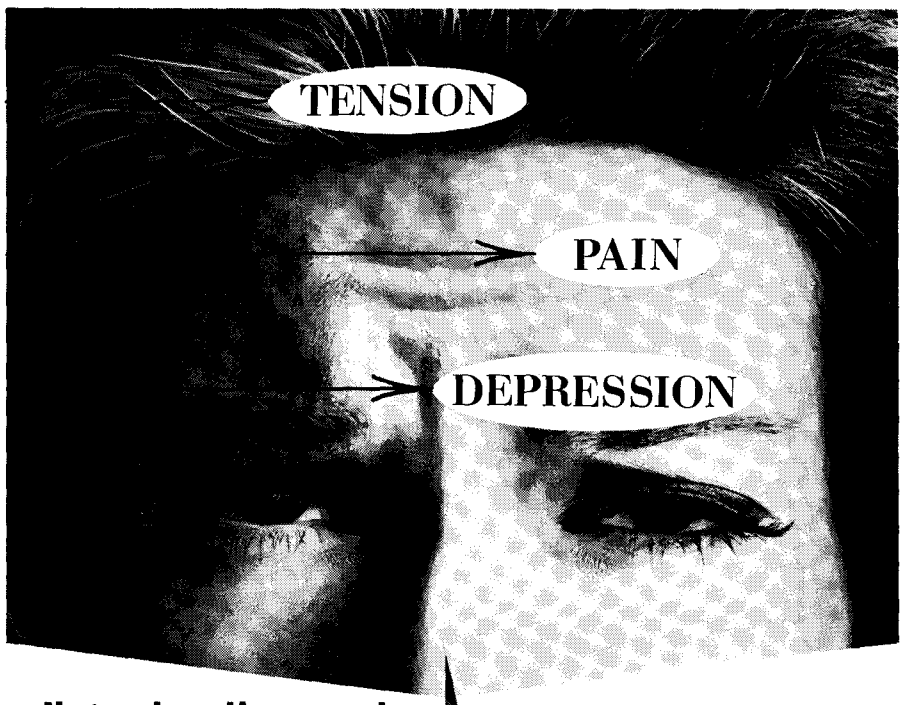

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The H

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

Amid headlines of war perils in Cuba and Berlin, a savage, bloody fight is raging in South Vietnam. Here the U. S. has drawn the line, committed roughly $2,500,000,000 and 10,000 men. Nearly 50 have already paid with their lives. What must the U. S. do to win? *Post* editor Harold Martin gives a firsthand report of the battle in the South, and Bernard Fall offers an exclusive look at the tough Communist enemy in North Vietnam.

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Fighting an Unseen Enemy

We have armed and trained the Vietnamese to destroy Reds, but this struggle will not end soon. • By HAROLD H. MARTIN

SAIGON, SOUTH VIETNAM.

At Pleiku, in the foothills north of here, where Col. Wilbur (Coal-bin Willie) Wilson heads a team of military advisers to the Vietnamese II Corps, there hangs in the American officers' mess a framed quotation from a poem by Rudyard Kipling. It goes like this:

The end of the fight is a tombstone white
With the name of the late deceased
And the epitaph drear:
"A fool lies here
Who tried to hustle the East."

To Colonel Wilson, a lean, combative man whose passion for military neatness once led him to order a coal yard whitewashed, and to the 10,000 other American military men who are serving in South Vietnam today, it is plain by now that the East is still as hard to hustle as it was in Kipling's time.

In the eight years since the French evacuated a partitioned Vietnam and the U.S. began trying to help the new and feeble South Vietnamese government rid itself of the swarms of Communist guerrillas, we have spent about $2,500,000,000 and millions of man-hours of military brainpower in a determined effort to build up the fighting forces of President Ngo Dinh Diem, a devout Catholic and stanch anti-Communist. Until recently all our efforts had no noticeably harmful effect on the Communist Viet Cong. They raided villages, blew up trains, ambushed travelers on the highways, and tossed grenades into crowds in the heart of Saigon.

In the past few months, however, our huge investment in weapons, equipment and know-how finally is beginning to pay off, at least in military terms. An army of 185,000 men, complete with rangers, paratroopers, marines and psychological-warfare experts, has been organized, armed, and put through a toughly realistic training program. Since last spring, elements of this force have managed to hunt down and kill some 13,000 Viet Cong and capture 6,000 more. Some of these operations were well-planned strikes, based on good intelligence and borne by American helicopters against known Viet Cong hiding places. Others were blind cross-country sweeps through the drowned rice paddies and jungled hills, as aimless as rabbit hunts and about as productive. "There's still a lot more know-how than bow-wow in this war," said Gen. David M. Shoup, commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, after a recent tour of inspection.

"The troops are ready," an American adviser said. "They've got all the weapons they need, and they know how to use them. They are not aggressive men by nature. But they've got guts, and their training has given them confidence. All they need now is a push from the man at the top."

Whether or not this push will be forthcoming depends on how soon President Diem can convince himself that his armed forces, once unleashed, will turn their guns on the enemy rather than on the president himself. His fear of a military coup, observers say, has become an obsession with him since last February, when two Vietnamese air-force pilots blasted the president's palace instead of dropping their bombloads on the Viet Cong.

Suspicious of everybody, including us, who are doing our best to help him, he now places his trust and confidence only in the members of his immediate family. This explains why politically knowledgeable American advisers urge visiting journalists not to write in glowing terms about those more pugnacious commanders who do move aggressively against the Viet Cong.

"This guy is a tiger," said one American of the division commander whom he advises. "He knows how to fight guerrillas, and he's fighting hard, and he's gaining the trust and loyalty of the people. But, for God's sake, don't brag about him too much or the president will bust him back to second lieutenant. The old man does not want any popular heroes to come out of the military."

Even with the president showing far more aggressiveness than he has displayed so far, the smoldering war out here will not be over soon. We are learning as we teach, and one thing we are learning is that a creeping, crawling guerrilla war against a nocturnal, elusive enemy—who, in the words of Mao Tse-tung, "moves with the fluidity of water and the ease of the blowing wind"—is one of the slowest, most frustrating and most agonizing of military efforts.

The Question: Who Is a Guerrilla?

The trouble lies in knowing who the enemy is and where to find him. The Viet Cong guerrilla who has slipped in over the Laotian or Cambodian border from Ho Chi Minh's training schools in Communist North Vietnam is no different in appearance from the Vietnamese peasant in the South. He speaks the same language and wears the same baggy black calico trousers and the same conical straw hat. By night he is a prowling killer; by day he is indistinguishable from the farmer plowing with his buffalo in the rice paddy, the man at the vegetable stall, the vendor of fish. He lives, sleeps, and eats among the people he has sworn to subvert, either holding their allegiance through propaganda or enforcing it by terror.

The Viet Cong have used this technique to bring vast areas of South Vietnam under their control. Not long ago, at the invitation of the military, I flew over a wide expanse of the Mekong River Delta southwest of Saigon and the hill country to the north. The watery land of the delta appeared to be one of the most peaceful landscapes in the Oriental world. Green and black-silver, the rice fields stretched away to the horizon, empty of life except for the tiny men plowing their plodding buffalo in the knee-deep muck. In the little villages strung out for miles along the banks of winding, wooded streams, all seemed tranquil. No entrenchments could be seen there, no fortifications, no gun positions—none of the faint scars upon the land by which a military force betrays its presence. Yet 5,000 Red guerrillas have been killed in this delta since last June, and government reports indicate that 5,000 more are still lurking there.

In the North, along the spine of the Annamese range, where jungle trees tower above the crest of jagged hills that may rise to 8,000 feet, the enemy was equally invisible. Here there was no sign of human life whatever, no smoke, no movement. Yet the Viet Cong are there in numbers, moving in small bands beneath the forest cover, as invisible to the eye as worms in an apple. A spidery network of trails leads out of Laos and Cambodia along this 900 miles of unmarked boundary, and intelligence officers estimate that 3,000 guerrillas a month are now slipping into South Vietnam to join the cadres already fighting there.

Spears and Poisoned Arrows

Today, officials estimate, there are approximately 25,000 armed, trained North Vietnamese Communists operating in South Vietnam. Serving with them, willingly or unwillingly, are some 100,000 local peasants of military age. They may be armed only with sharpened bamboo spears or crossbows shooting poisoned arrows, but they are taken along on raids so that they may be trained in guerrilla operations in the field.

The doctrine they are learning is that deadly ballet which Mao Tse-tung taught to his Chinese Communist armies and which the Chinese in turn have passed on to every Communist force now operating in the East: "Enemy advances, we retreat; enemy stops, we harass; enemy tires, we strike; enemy retreats, we pursue."

By employing these slithering hit-and-run tactics the Viet Cong have managed to survive the sporadic and ofttimes uncoordinated forays by the government troops. By surviving they have been able to carry out the rice-roots political indoctrination which in combination with the threat of force has brought a fifth of South Vietnam, with a population of some 4,000,000, under their complete control. In another 40 percent of the country, observers estimate, a dual government exists. The Saigon government rules by day, but the Viet Cong creep in by night to murder government officials, kidnap young men for combat services and levy their own taxes.

Thus less than half the country can be considered under government control, and, even in these supposedly safe areas where the republic's troops are concentrated, no government official can lie down to rest at night with any assurance he will live to see the morning. Teachers, tax collectors and village officials are still being murdered at the rate of four or five a day, which adds up to about twice as many as the government can train in a year in its National Institute of Public Administration. Nor can the troops in the field feel safe, once they move beyond their barracks. Not long ago, on a highway 24 miles north of Saigon, a truck convoy

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President Ngo Dinh Diem

of 1,000 men, moving toward the Plain of Reeds to attack a Viet Cong sanctuary, was ambushed before it had gone a mile from headquarters. The Communists obviously knew the troops were coming. The troops, until the firing started, did not know there was an enemy within miles.

Here then is the government's dilemma. It cannot hunt down and kill the Viet Cong until it has gained the loyalty, the trust and the full support of the people, for only the people can tell the government who the Communists are, and where they are, and what they are up to. But the government cannot persuade the people of its good intentions toward them until it can safely send into the villages its working propagandists—the teachers, doctors, nurses, road builders, sanitary engineers and other technical experts we have been training to carry to the rural hinterlands the political, social, and economic reforms so desperately needed there. And it cannot carry out these programs until the Viet Cong are killed or driven out.

Thus the government, and we as its advisers, are faced with a delicate problem of balance and timing—how to combine an all-out military campaign with an equally aggressive and effective program of civil action. So far the stress has been on the military.

In the opinion of our military people, the Vietnamese government now has all the fighting capability it needs to clear the country of the Viet Cong. In our view, however, a great deal of this fighting strength still is being misused. Many troops, under the command of officers whose main military attribute seems to be their unswerving loyalty to their president, are being held in "general reserve" in the vicinity of Saigon, serving actually as a palace guard rather than as combat troops. Many others, under Vietnamese commanders who learned their tactics under the French, are scattered at lonely outposts where they protect bridges, river crossings and communications centers. Huddled behind their barbed-wire barricades they make easy targets for the mobile Viet Cong raiders, who have been overrunning at least one of these guard posts every night. This fortification concept, our people point out, is the tactic the French used against guerrilla forces in this same area, and in eight years of bloody fighting it cost them the whole of Indochina.

The Helicopters Strike Hard

Helicopter raids by small forces carrying light, fast-firing weapons have proved much more effective so far. The helicopter troops, dropping on three sides of a known hideout, flush the guerrillas into the open "killing ground." There planes, or troops in armored weapons carriers which ride the dry embankments of the paddy fields, move in to finish them off.

This tactic does not get them all. The fleeing Viet Cong slip into the canals, where they lie concealed beneath the muddy water, breathing through bamboo tubes, or they dive like otters

Diem's troops on patrol. "They're not aggressive men by nature. But they've got guts."

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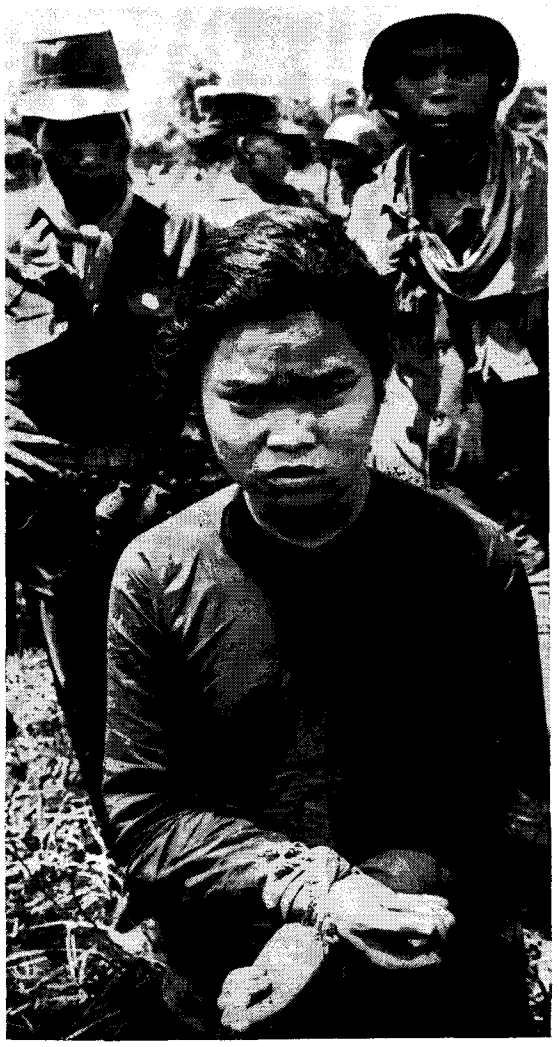
Even in "safe" regions, no official can be sure of living till daylight.

U.S. helicopters now rush Diem's forces to any spot where guerrillas are hiding.



One of their captives was this girl, suspected of being a Communist agent.

into camouflaged caverns dug out beneath the canal embankments. On the whole, though, these airborne attacks have been successful, killing six Viet Cong to every soldier that was lost. These operations have recently grown more hazardous for the Americans who fly the helicopters, for the guerrillas have been supplied with automatic weapons. A slow-flying helicopter loaded with troops is as vulnerable as a crippled mallard to ground fire, and the U.S. Army, which flies the choppers in the South, now is using fast helicopters, armed with rockets and machine guns, to force the Viet Cong to keep their heads down while the troop carriers come in. The U.S. Marines, who fly the troop-carrying missions in the mountainous North, have worked out a different defense. By the dangerous tactic of contour flying, ducking low over ridges and into valleys, the Marine helicopters drop suddenly on the few small landing sites available.

In carrying out these raids, officers trained in counter-insurgency schools at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in the Panama Canal Zone and in Okinawa, preach this simple doctrine to the Vietnamese commanders: To put down counter-insurgency, regular troops must be able to fight the guerrilla on his own ground and on his own terms. They must move in the jungle as fast and as silently as the guerrilla does. They must hit him quick and hard, and at the moment when he feels safe. Once he's flushed from cover they must keep hounding him, never giving him a chance to get back to his hideout to rearm or tend his wounds. Once the people know that the power lies with the government, not the guerrillas, they will switch to the government's side.

When large areas of the country are made safe, we can concentrate our efforts on the gentler forms of aid. We are spending nearly a million dollars a day in Vietnam now, half of it on the military. We'd prefer to be putting that money into the training of doctors, teachers, technicians and engineers, and the social, political and economic reforms without which the government cannot hope to win the loyalty and support of its people.

"Guns and bullets won't be the final solution here," one thoughtful adviser said. "All the military can do is enforce the peace until the reforms can get under way."

Sometimes the Wrong People Die

In any civil war, unfortunately, any military action by regular troops to enforce the peace makes it more difficult for the government to convince the people of its concern for their welfare. This is particularly true in this war where there is no front, no flank, no rear, and where any village may without warning suddenly become a battlefield. The bullet, meant for the guerrilla, which kills the peasant farmer's wife or child does not make the farmer hate and fear the guerrilla; it makes him hate and fear the government. The actions in which five, 50 or a 100 guerrillas are killed can be counted as military victories. But after each fight there may be many dead who were not Communists at all but only simple peasants who were forced to shelter them. Thus a minor military triumph may do grave damage to the government's cause politically.

This is a matter of deep concern and a great deal of thought has been given to ways by which the people can be protected both from the Viet Cong and the government troops.

One extremely costly method is to move the peasants into new resettlement villages where they may be kept safely under guard. This plan has been tried in the delta area. It was not particularly successful. The Vietnamese peasant is deeply attached to the land he tills and he does not willingly move from the place where he has always lived. In setting up the first of these resettlement villages the government discovered it had to move the people by force. It then burned their houses and destroyed their rice crops to deny them to the Viet Cong. The result was as might have been expected. When the families were finally bedded down in the bleak new village, all the young men of fighting age had disappeared, presumably to join the guerrillas. Those who moved were the old folks and the children, who now stand in the doorways and glower sullenly as government officials proudly show off the new project to visitors.

The "Old Stockade Idea" Works

A far more effective method is the "strategic hamlet" concept. In those hamlets that are compact enough to be encircled with a fence the government helps the people to set up their own defense. They ring their huddled houses with a moat in which they plant sharpened bamboo stakes. Above this they build a stout fence of bamboo or barbed wire. Along with these static defenses, the hamlet also provides men to be armed and trained in the use of weapons. They man crude watchtowers by night and protect the peasants working in the fields by day.

"It's the old stockade idea our ancestors used against the Indians," an American said triumphantly. "Now the Cong can't just walk in and take what they want. They have to fight their way in, and they don't like to fight when the other man can shoot back."

There are 16,000 hamlets in South Vietnam and 5,000 villages—a number of adjoining hamlets make up a village—and the government reports that some 5,000 hamlets are now "strategic" with more being set up every day. With our help these defended towns are being equipped with radio communications so that when one comes under attack it can call on its neighbor or the nearest troops for help. Here in the villages, too, the first seeds of democracy are being planted. In the strategic hamlets the people elect their village councils by free and secret ballot without overt interference from the government.

Along with the self-defense corps in the villages and the regular army there has been built up a civil guard of some 70,000 men. These militia forces, under command of the province chiefs, guard sensitive installations, patrol the roads and check the identity of travelers between villages. They also block guerrilla escape routes when the regular troops launch an attack in their area. At first, in nearly every encounter with the Viet Cong, the civil guardsmen threw their weapons away and ran. Lately, however, they have begun to stand and fight, and in the overall count they have probably taken more losses and killed more Viet Cong than has the regular army.

The greatest potential military force for fighting a jungle war may turn out to be not the Vietnamese at all but the mountain tribesmen whom the Vietnamese have always despised as savages. A dark, stolid people, stronger and more muscular than the fine-boned Vietnamese, they are believed to be the original inhabitants of the country who were driven into the hills when the Vietnamese came down from Southern China 2,000 years ago. Living a Stone Age existence in the mountains and wooded foothills, they hunt with bows and arrows, trap game with snares and practice a primitive cut-and-burn agriculture. They look more like American Indians than Orientals, and they are the most skillful hunters and trackers since the Apaches.

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There are some 600,000 of them in 20 or more tribes. The Central highlands in which they live dominate the Mekong Delta to the south and the rich rice lands of the Eastern coast. They also lie athwart the guerrilla trails leading into South Vietnam from Northern Cambodia and Southern Laos. This combination of circumstances suggested to us that the mountain people, if armed and taught to shoot, could intercept and kill Viet Cong replacements coming across the border. The problem was how to approach them, for they hated and distrusted the Vietnamese, who had treated them about as gently as we treated the American Indians.

Aspirin tablets and medicines to cure their itches and fevers proved the key. A handful of troops of the U.S. Army Special Forces, including a medic trained in the treatment of the diseases that plague this area of the world, quietly moved into a village of the Rhade, the biggest and most powerful tribe. There they set up a tiny clinic and started treating the people, pointing out that if the tribesmen wanted this service continued they would have to protect the Americans against the Viet Cong. The Rhade were happy to take up arms to defend the doctor and his medicines, and we were glad to supply the weapons. Soon tribesmen from other villages began to come in, asking for medicine. They got the same answer.

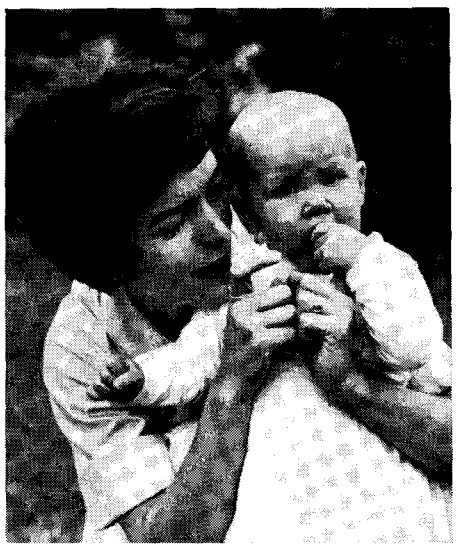
This idea is now spreading through the hills, and the Rhade now are not only defending their villages; they are joyfully ambushing the Viet Cong on the jungle trails and hunting them down in their mountain hideouts. At one village not long ago, the Rhade chief, a burly man in a garment that looked like a football jersey, proudly showed off to visiting journalists the week's catch. In the little dirt-floored clinic a scrawny Viet Cong, shot in the head and the leg, was receiving medical treatment. From a dank hole in the ground an older man, said to be a guerrilla leader, babbled a prayer and fingered a medallion at his throat as he was led into the light. In a log-and-wire stockade four young men sat wrapped in clean blankets, eating rice. They were Viet Cong recruits, the interpreter said. They would not be harmed but would be sent to another village, where a program to convert Viet Cong sympathizers was under way.

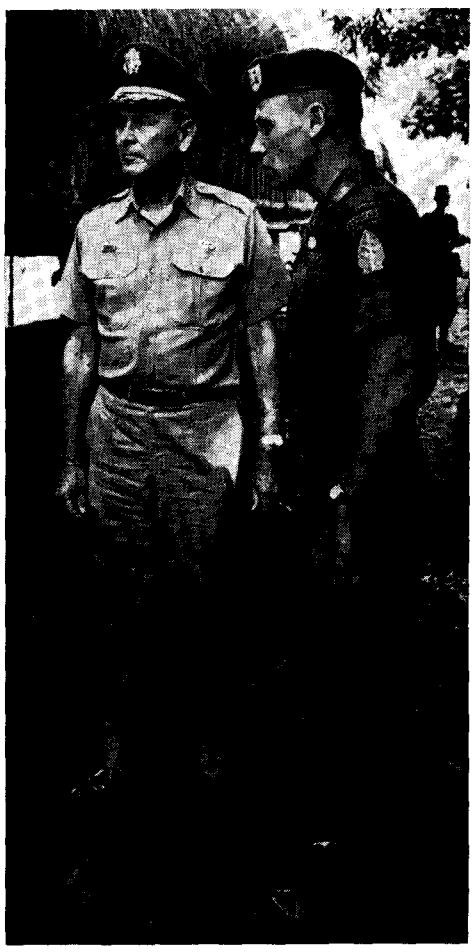
One American Ranger's Battle

That day in a thatched hut, where the huge beak of a giant hornbill hung above the door, a slim young American Ranger captain named Terry Cordell spoke with pride of the fighting qualities of his Rhade warriors. "They have no fear," he said. "When they are ambushed they don't run. They go for the flash of the Viet Cong's guns." Not long after, Terry Cordell was dead, his low-flying plane shot down by guerrillas as he flew in support of a Vietnamese patrol.

Thus the slow, bitter war grinds on, a contest not for territory but for men's loyalties; a military, political, and psychological struggle between Communism and the free world. Contrary to popular belief, it is not a type of war that we by temperament and training are ill-prepared to fight. Throughout history Americans have fought as guerrillas and against guerrillas.

We have met Communist insurgents before in Greece and the Philippines, and with our help the Greeks and the Filipinos defeated them. The Vietnamese, with our help, can beat them here. But the East moves slowly, and victory is still a long way off. To win it finally, completely, is going to require of us a dogged patience, a willingness to hold on, no matter how Diem's dilatory ways may fret us, nor what new pressures Khrushchev may bring to bear. **THE END**





In Florida, Susan Cordell and her daughter. In Vietnam, the late Captain Cordell with Gen. Maxwell Taylor.

A widow's view:
"It's a dirty, nasty little war."

Late on the afternoon of October 16, after returning from a shopping trip to buy pajamas for her nine-month-old daughter, Mrs. Susan Cordell got her telegram from the Army. "I had always thought they sent a chaplain," she said. "But it was a Western Union boy on a bicycle."

On the day before, Mrs. Cordell's husband, Capt. Terry D. Cordell, 27, had become the 46th American military man killed in Vietnam since December, 1961. A reconnaissance plane from which he was watching Viet Cong activity in the central highlands of South Vietnam had been shot down by the Communists.

Susan and her husband's parents, with whom she lives in Sanford, Florida, were stunned. "We sat there for hours," Susan said. "It seemed that if we just sat there through the night and kept watch, then it wouldn't be true."

Terry Cordell, the outstanding officer in his 1957 class at the Citadel, had gone through paratrooper and Ranger school, then a tour of duty in Germany, before his final assignment. It was a tough one—working with the primitive *montagnard* tribesmen in the wild highlands—but he had turned down two softer jobs to get it.

"He believed so much in what he was doing," his wife said. "I remember a letter he wrote: 'We can win over here, and we will win. It makes you proud to know you played a small part in it.'

"He didn't like it there, but he really believed there was a job that had to be done, and that someone else with a home and a family would have to go if he didn't."

The Cordells were married in Germany, where Susan taught fourth grade in an Army school. Later, in Louisiana, they got their first apartment and started planning for the future.

"He used to talk about when Judy would be older," Susan remembers, "when he could dress her up in one of those frilly little dresses with a little pocketbook and we would take her out to dinner and she'd sit there like a perfect little lady.

"He was a wonderful husband. If I cooked a good dinner, or even if it just looked nice, or if he liked my dress, he'd always say something. He said things that most women would pray for on their knees for a hundred years and never hear." Their home lasted for nine months.

Last spring Terry left for Okinawa. Susan was to join him there, but illness canceled her plans. To shorten the time he would have to be away, Terry volunteered for hazardous duty in Vietnam. In the last few weeks Terry's letters mentioned a bout with the flu and recurring food poisoning. Susan worried about his health. Then the boy with the telegram came to the door.

"It's a dirty, nasty little war," Susan said with her first touch of bitterness, "and nobody knows anything about it. But Terry and the others are just as dead, and they died just as gallantly, as if it were a declared war."

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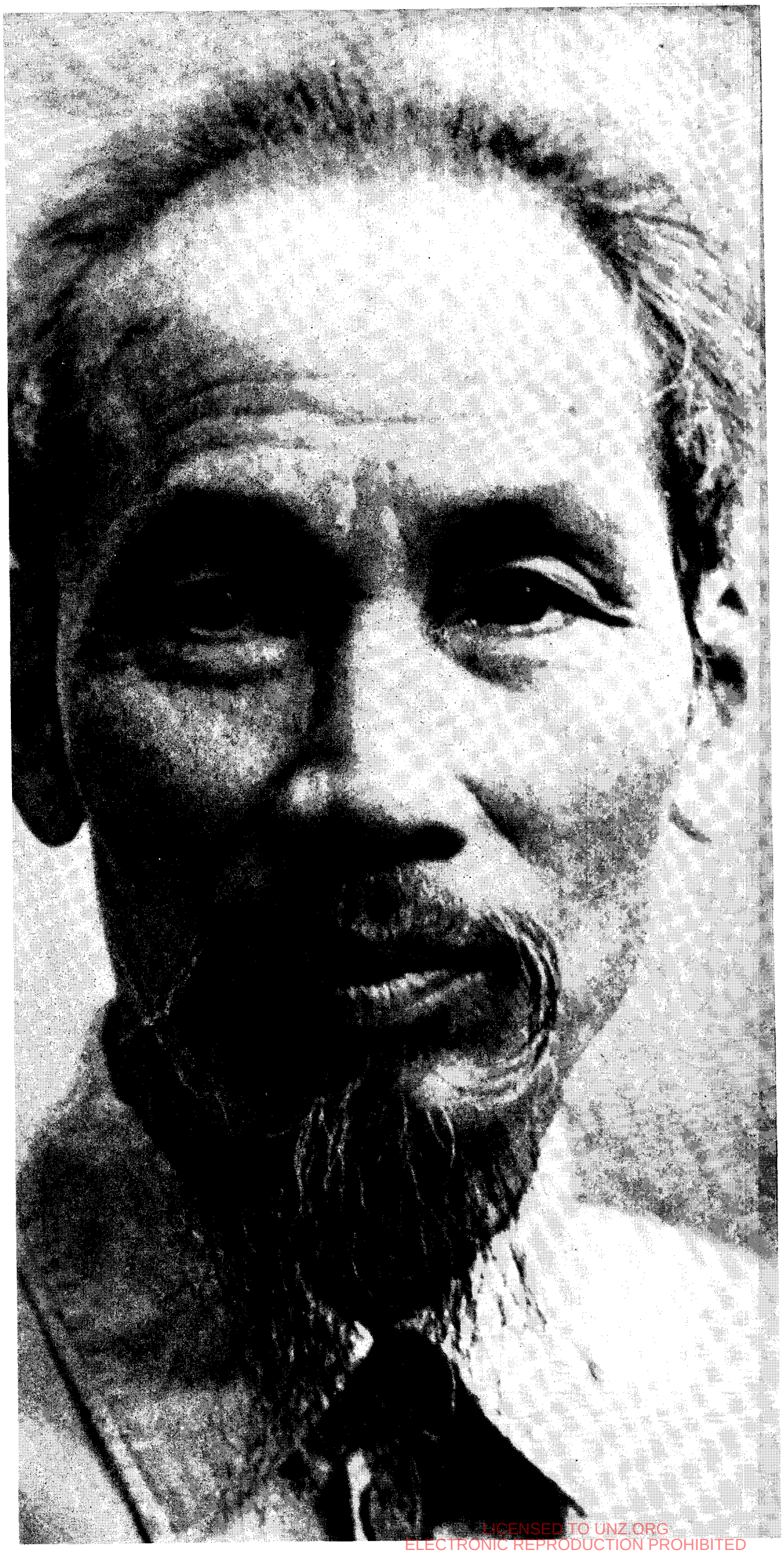

Master of the Red Jab

Ho Chi Minh is waging the kind of war that he knows best. An inside report on America's enemy, North Vietnam.

By BERNARD B. FALL

North Vietnamese army, 400,000 strong, is rated one of the world's best infantry forces.

Ho (at left), still spry at 72, was a leading Communist long before Nikita Khrushchev.

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"It took us eight years of bitter fighting to defeat you French in Indochina . . ." said the slightly built, grandfatherly man with the wispy goatee. "Now the South Vietnamese regime of Ngo Dinh Diem is well armed and helped by ten thousand Americans. The Americans are much stronger than the French, though they know us less well. It may perhaps take ten years to do it, but our heroic compatriots in the South will defeat them in the end."

After a pause he continued, speaking slowly in flawless French and looking thoughtfully out the high French window onto the manicured formal garden of his palace in Hanoi.

"I think the Americans greatly underestimate the determination of the Vietnamese people. The Vietnamese people always have shown great determination when they were faced with a foreign invader."

The speaker, looking very spry in a tropical uniform, was Ho Chi Minh, the 72-year-old president of Communist North Vietnam, who directs the guerrillas that the United States is fighting in South Vietnam. Every time an American dies somewhere in the swamps of the Mekong Delta it will be because North Vietnam hungers to extend its rule into South Vietnam, into Laos and Cambodia, into all of the fertile crescent that was once French Indochina.

No American has been to this enemy land since the last U. S. consulate was closed down in 1955 after a yearlong blockade. And the only sign of America that I saw in the whole country was, oddly enough, a copy of Doctor Spock. It remains a mystery why the suspicious North Vietnamese should have admitted me, a Frenchman now teaching at Howard University in Washington, D.C., and why they should have allowed me to spend two weeks there, touring more than 500 miles around the country, including some areas that no outsider has seen in more than a decade. Conceivably it was my criticisms in previous books on Vietnam which prompted the Communists to try to convince me of their claimed achievements.

Flying northward in a Boeing Stratoliner of World War II vintage—operated by the Canadian-Polish-Indian International Control Commission that is supposed to supervise the 1954 truce—I thought for a while that the land looked much as it had when I had known it in the days of French rule. In the Red River Delta I could see dark green patches where tree-lined villages nestle between the rice fields of lush light green. But something had changed even here. Some fields no longer are small, handkerchieflike squares but are far larger than before, with no dikes to interrupt their expanse. They belong to the new collective farms. Communism already has left its mark on the landscape. And as we came in for a landing I noticed the brutal reds of new tile roofs and the glaring whites of factory walls where there once had been nothing but farmland or French forts. Here the industrialization drive of Communism had left its imprint.

Hanoi looked about as it must have looked the day after the French pulled out—no cars in the streets, the city in a state of "brown-out," a few passersby walking in an eerie atmosphere of silence, as if every noise were filtered through cotton stoppers in one's ears. In the once-ashionable "French" section of town, the stuccoed villas were in disrepair, the shops boarded up, the broad avenues empty. Not a street seemed to have been paved, nor a house repainted since the French evacuated the city.

The car assigned to me, a rickety Soviet Pobieda (Victory), took me to the hotel I had known as the Metropole. Now it was the Hotel Thong-Nhat (Unity). By coincidence I was assigned to a dining table I had occupied nine years ago, No. 2, and the waiter brought me an example of what a North Vietnamese chef thought French cooking should taste like. It was edible, but I kept thinking of French officers I had known here, one shot down over Langson, another blown up by land mines, and others long dead in the battle against Ho Chi Minh's guerrillas—the battle that Ho had won.

The only people now eating in the 75-table dining room were a Chinese technician, silently manipulating chopsticks, and a Laotian couple. The husband, a colonel, had attended the U. S. Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; he had also fought with the neutralist forces against the Western-backed government during the Laotian civil war. As we ate, the public-address system—perhaps in my honor—switched from a propaganda speech to a scratched record of Glenn Miller's "In the Mood."

This is official Hanoi. There is another Hanoi, full of the bustle of any Asian city, with children swarming around, street merchants peddling duck eggs, and lines forming in front of movie houses. I saw one food queue too—people lined up to buy the Vietnamese equivalent of Popsicles. Here one can see that the average citizen of Hanoi is neither well fed nor starving (in the immediate postwar period of 1945-46, nearly one million did starve to death). The basic food staples, rice and fats and sometimes meat, are rationed but at bearable levels. Adult rice rations vary between 28 and 40 pounds a month. Clothing is rationed, too, at three yards per person per year, and it lacks the gay colors that brighten many Asian street scenes. There are only two basic colors of clothes: black cotton trousers and white cotton shirts. Recently a new color has been added to the output—faded blue. As for more luxurious goods, the shopwindows of Hanoi hold out little more than a promise. They contain such items as Czech tape recorders and Russian cameras—at prices of $600 and more. Even a pair of poorly made shoes costs $8.50, two weeks' pay for an average worker, and Chinese T-shirts cost $1.25.

Westerners Under Quarantine

I was not restricted in moving around Hanoi. I was escorted on official visits by a member of the Foreign Office, but otherwise I was left on my own to go to the local markets or the movies or to visit the few Western missions still sticking it out under virtual quarantine. And although my Vietnamese is awful I found many people in markets and stores who were willing and able to talk French.

The reasons for Hanoi's general shabbiness became more clear when I got outside the city. The cement that does not go into Hanoi pavements apparently goes into five-story apartment buildings and huge factories in places where I had seen only open rice fields nine years ago. There are an electrochemical complex at Viet-Tri, a fertilizer plant at Lam-Thao, a ceramics factory at Hai-Duong, a blast furnace at Thai-Nguyen and a tungsten mine and ore refinery at Pia-Ouac which also produce uranium for Communist China's future atomic bombs. The whole Communist bloc has pitched in with close to $1,000,000,000 in aid to make the industrialization of North Vietnam a Communist success in an area where America is deeply involved. In contrast to China, the industrialization of North Vietnam is relatively easy, for it is a nation a little smaller than Missouri with a population of 17 million. A few modern machine-tool plants, for example, can change it from a machine-importing to a machine-exporting country. Its turret lathes already have made an impressive debut at the New Delhi Industrial Fair. North Vietnam is not becoming a Japan, but it is acquiring an industrial backbone stronger than that of any non-Communist country on the Southeast Asian mainland. This country is functioning, and developing at a very rapid rate.

The people working in these factories are an extraordinary collection. At the Hanoi machine-tool plant, which produces turret lathes, carpenters' planes, irrigation pumps and drills, I was surprised to meet a foreman who addressed me in purest French factory slang.

"You're damn right I talk like a Frenchman," he said. "Worked for sixteen years at the Renault plant outside Paris."

Nearby I saw an old Tonkinese woman wearing brown peasant garb, her teeth lacquered black in the traditional fashion, standing at a turret lathe with a caliper in her hand. And next to her, as at most machines, was a younger woman. "There are two workers at each machine," I was told, "because the first teaches the second. This way we won't have any trouble when we build the next machine-tool factory."

Complaints and Complexities

Glaring errors are still made. A senior official at the all-powerful State Planning Board, which directs the whole North Vietnamese economic machinery, filled me with complaints—including complaints about Red Chinese aid. In the case of the 400-acre Thai-Nguyen steel complex the Chinese had delivered turbines which were so huge that they could not be fitted on any available trains or trucks. Several months went by until the Red River rose high enough for the turbines to be brought upstream on barges. In many plants young engineers freshly graduated from Chinese, Russian, or East German training schools—or, as of this year, from Hanoi's own school of engineering—must step directly into top engineering jobs involving responsibility of thousands of workers.

"It often looks as if a midshipman had been given the command of a cruiser as his first post," said one of the few Western economists in Hanoi. "And it often works out the same way."

The huge Hon-Gay mining complex, which the French ran with 140 technicians and engineers, continued operating for almost seven years under the direction of two Communist cadres. Neither director had an engineering degree. People's Army colonels were in fact the directors of many of the plants I visited. That kind of militarization of industry makes for great labor discipline, but discipline alone cannot replace technical knowledge. This explains the stretch-out of the targets set for the 1958-61 economic plan and the constant lowering of targets set for 1965.

"When we first drew up our plans we just didn't know enough about statistics," said Vo Quang Anh, a leading member of the State Planning Board. "Even for the five-year plan now under way we are still sending our target figures to the individual ministries for evaluation and finding that they are set too high. And now that we know that our population increases by a fantastic half million a year. . ."

That population increase is an obstacle to all economic growth, as it is in all underdeveloped nations, and it means that even a constant

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"Americans do not like long, inconclusive wars, and this is going to be a long, inconclusive war. Thus we are sure to win."

increase in food supplies will not end the people's hunger. Yet partition cut off North Vietnam from its normal supplies in the South, which used to provide 225,000 tons of rice a year. Today as I saw in trips around the countryside, every available inch is under cultivation. In areas where rice won't grow, the peasants have planted corn and yams. In the long run, however, North Vietnam's hope of success depends on its being able to export industrial goods to such agricultural nations as Burma, Cambodia and Thailand.

The struggle for economic development requires an almost military discipline, and Ho Chi Minh has succeeded in imposing it on the whole country. At the basic level, six-year-old Young Pioneers are taught to "help" their parents "correct their backwardness in economic thinking." Many a small-time black marketeer or would-be political opponent is turned in by his own family or his neighbor's children. On the next level is the Street Committee, theoretically a nonpolitical organization of "mutual help." In actual fact the Street Committee is an unofficial police force which plays on a man's desire to keep the Joneses down with him if he cannot keep up with them. To buy a suitcase, for example, you need an authorization signed by your Street Committee. In other words, you must explain to your neighbors why you might be planning a trip and how you can afford it.

The Street Committee not only keeps a check on every one of the inhabitants within its area but it also sees to it that everyone turns out every day for early-morning gymnastics classes directed by a voice from a loudspeaker. These loudspeakers are everywhere, as are huge posters exhorting people to further achievements on the "production front"; to greater solidarity with the "heroic struggle" of the Cubans, Congolese, Angolans; to continuing hatred of the United States. In fact, Hate America Month was officially proclaimed during my stay in Hanoi. All of this establishes an atmosphere like that of George Orwell's *1984*—a feeling that Big Brother is everywhere and knows everything.

Midnight Propaganda Printing

Aside from the Street Committees for every home, there is the production cell for farms and factories. The production cell sees to it not only that work quotas are met but also that its members are properly indoctrinated. Returning to my hotel at midnight I could often see the night shift at a printing shop, which formerly housed the French newspaper *L'Entente*, sitting together around a dim light bulb while a production-cell member read aloud from the speeches of Comrade *Ko-Rut-Sop* (Khrushchev).

Above all these low-level organizations there is the party itself, an elite of faithful believers. North Vietnam's Communist *Dang Lao-Dong* (Labor Party) is 800,000 strong, and its membership has gradually shifted from the unsophisticated peasantry to the students and factory workers who constitute the political backbone of the regime. Its leadership, forged over thirty years of bitter struggle against overwhelming odds, is tough and resourceful.

And finally, beyond the party, there is the fearsome Vietnam People's Army. The French—who have good reasons to know it well—estimate it to be one of the best combat-infantry forces in the world today. It is at the same time a thoroughly political army. Its creator and commander-in-chief, Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap, declared in his book, *People's War, People's Army:* "The People's Army is the instrument of the (Communist) Party and the revolutionary state, for the accomplishment, in armed form, of the tasks of the revolution."

From a 24-man platoon in 1944, the army has grown into a force of 400,000 men, lavishly armed with Soviet automatic weapons. Yet in spite of this modern armament the army has lost none of its incredible agility in cross-country maneuvering. Whatever training I could see in North Vietnam—none of it was shown to me deliberately—seemed to confirm that the North Vietnamese were as ready as ever to fight in the swamps and jungles of their country. I saw infantrymen dogtrotting along the roads with full field kits in the blazing tropical sun. I saw officers instructing militiamen—there are an estimated 2,000,000 of them—in how to attack concrete bunkers. They were not training to fight against an imaginary enemy but against South Vietnamese—and Americans.

The Peasants Were Shot Down

As to the loyalty of those troops there is little doubt. The People's Army is better housed and fed than most civilians, and its discharged veterans have high preference for good jobs in the administration and industry. This loyalty was tested on the one occasion when a large group of Vietnamese attempted a rebellion. In November, 1956, at just the time when the Hungarians rose in revolt, 6,000 farmers in Ho Chi Minh's own native province rebelled against the collectivization of their land. Soldiers of the 325th Division unhesitatingly shot down their compatriots and restored order.

In the face of such an awesome control apparatus, reaching from the family to the armed forces, the individual discontented North Vietnamese has almost no chance of rebellion. And any guerrilla movement sponsored by South Vietnam would have little chance of surviving in Ho Chi Minh's land.

All this, and more, was in my mind as I faced Ho Chi Minh, the grandfatherly man who still holds Vietnam's fate in his hands, and his prime minister, Pham Van Dong, 56, who looks exactly like the aristocrat he was by birth. Both men had led Vietnam's Communist movement since its inception. Ho Chi Minh, though all too little known in the outside world, is the last of the Old Bolsheviks still in power. He was a senior Comintern agent at a time when Khrushchev was still on a farm in the Ukraine. Unlike many other Communist leaders, Ho has traveled widely. He has been to the United States (he wrote a pamphlet on the shocking conditions in Harlem in 1918). He even served as a pastry-cook's apprentice under the great Escoffier at the Carlton in London. As a member of the French Socialist Party, he was one of the founders of the French Communist Party in 1920. As a Comintern agent, living in Thailand in the disguise of a Buddhist monk, he organized violent dock strikes in Singapore, later turned up in Berlin during the last days of the Weimar Republic, finally began organizing the Vietnamese underground in 1941—with the help of the American O.S.S.

Ho himself is reluctant to speak of his own past. "You know, I am an old man, and an old man likes to hold on to his little mysteries," he said to me. When I objected to this he said with a humorous twinkle in his eye, "Wait until I'm dead. Then you can write about me all you want." Nevertheless, before I left Hanoi I received at my hotel an unsigned five-page typescript which contained some hitherto unknown details about Ho's life, obviously delivered on the old man's instructions.

Ho has, too, a kind of human vanity and gallantry that one scarcely expects in an old revolutionary. I had brought him a book of mine which contained a portrait of him by my wife. "Where? Where?" he cried. "Let me see it. Providing that she's got my goatee right . . . providing the goatee looks all right." After thumbing through the pages and inspecting the portrait he was pleased. "Yes, that is very good. That looks very much like me." He looked around him for a moment, then took a small bouquet of flowers from a vase on the table and handed it to me. "Tell her for me that the drawing is very good and give her the bouquet and kiss her on both cheeks for me."

Most of my political questions, however, were answered by Premier Pham Van Dong. He sounded almost contemptuous of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem, whose regime the United States is trying to uphold. "Monsieur Diem's position is quite difficult," said Dong. "He is unpopular, and the more unpopular he is the more American aid he will require to stay in power. And the more American aid he receives, the more he will look like a puppet of the Americans and the less likely he is to win popular support for his side."

"That sounds pretty much like a vicious circle," I said.

The premier's eyes showed a humorous gleam as he said that it was more than "vicious." "It is really more like a descending spiral."

Do Americans Realize the Truth?

There is, I fear, some justification for the Communist leader's optimism. The French lost Indochina to Ho's guerrilla armies because they had no political program that could win the support of the peasantry. In South Vietnam today, Diem's regime remains a family autocracy in Saigon, with few reforms in sight, and there is no indication that it has attracted any real support from the majority of the people. Without that support, American helicopters and modern weapons cannot do very much. And although American officials speak of fighting for years against Ho's guerrillas, I doubt that most Americans realize what such a protracted war really means.

Despite huge sums in American aid, guerrilla depredations have changed South Vietnam from an area which once exported as much as 1,000,000 tons of rice to one which has had to import 100,000 tons in 1961-62. Its exports covered only 27 percent of its imports in 1961, and that figure fell to 18 percent by mid-1962. South Vietnam is becoming, in the words of one American economist, a "nation of mendicants." For Americans, this war means not only an economic drain but a political drain. "Americans do not like long, inconclusive wars—and this is going to be a long, inconclusive war," remarked Premier Pham Van Dong. "Thus we are sure to win in the end."

Could we negotiate a settlement? Ho Chi Minh told me he was ready to negotiate with "any" South Vietnamese regime that was "willing to sit down with us at the same table and talk." Premier Pham Van Dong spoke in more detail. "We are willing

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to give all the guarantees necessary for the South to get fair treatment. . . . We do not envisage an immediate reunification and are willing to accept the verdict of the South Vietnamese people with regard to the institutions and policies of their part of the country." What this means, in effect, is a neutralized South Vietnam, deprived of large-scale American support and vulnerable to Communist subversion. The South Vietnamese and Americans naturally oppose this. One of Diem's chief officials even stated publicly that the American willingness to neutralize Laos meant that "the American government . . . has fallen entirely within the scope of Communist strategy."

But part of the Western reluctance to negotiate is based on a feeling that the West is on the defensive in South Vietnam, that it would be bargaining from a position of weakness. This is true if we continue limiting ourselves to anti-guerrilla warfare in the South. One of the most ominous things about North Vietnam, as I look back on it, is the air of massive tranquillity—no guards in watchtowers, no airplane patrols. The Hanoi traffic police don't even carry pistols. But the U.S. doesn't necessarily have to let the North Vietnamese remain so placidly confident.

Fear of American Retaliation

It is one of the paradoxes of the Vietnamese war that the huge American military commitment to South Vietnam is not well suited for waging a guerrilla war but provides a strong political bargaining position. For it enables us at least to threaten direct retaliation against North Vietnam itself. While Ho's guerrillas in South Vietnam can elude American air power, his factories in North Vietnam are extremely vulnerable to it.

The North Vietnamese are very conscious of this. When I spoke to Premier Pham Van Dong I reminded him of the risk of American retaliation against North Vietnamese territory. I reminded him that he had been to North Korea and said, "You saw what American bombers can do." The premier showed he was aware of the danger. "We fully realize that the American imperialists wish to provoke a situation in the course of which they could use the heroic struggle of the South Vietnamese people as a pretext for the destruction of our economic and cultural achievements. We shall offer them no pretext which could give rise to an American military intervention against North Vietnam."

The North Vietnamese genuinely fear American retaliation. They fear it not only because it would wreck their country but because it would raise the specter of Communist Chinese intervention and occupation. Until now, North Vietnam's rulers have followed Russian rather than Chinese leadership, and they are aware of China's ambitions for expansion. If we took into account these North Vietnamese fears of outside intervention, I believe we could press more effectively for some kind of truce settlement on terms that would definitely not be a "surrender." We could demand the immediate end of guerrilla fighting in the South and a far more effective international inspection system to police the truce. We may not achieve such a settlement, but I feel very strongly that we have no reason to fear it. And we must clearly realize that the alternative means the bloodshed and misery of a long and probably inconclusive guerrilla war—a war which Ho Chi Minh is well prepared to fight. **THE END**

Even during a rest period the girl at the left is giving fellow workers a Communist indoctrination lecture. In the background is the new electrical plant at Viet-Tri.

Despite modern Soviet weapons, North Vietnam's "political" army trains for guerrilla war.

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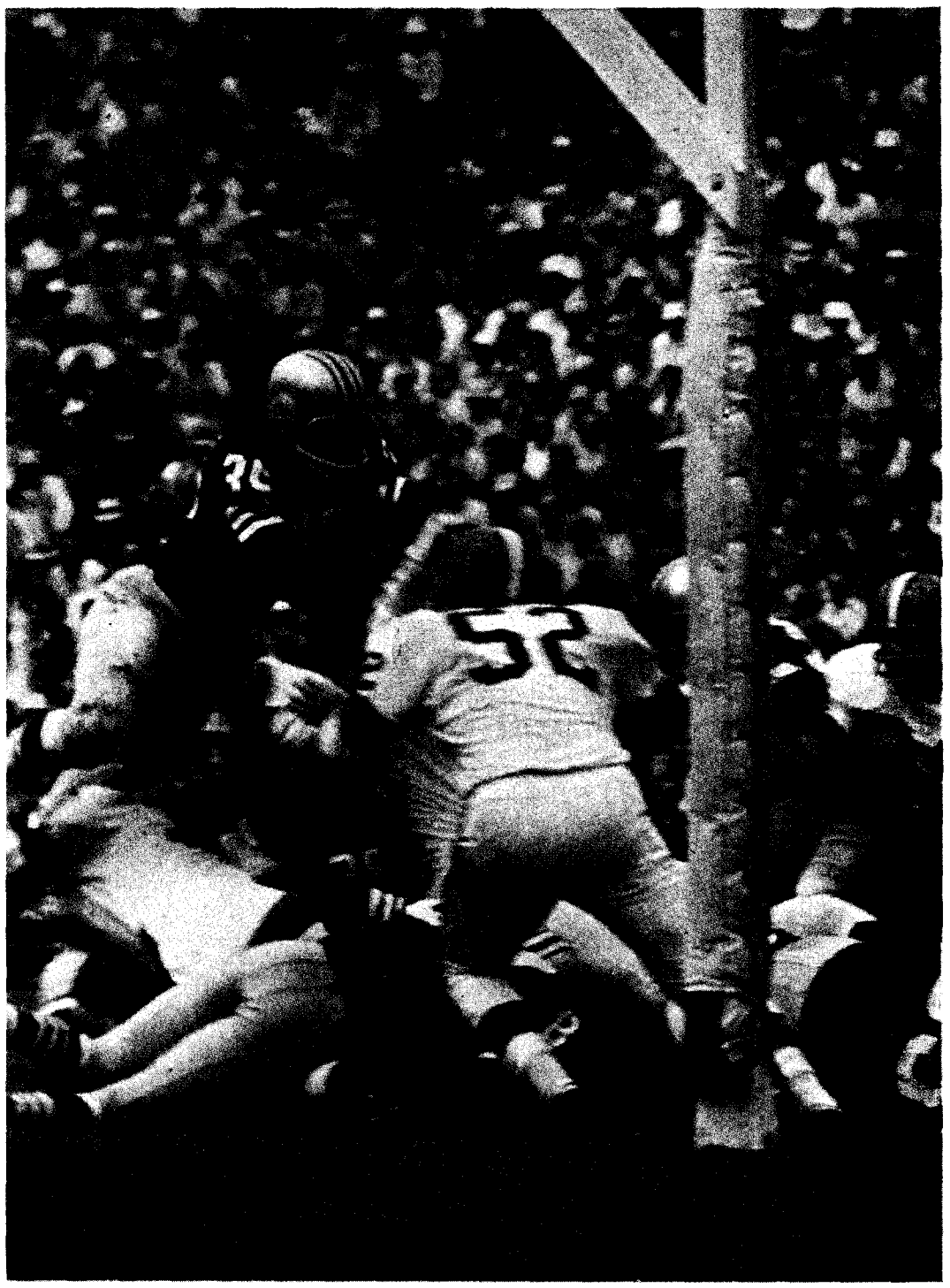
As the armored combatants struggle before the crowds that pack the arenas, there are reminders of ancient Rome.

Sunday's Gladiators



In tangle of bodies Browns fight to stop 49er leap for goal.

Scholarly observers sometimes liken professional football to the gladiatorial combats of Rome's Colosseum. They point to the shouting crowds that swarm into vast arenas to scream their anger or approval as heavily armored men batter each other, sometimes into insensibility. They cite the weekly casualty lists, the men who limp off or are carried from the field.

Certainly, as far as spectacle is concerned, pro football is closer to a gladiatorial contest than any other current sport—even prizefighting. True, if you express this thought to any representative group of pros—such as the defensive veterans of the New York Giants—you'll get an argument. They don't see themselves in such dramatic terms. Still, their thinking sometimes has a spirit that would not have been too foreign to Spartacus.

For instance, you'll hear such comments as this one from guard Jack Stroud: "You have somebody opposite you that you have to whip physically, and he's trying to do the same thing to you. There's nothing personal about it—he's just a uniform and a number—but you know it's got to be the survival of the fittest. The one who's strongest and fastest and luckiest that day comes out ahead."

And while they're telling you that the fans come out because they enjoy the fast-moving, beautifully complex nature of the modern pro game, some of the pros will quietly admit that they know what many fans are really after. Says one: "It's the same reason people will pay a hundred dollars to see a big prizefight. They want to see violence and blood."

With battle cry, Giants' Sam Huff signals his men on tactics for the next defensive charge.

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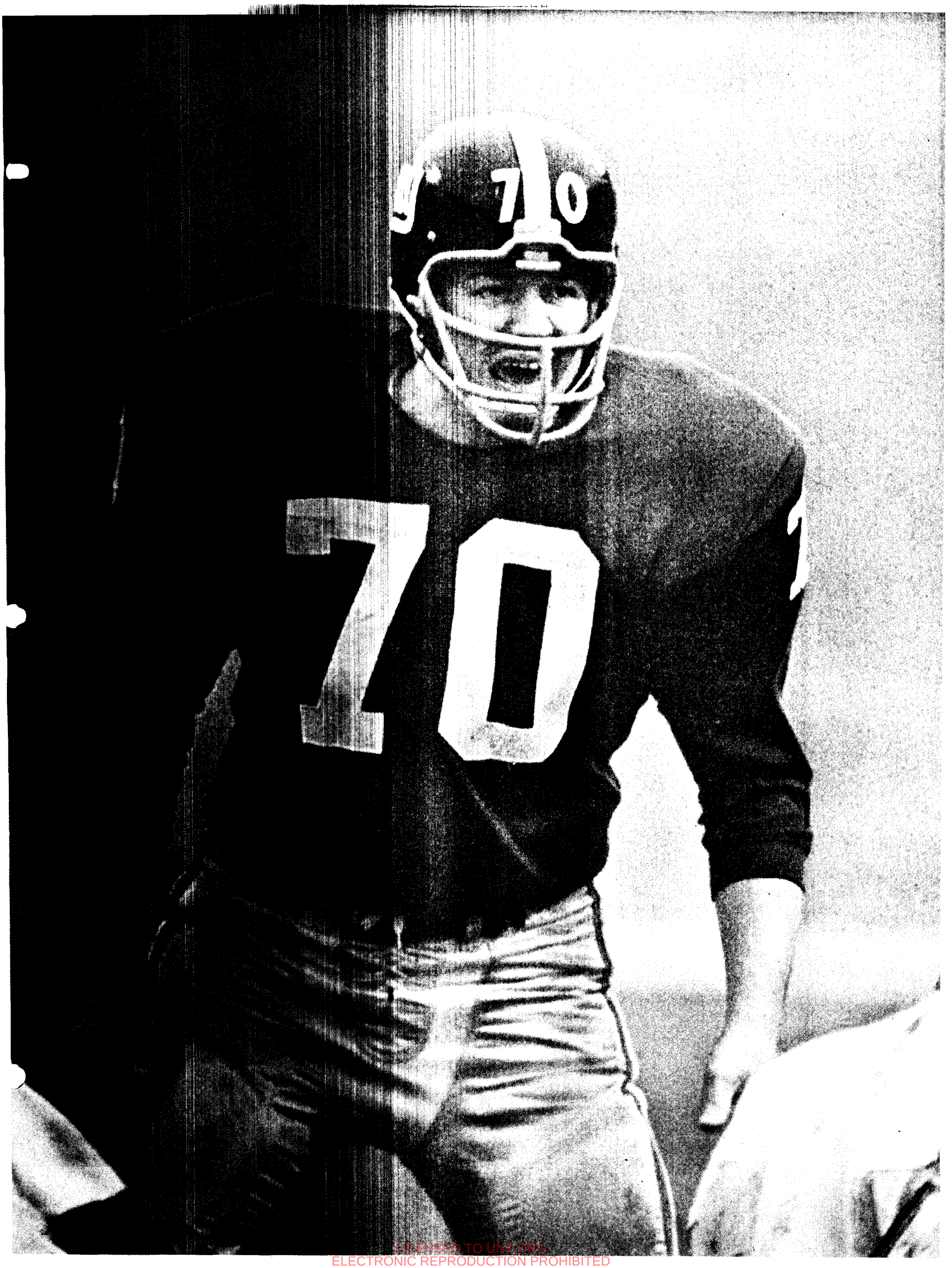
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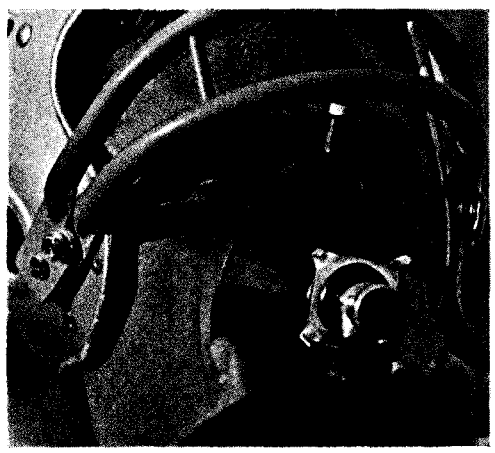
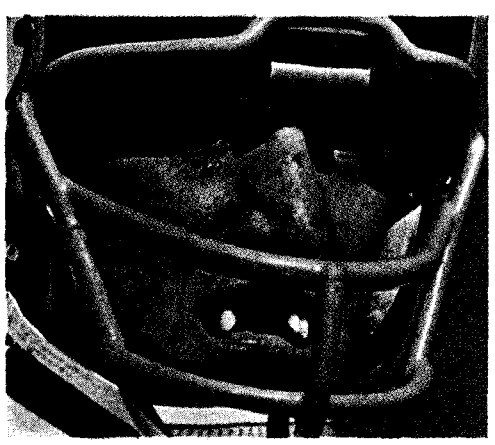
Tension: Ex-Cardinal Steve Meilinger agonizes on bench.



Extremity: Exhausted, Lions' Jim Gibbons gets an oxygen pickup.

Brooding: Jess Richardson, a lineman, gets a brief respite.



Badge: Vikings' tackle Jim Prestel shows battle scars.

Whatever the motivations of players or fans, there is no question but that pro football is the ultimate test of a man's strength and endurance and of his willingness to endure pain and risk serious injury. Superior athletes who outclassed their opponents in college have lacked the stomach for pro football, packing up and leaving training camp after the first week of hard scrimmage.

Those who stick take pride in their toughness. They say they wish the fans were more fully aware that there is more to the game than violence—and yet there are indications that the pros like the violent man-to-man combat of their game. It isn't only the money that keeps them playing. As Giant linebacker Sam Huff says: "Once you've signed your contract you don't even think about money for the rest of the year." This is probably true for professional football players generally. While salary scales have improved considerably since the lean prewar days, only a handful of today's stars make big money and a man must have a tremendous relish for the game to stay with it. There are easier ways of making a living.

The pros accept the fact that bruises, cuts, sprains and fractures are normal hazards of their trade. The good ones give no thought to this. "If you worry about protecting yourself you're sure to get hurt," they'll tell you. "As long as you keep hitting hard you'll be all right."

The raw excitement of the swift and body-banging play serves as an anesthetic. Once a game begins the players are so keyed up that they don't feel the blows; men have kept playing with broken arms and shoulders, concussions, shocks that would have knocked a man unconscious had they happened under any other conditions.

The excitement doesn't begin to wear off until late Sunday night, and by Monday morning the aches and pains have really taken hold.

"My aches used to start going away on Tuesday, but now it takes until Wednesday," says defensive tackle Dick Modzelewski of the Giants, a mountain of gristle who is in his tenth year in the National Football League. "But they say you're all right until you get to where you're still hurting on one Sunday from the Sunday before. I guess I must still have a few years to go." —HARRY T. PAXTON

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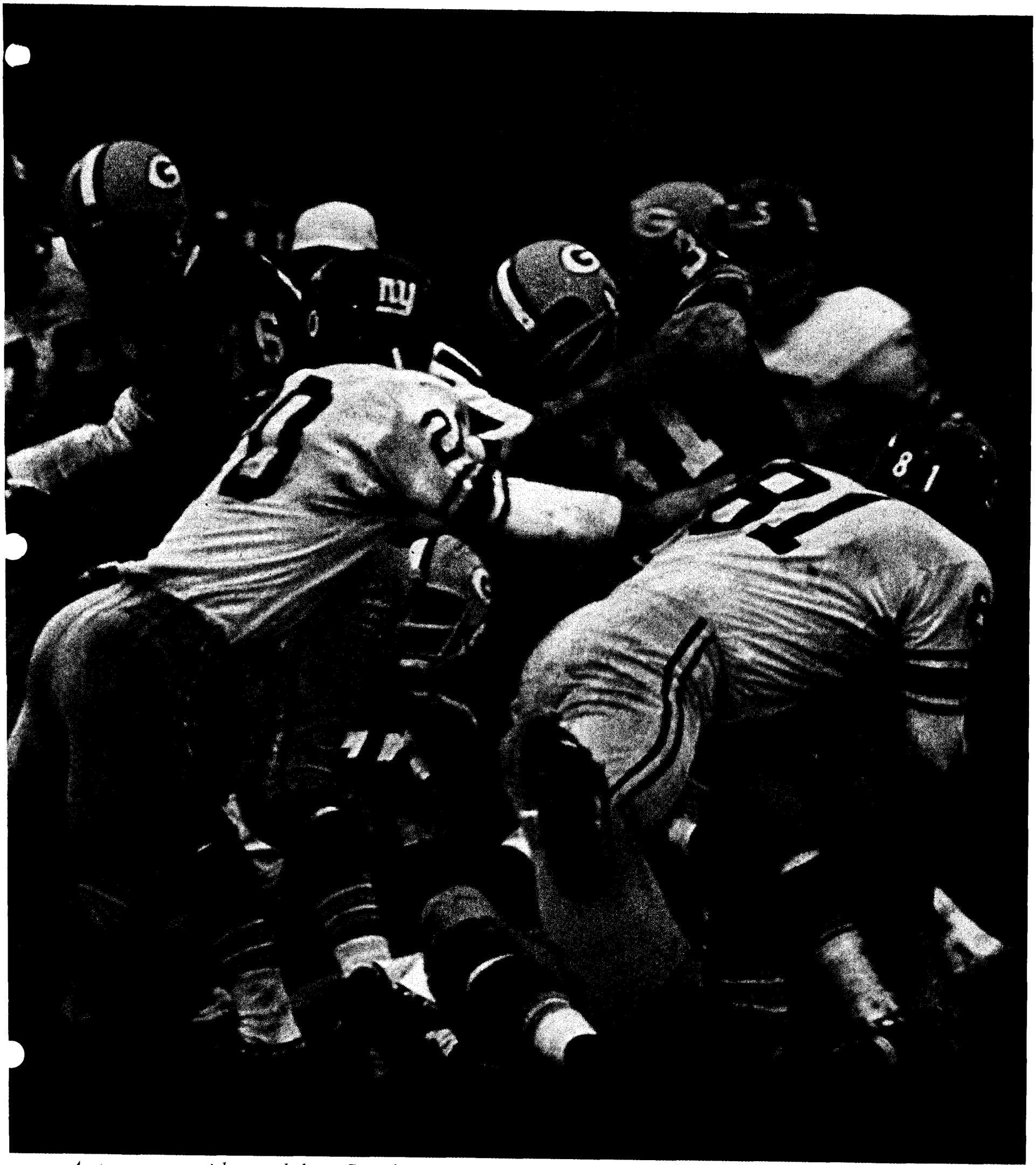

As teammates swirl around them, Giants' Andy Robustelli (81) and Packers' Jim Taylor struggle over a yard.

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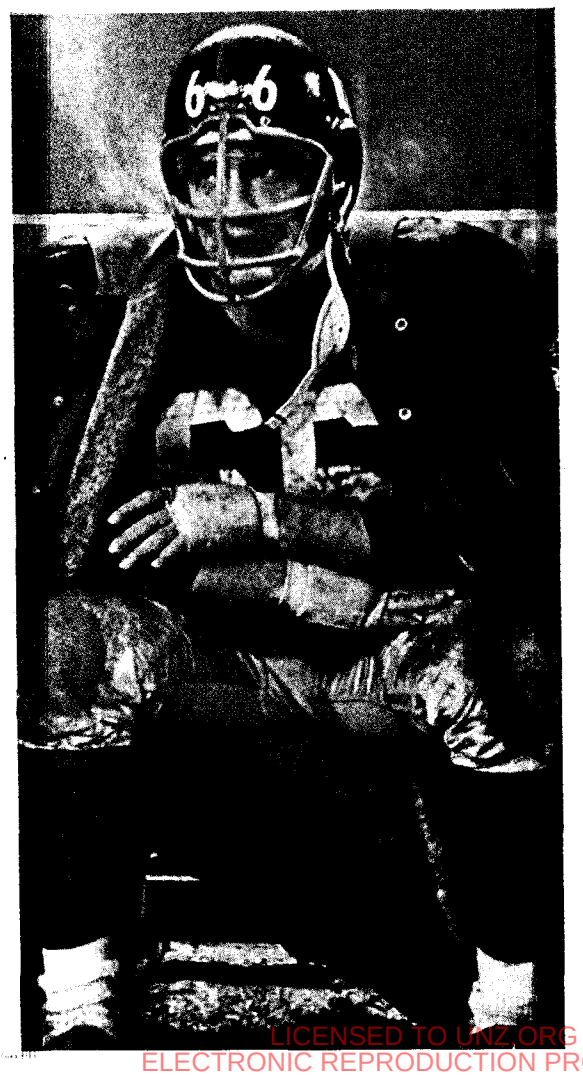
His hands take a beating. Giant guard Jack Stroud (at right) says, "The backs of your hands become nothing but scar tissue. You have to put sponge rubber and tape on for protection."



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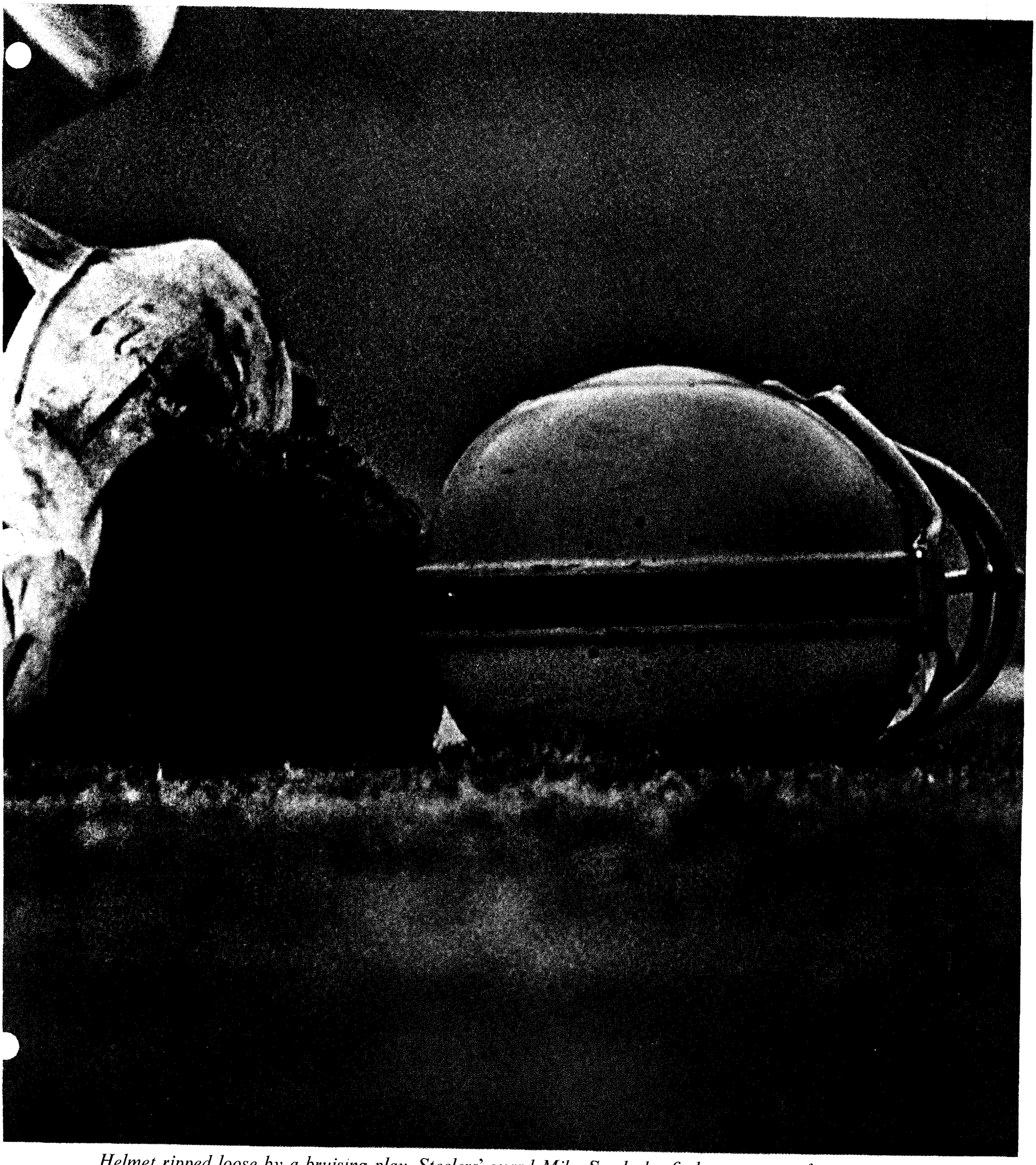

Helmet ripped loose by a bruising play, Steelers' guard Mike Sandusky finds a moment of peace.

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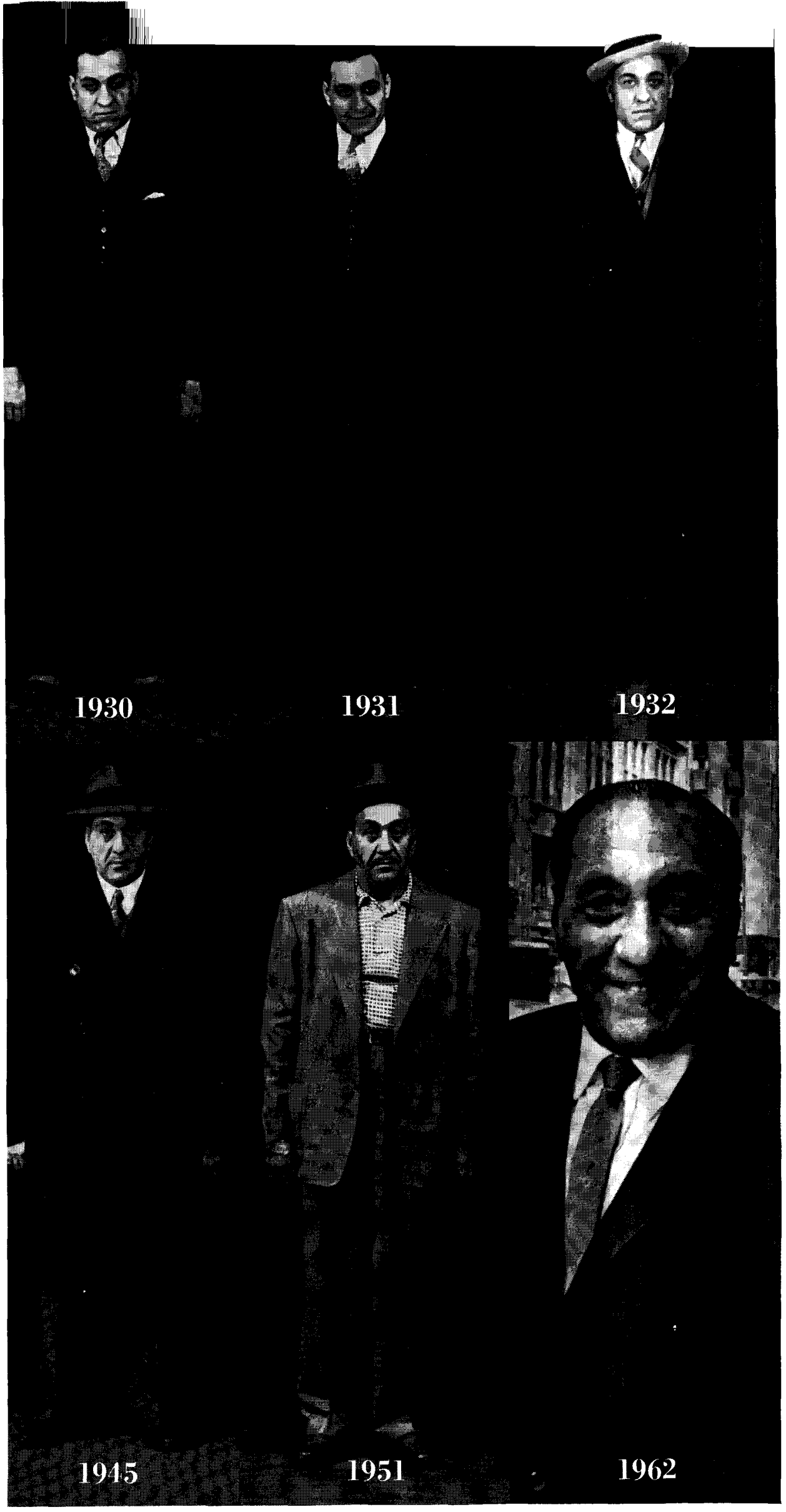

Rogues' gallery photos of Accardo and one (lower right) taken recently document the changing fashions of the hoodlum world. From a scornful punk and an expressionless mobster, Accardo has evolved into a dapper "solid citizen" with a public-relations smile.

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THE CHARMED LIFE OF Tony Accardo

By Sandy Smith

Long a top gangster, Tony has been arrested 23 times but never convicted. Here is how he makes crime pay and the law look ridiculous.

Anthony Joseph Accardo, a powerfully built man of 56, wears expensive white-on-white shirts and conservatively tailored $250 suits. His opulent estate in a Chicago suburb contains an indoor swimming pool, a black onyx bathtub that cost $10,000 and a pair of bowling alleys. As a sometime sportsman, Accardo has fished off Nova Scotia and hunted pheasant in the Dakotas. As a devotee of culture he has made the grand tour of Europe's museums and churches. As a businessman Accardo has been accused of having been the top man in the U.S. crime syndicate for years. Whatever his position in the underworld, Accardo, sometimes known as Joe Batters, or The Big Tuna, must hold the world championship at beating the rap. Arrested 23 times in Chicago as a suspect in murders, kidnappings and other gang activities, he has never been convicted of anything worse than disorderly conduct. The only night he ever spent in jail came as a fluke.

On November 18, 1960, Accardo came close to losing this untouchable record. He was actually sentenced—for the crime of gypping the Government on his income taxes. The courtroom of United States District Judge Julius J. Hoffman was jammed with spectators waiting to see whether Accardo really was going to take a fall at last. Accardo listened with a bored expression as Judge Hoffman denounced him as a purveyor of "degradation and violence" and sentenced him to prison for six years.

Deputy United States Marshal Walter Shanahan stepped up to take Accardo's arm. The gangster wheeled around.

"Take your hands off me," he snarled. He did not intend to be hustled out of court like a common criminal. He was Anthony Accardo, the big-shot gangster who boasted that he had never spent a night in jail. The hand of the law was something to be brushed away.

Within 90 minutes an appeal bond had been arranged and Accardo walked out of the courthouse. Last January the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Chicago upset his conviction

He-man soups from *Campbell*

Split Pea WITH HAM

'Way down East and 'way out West and anywhere in between, men relish this brawny soup, thick with the goodness of tender split peas, laced with bright bits of smokehouse ham. Give it to your man soon . . . and often!

Chili Beef

Ride 'em, cowboy—hurry home for this ranchhouse favorite — fine beef and tender pink beans generously spiced with tomatoes and onions and good but mild chili. Don't let your man miss this new Campbell favorite.

Vegetable Bean

Here's a hearty he-man soup, thick with California pink beans, lentils, and seven garden-good vegetables in a good, beefy broth. Hefty, sturdy, beany—this is for the man who likes his soup substantial. Your man? Tonight?

Campbell puts more goodness in . . . so you get more goodness out

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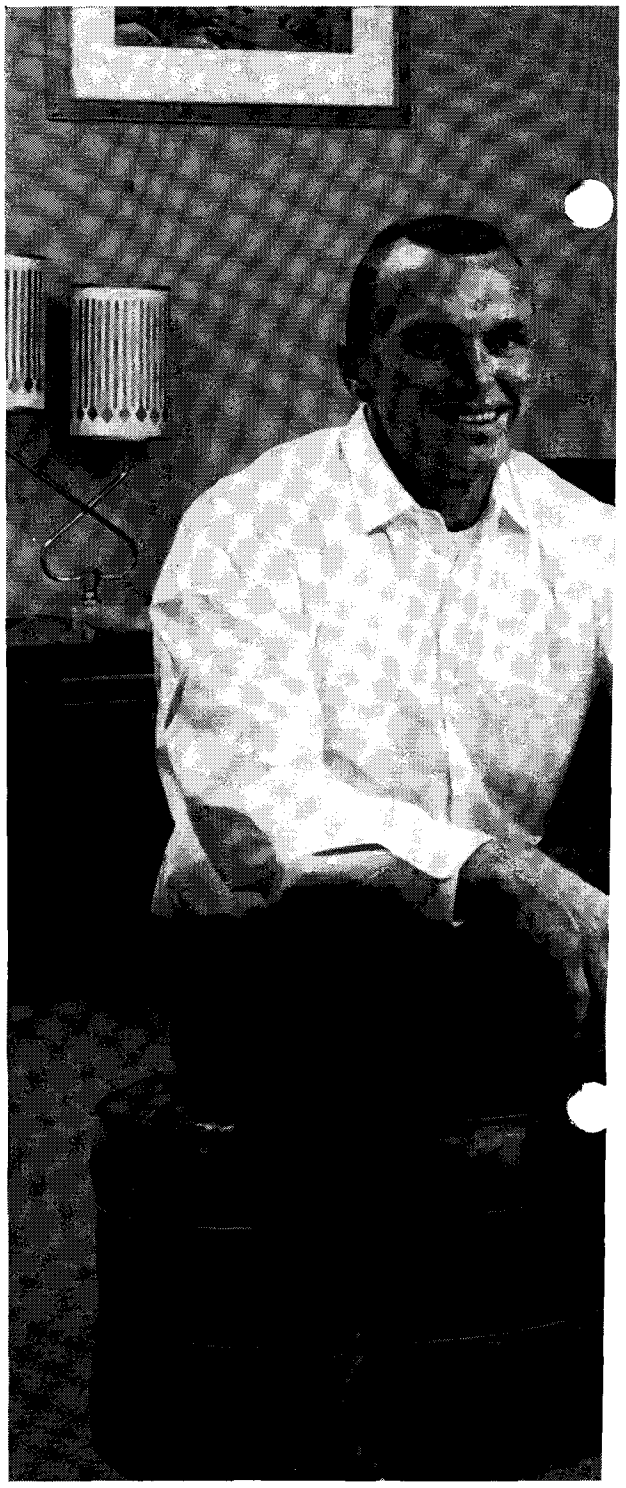
INDIVIDUAL ROOM TEMPERATURE CONTROL is one of the benefits of electric home heating that the Kellys like most. Separate thermostats in each room let them adjust temperatures in different parts of the apartment to suit particular needs—warmer in baby Scott's room, for example, cooler for themselves.

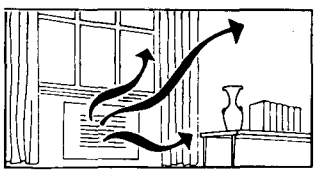
BUILT-IN AIR CONDITIONING UNITS like the one below the window cool the Kellys' apartment efficiently and economically, since a home properly insulated for electric heat blocks off hot outside air as well as cold. Even on the warmest summer days, the Kellys actually keep both their units running on "low" most of the time.



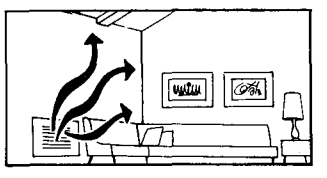
BECAUSE ELECTRIC HEAT is flameless, walls, furnishings and curtains in the Kellys' apartment stay bright and clean all year round.

HIDDEN CEILING CABLE in the Kellys' apartment works on the same principle as an electric blanket. Completely invisible, it heats their entire home with a gentle, even warming action that eliminates drafts and uncomfortable cold spots. Small wires embedded in the plaster do the whole job.

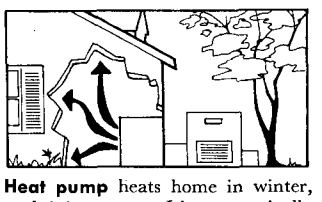
OTHER BASIC SYSTEMS OF FLAMELESS ELECTRIC HOME HEATING



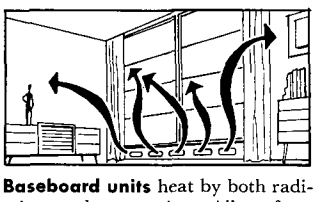
Wall panel heaters have heating coils located behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



Electric furnaces provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning for year-round use.



Heat pump heats home in winter, cools it in summer. It's automatically reversible and maintains any desired year-round temperature.



Baseboard units heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.

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"FLAMELESS ELECTRIC HOME HEATING IS THE MOST COMFORTABLE HEAT WE'VE EVER LIVED WITH"

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kelly of Eatontown, New Jersey, explain why they're sold on electric heating for its cleanliness and economy

"Even in a small garden apartment like ours, it's astonishing to realize how much more pleasant our life is with electric heat," reports Gordon Kelly. "When we're ready to get a home of our own, I know that electric heating will be one of the first things we'll want it to have.

"Right now, though, our budget is still pretty tight, and the simple truth is that if I weren't convinced electric heat was giving us full value for every penny, we just wouldn't be able to stay with it. Actually, figuring everything in, it isn't running us any more than our last system, and it's clear to me that we're way ahead in comfort and convenience."

Carol Kelly adds, "I suppose it's natural for Gordon to be concerned with cost first, but the thing I like best is that it's such a clean heat—so much cleaner than the kind of heat we grew up with. And when you have a small baby, electric heating can be a real blessing. Last winter, for example, I could turn up the temperature in the bedroom for Scott's bath without having to heat up the whole apartment."

All over America, more than a million home owners and their families are enjoying the same benefits of flameless electric home heating that the Kellys have discovered in their garden apartment. If you're planning to build, buy or modernize, these benefits can easily be yours as well. There are five basic systems to choose from, and your local electric utility company will be happy to help you get complete information on the system that suits your requirements best.

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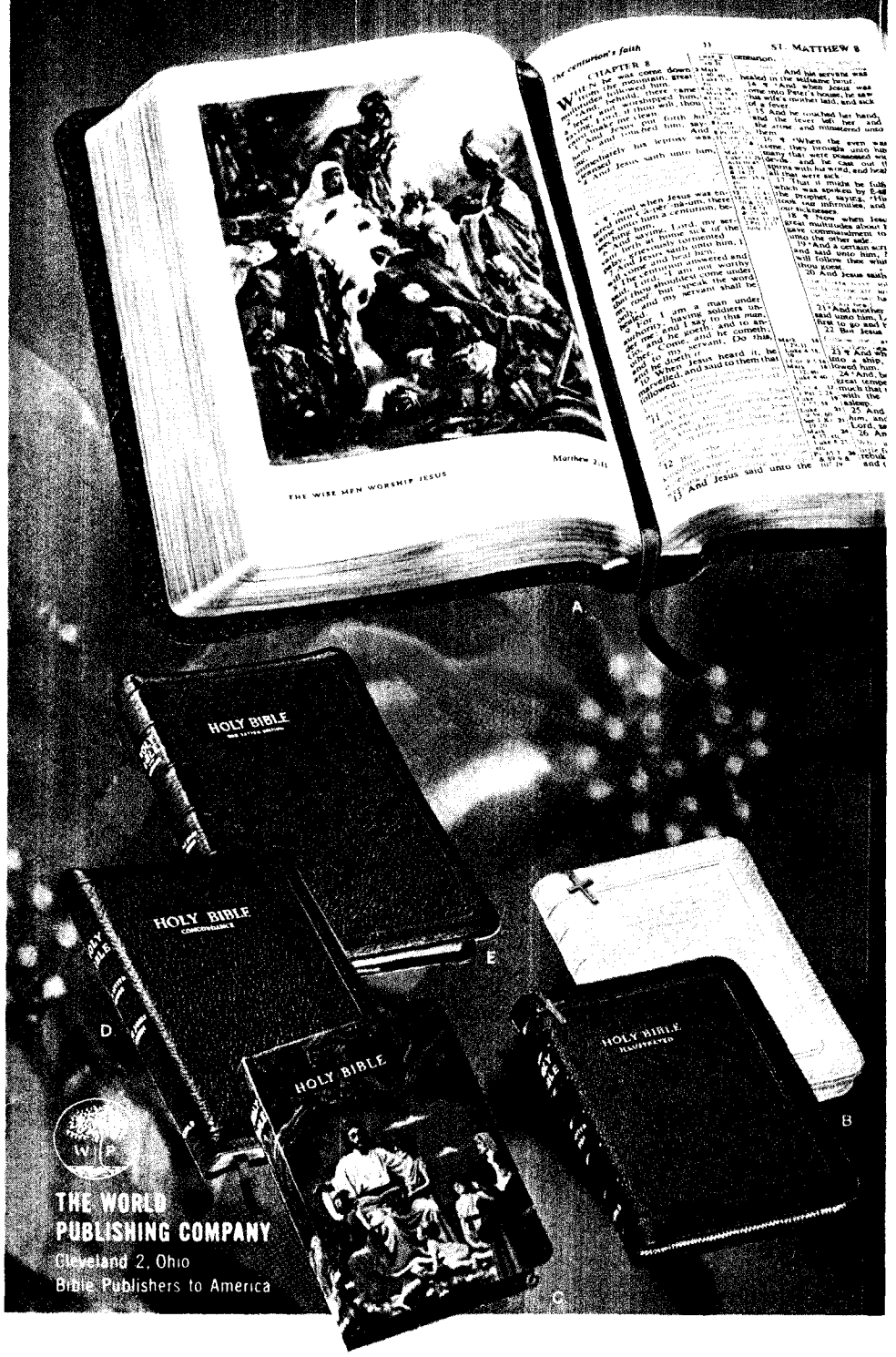

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Accardo and sent the case back to the district court for a new trial.

Accardo's second trial ended on October 3, when the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty and preserved Accardo's amazing immunity from the law.

Tony Accardo is living, arrogant evidence that a man can still make a million in crime and get away with it. Income tax, the downfall of many a gangster, was no problem for Accardo. He kept no records and simply reported huge sums of income as "miscellaneous," a practice usually forbidden the ordinary taxpayer. Convictions and prison terms have broken the power of other big-city gang chiefs, but Accardo has gone scot free.

From 1945 until his reported retirement in 1958, Accardo was the boss of the crime combine that controls the rackets in Chicago and most of northern Illinois. The gang, whose tentacles of influence reach to New York and Los Angeles, has various names. It is best known as the Crime Syndicate, or The Mob. The hoodlums themselves call it The Outfit.

The members of The Outfit are strictly organization men. With a corporate-type mob, in which gambling, vice and racketeering are controlled by division chiefs, they have achieved what Capone never attained: an absolute rackets monopoly, raking in millions of dollars a year.

During his reign, Accardo held vast power. At his whim, gambling joints changed hands, unions fell into the hands of racketeers and bookmakers were terrorized with "muscle" and bombs. Accardo hides the disposition of a cobra behind a stony demeanor and a veneer of respectability. At the slightest provocation his savage nature breaks through. Once he grabbed a kitchen knife and slapped the blade against the forearm of a teen-age waiter who was slow to serve him a hamburger in a snack shop. According to testimony before the Senate Rackets Committee in 1958, Accardo ordered the labor counsel of the Chicago Restaurant Association murdered, following an argument with the lawyer over disclosing to the Internal Revenue Service his $125,000 retainer from the restaurant association. Only the intercession of friends, who pleaded with Accardo to commute the death sentence, spared the lawyer.

Anthony Accardo's record is one of the most astounding documents in the Chicago Police Bureau of Identification. The list of 23 arrests dates from 1923, when he was a young punk on Chicago's West Side. Accardo used varied tactics to stay clear of jail. When a Cook County grand jury indicted him on gambling charges in 1944, the charge was withdrawn after Accardo announced in court that he was about to be inducted into the army. His lawyer told the judge that Accardo was "anxious to get into the fight." Two weeks later, Accardo was rejected by the army as "morally unfit" for service.

The only time Accardo failed to straight-arm the law was Lincoln's Birthday, 1945. On that occasion, Accardo made the mistake of driving into the Chicago Loop on a court holiday. Two detectives, Peter McGuire and Lawrence Weir, curbed his car and hauled him off to police headquarters for questioning about a gambling case. Because of the holiday, Accardo had to remain in the lockup until the next day, when the courts opened.

"Accardo was pretty quiet in the cell," McGuire recalls. "Spending the night in jail must have embarrassed him. Later he pretended that it never happened."

In the next three years, Accardo did go to prison a few times—to visit. Instead of putting his own name on the prison visitors' register, he signed the name of a lawyer. According to two guards, Accardo, posing as a lawyer, spent a total of 27 hours on nine occasions in 1945, 1946 and 1947, hobnobbing with two imprisoned gangsters, Paul (The Waiter) Ricca and Louis (Lefty) Campagna, in the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. The two hoodlums were serving terms for extortion. Miffed by Accardo's prison escapade, the Federal Government indicted him in 1948 for conspiracy to falsify prison records. His trial lasted five days in Federal court in Chicago; the jury found him not guilty.

The 1940's, for Accardo, were the golden years. He moved in 1943 from a modest Chicago home to a handsome residence in affluent River Forest. In 1946 he reported to the Government that his income was $90,910.86. Accardo was then the acting captain of The Outfit in the absence of the gang leaders imprisoned for extortion. In 1949 Accardo's reported income zoomed to $186,262.

He was branded the nation's No. 1 gangster in 1950 by Sen. Estes Kefauver's Crime Investigating Committee. When Accardo appeared before the committee in Washington on January 5, 1951, counsel Rudolph Halley was fascinated by the gangster's record of immunity.

"Could you tell the committee how you were able to beat the rap on so many occasions since 1924?" Halley asked.

"I don't know what you mean by 'beat the rap,'" Accardo replied.

The Kefauver committee ended its exploration of organized crime in 1951 with a report on the immunity of gang lords which, it was claimed, was maintained by "the fix." The committee explained: "The fix is not always the direct payment of money to law-enforcement officials . . . (it) may also come about through the acquisition of political power . . . (and) by creating economic ties with apparently respectable and reputable businessmen and lawyers. . . ."

Who Killed Fat Lenny?

The Kefauver investigation exposed Accardo's huge take from policy—numbers—gambling in Chicago. Of his $186,262 income in 1949, more than $134,000 came from policy wheels. In 1950, when his reported income totaled $158,193.91 the policy racket brought him $116,844.62.

Police nabbed Accardo on June 23, 1951, for questioning about the murder of Syndicate hoodlum Leonard (Fat Lenny) Caifano. Caifano had been killed in a gunfight as he attempted to abduct one of the independent policy kings.

Accardo's immunity, as usual, was in good working order. He was in custody only a few minutes before a municipal judge arrived at police headquarters and ordered the officers to file a formal charge. The only charge police could make was disorderly conduct. Accardo signed his own bond and walked out. Four days later the charge was dismissed.

By 1953 Accardo saw no reason to conceal his Midas touch. He moved again, into a red-roofed, 22-room mansion where even the plumbing fixtures were gold-plated. For sheer, sprawling grandeur, no other residence in River Forest could match Accardo's stone castle, enclosed by an iron fence and a half acre of lawn. His backyard barbecue pit, status symbol of the gangster, was the biggest The Mob had seen.

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Accardo On the Fourth of July in 1954, 1955 and 1956 Accardo summoned the entire mob to a barbecue on his lawn. The assembly of gangsters, in itself, was a defiance of law enforcement. There, on Accardo's lawn, in full view, the directors of organized crime in northern Illinois frolicked 'round their chief. Frustrated detectives could do little more than peek through Accardo's fence to identify the gangsters whooping it up.

Accardo amused his hoodlums by taunting the lawmen. At the 1956 affair a detective yelled through the fence, "Hey, Tony, you gonna have fireworks?" Looking shocked, Accardo replied, "Certainly not, officer, that would be illegal." The remark convulsed the mobsters.

The next year, the lawn party was cancelled. Accardo's confidantes spread the word that the boss was planning to retire from active duty in The Mob while he still was alive to do it.

Whether Accardo really retired—and, if he did, whether he stepped, or was pushed, from his underworld throne—are subjects still debated in the offices of Government prosecutors. Some authorities believe that Accardo faked retirement in an effort to shake off Federal sleuths. Other investigators are certain the gang chief was deposed by his own men. In any case, after 1958 Accardo's Syndicate authority was on the wane. He appeared to be functioning as a sort of underworld elder statesman and crime counselor, rather than the boss.

In the leisure of his new position, Accardo took up a new way of life. His goal was the gangster's big prize—respectability. Around River Forest Accardo was circumspect. He induced mob-dominated businessmen to usher him into exclusive Chicago clubs as their guest. Another indication of his yearning for legitimacy was his request to hoodlum cronies not to call him Tony, or use his nickname, Joe Batters, but to address him as "J.B.," just like a businessman.

An understandable desire to keep his reputation from darkening the lives of his children probably accounted for Accardo's fumbling, sometimes ludicrous, attempts to appear respectable. Occasionally his efforts to assist his children only underscored the fact that their father was a gangster.

In 1958 Accardo's eldest son, Anthony Ross Accardo, then 22, was enrolled at a college in western Illinois. A sneak thief lifted clothing from young Tony's dormitory room. The theft was considered a routine matter until Accardo sent two representatives to the campus to check on his son's welfare. The Accardo emissaries, in snap-brim hats, silk suits and pointed shoes, stirred more commotion on the campus than the thief ever did.

A year later Accardo's insistence on a big gangland wedding reception cooled the marriage plans of his son and the daughter of an Illinois high-school principal. The bride's parents called the whole thing off, apparently horrified at the prospect of a caravan of gangsters bearing gifts of cash in envelopes, a standard ritual at gangland nuptials.

Almost every time Accardo stepped out in polite society, the palooka in him crept out. He might have maintained membership in a swank golf club if he had not called his mobsters to a powwow on the links. Most of the gangsters cared little for golf. Without clubs, they mounted golf cars and sped away to picnic off the sixth fairway. The hoodlums in the rough caused consternation among club members and officials The fuss forced Accardo to drop out of the club.

Humiliated on his home grounds, Accardo took to travel. He had the time and the money for trips to Hawaii and Europe. His wife Clarice flew around the world with a party of educators to observe life and customs in foreign lands.

Accardo's 1959 European cultural tour backfired. He was hardly out of Chicago before it was disclosed that a Chicago police lieutenant, Anthony DeGrazio, was tagging along as Accardo's bodyguard. The traveling Tonys, accompanied by their wives, toured Europe for 39 days. Dogging them were swarms of continental detectives and newspapermen. At journey's end DeGrazio was fired for violating a Chicago police-department rule which forbids fraternizing with "persons with criminal records."

As Accardo chased his rainbow of respectability, a Justice Department force of prosecutors and Treasury agents was sent out to bag him. Richard B. Ogilvie, a special assistant to the United States Attorney General, led the investigation.

Their quarry was unperturbed. In the past the Internal Revenue Service had caused Accardo little difficulty. Occasionally the tax men had questioned the boxcar figures on his returns. Now and then he had been ordered to recompute his tax. Once a lien for back taxes was slapped on his home. But these, to Accardo, were routine annoyances.

Tony, the Beer Peddler

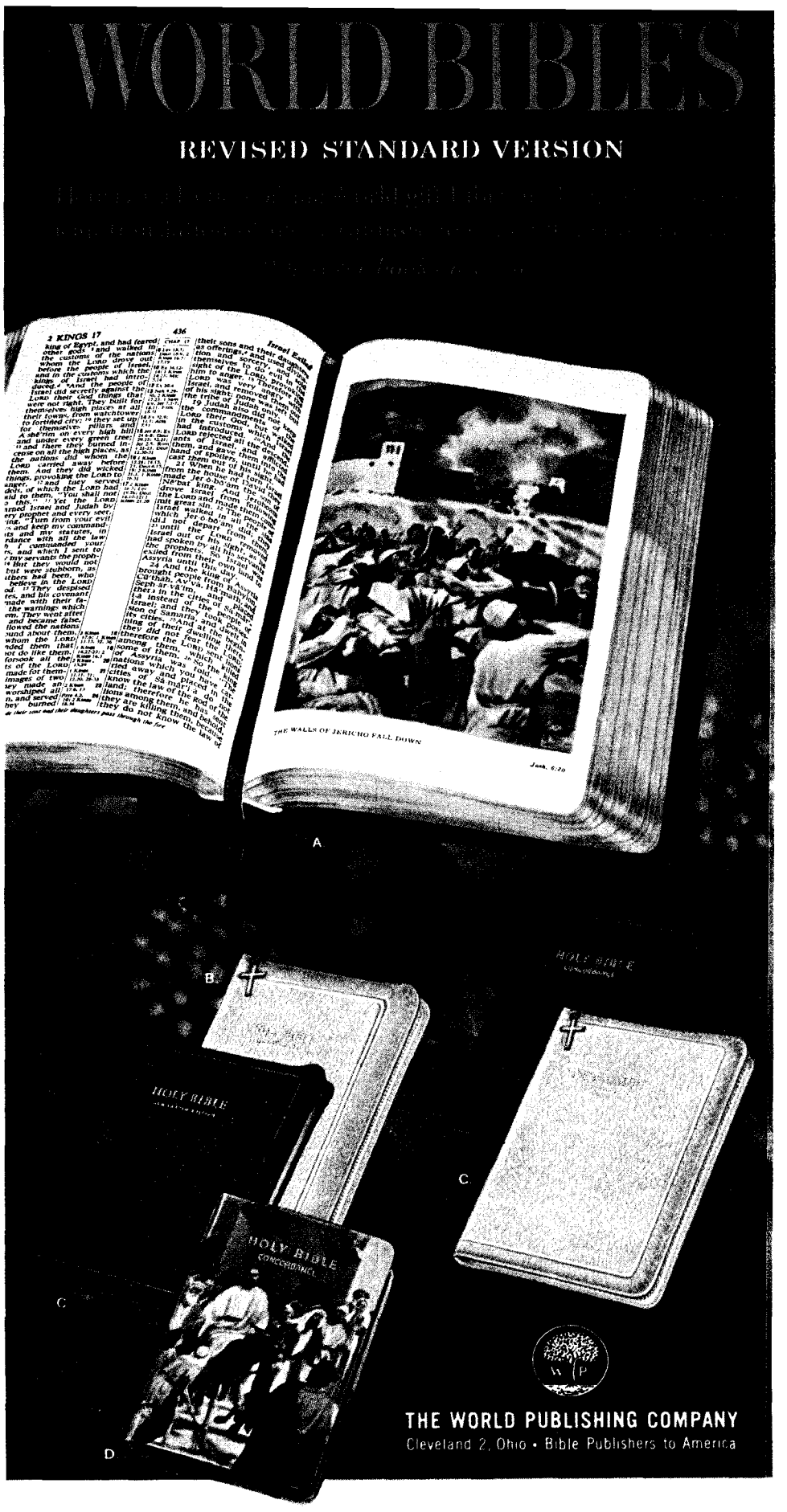
As Accardo himself had told the Kefauver committee, he never bothered to keep records. On his tax forms, he had always offered cryptic explanations of big sums. In 1947 he listed $33,500 income as "miscellaneous"; in 1948 he chalked up $60,000 to "various sources"; in 1951 "miscellaneous" accounted for $47,500. Accardo reported winnings of $103,000 at a Nevada casino in 1952. His 1954 returns showed he was lucky at the races and won $27,160 in four days.

To halt this bizarre reporting of income, the Revenue Service had sent a registered letter to Accardo in February, 1954, warning him to keep records of his finances. A copy of the letter, and documents proving it had been delivered to Accardo, were placed in a folder in the Revenue Service headquarters in Chicago.

Beginning in 1956 Accardo stopped reporting income from the rackets. He told the Government that his money came from his $65,000-a-year salary as a "salesman" for Premium Beer Sales, Inc., a distributing firm on Chicago's West Side. He exhibited weekly paychecks, from which income tax had been withheld.

As a "salesman," Accardo deducted business expenses from his income. On his tax returns from 1956 to 1958 he deducted a total of $3,994.93 for the operating expenses of a fire-engine-red Mercedes-Benz coupe. He claimed that he used the car peddling beer.

Accardo had been on the Premium Beer Sales, Inc., payroll for three years before agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which had opened its own probe of Accardo, started checking with customers of the beer company. The FBI agents could not find a single saloonkeeper who had purchased beer from the gangster. On the evidence that Accardo never did a lick of work for the beer firm, special prosecutor Ogilvie obtained a grand-jury indictment in 1960 charging Accardo with making false deductions from his income tax.



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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

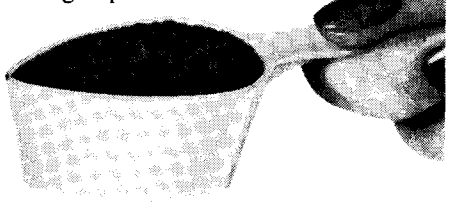
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

Accardo yearns for respectability. But when he tries to mix in society, the hoodlum in him trips him up.

Accardo's mansion is in a stylish Chicago suburb.

Accardo at the wedding of daughter Linda Lee.

Accardo The case admittedly was weak. It did not charge evasion of income taxes. It accused Accardo of cheating the Government over three years by deducting his sports-car expenses.

The first trial of Accardo opened on September 12, 1960. The invasion of the beer business by Accardo and his pals was described to the court. One witness, a former president of a beer company, told how the $1,250-a-week payments to Accardo had been arranged at a mob conclave in a saloon. Office workers and salesmen for Accardo's "employer," Premium Beer Sales, Inc., said Accardo did nothing for the beer firm.

A sensation early in the trial was the disclosure that the Government's copy of the 1954 letter, warning Accardo to keep proper records of his income, had vanished from the files of the Internal Revenue Service. Other papers showing that the letter had been delivered to Accardo were also missing.

The Government exhibited Accardo's tax returns from 1940 to 1955 to show the motive for the alleged tax fraud. The returns revealed a total income of $1,155,584 from the rackets. Prosecutor Ogilvie told the jury that the beer job was a blind to conceal Accardo's huge gambling income. Accardo began to masquerade as a beer peddler with regular weekly paychecks only after the Government ordered him to keep proper records of his rackets income, Ogilvie argued.

To prove that he really earned his paychecks, Accardo summoned his buddies. Gamblers, saloonkeepers, union officials and other mob figures trooped into court to swear that Accardo went out in his red car and sold beer. Among the defense witnesses were Thomas Letchos, owner of a steak house, and Joseph Niccoletti, a tubby tavern owner. Both were convicted later for committing perjury in their testimony for Accardo. Their convictions are being appealed.

The testimonials to Accardo's salesmanship did not impress the jury of six men and six housewives. They convicted Accardo on November 11, 1960. Eight days later he was sentenced to prison.

While his attorneys prepared to appeal, The Outfit turned out en masse for what appeared to be Tony Accardo's last big party before the prison gates shut behind him. The gangsters flocked first to a mammoth reception in celebration of the marriage of Accardo's youngest daughter, Linda Lee, 22, to the son of the plumber who had installed the golden bath fixtures in the Accardo residence. Hoodlums from three states came to the wedding ball to reassure the father of the bride that he still was a big shot, despite the tax rap.

At his next big blowout, Accardo launched his son in the travel-agency business. On opening night the Accardo travel office in suburban Oak Park was packed with mobsters, blond hostesses, cases of champagne, banks of flowers and a huge cake lettered GOOD LUCK. Inside the office were the elite of The Outfit. Outside were the police, looking in.

Never Before in Chicago

His notoriety as a gangster, so galling to Accardo when he wanted to seem legitimate, eventually served him well. In the appeal Accardo contended that newspaper publicity about his leadership of The Syndicate had prejudiced the jurors who convicted him. His attorneys argued that the trial judge had erred in denying their motions for a mistrial because of the "prejudicial publicity."

On January 5, 1962, the U.S. Court of Appeals, in a 2–1 decision, reversed the conviction and ordered a new trial for Accardo. All three judges agreed that the Government had proved its case against the gangster. But two judges ruled that the trial jury had received insufficient instructions from Judge Hoffman to disregard the "prejudicial publicity" about Accardo, and also that the acceptance in evidence of Accardo's 1940–1955 tax returns was in error.

The chief judge and spokesman for the United States District Court, Judge William J. Campbell, strongly criticized the appellate court's findings on the publicity matter. Never before in Chicago had the senior judge of the Federal District Court publicly found fault with a decision by the Court of Appeals.

"If the courts have to be concerned about newspaper coverage of trials, the authorities might just as well not indict any more known criminals," commented Judge Campbell. He also pointed out that organized crime is big business. "Public authority is rapidly becoming unable to cope with it," he said.

In Accardo's second trial, held last September 10 before Judge Hoffman, the Appellate court decision barred the Government from using his 1940–55 income tax returns, displayed by Ogilvie in 1960 to show the jury the $1,100,000 Accardo had collected from the rackets and his motive in posing as a beer salesman.

This time the prosecution was in the hands of a veteran Justice Department attorney, Allen J. Krouse. But with the tax returns ruled out of the evidence, the sting was gone. No motive could be established. Krouse could do no more than hint to the jurors that Accardo was a notorious gangster. The Government called the same witnesses who had testified in 1960. All said again that they never had seen Accardo out in his Mercedes-Benz selling beer.

The defense was completed in two hours and 15 minutes. It consisted mainly of Accardo's records on the money he received from the Premium company. His paychecks, tax-withholding slips and contracts were the defense exhibits. The chief defense attorney, Maurice J. Walsh, drove his final argument through the hole which had been punched in the Government case by the appeals-court decision.

"We haven't heard of a corrupt motive in this case," Walsh said. "I don't understand why they (the Government) are harassing Accardo and wasting your (the jurors) time."

The jury deliberated two hours and 29 minutes. The verdict: not guilty. Accardo, grinning, departed for a celebration in his mansion. His victory was attacked as a "miscarriage of justice" by Virgil Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, and by Ogilvie, the former prosecutor of Accardo.

"Accardo and other big-shot hoodlums have acquired so much power that it may be impossible for the Government to convict them," Peterson said. "In Chicago, at least, the Government may be losing its battle against organized crime."

Ogilvie, who resigned from Federal service in 1961, saw the acquittal of the millionaire gangster as a "fine lesson for the youth of this country. It shows them that crime pays," he said. **THE END**

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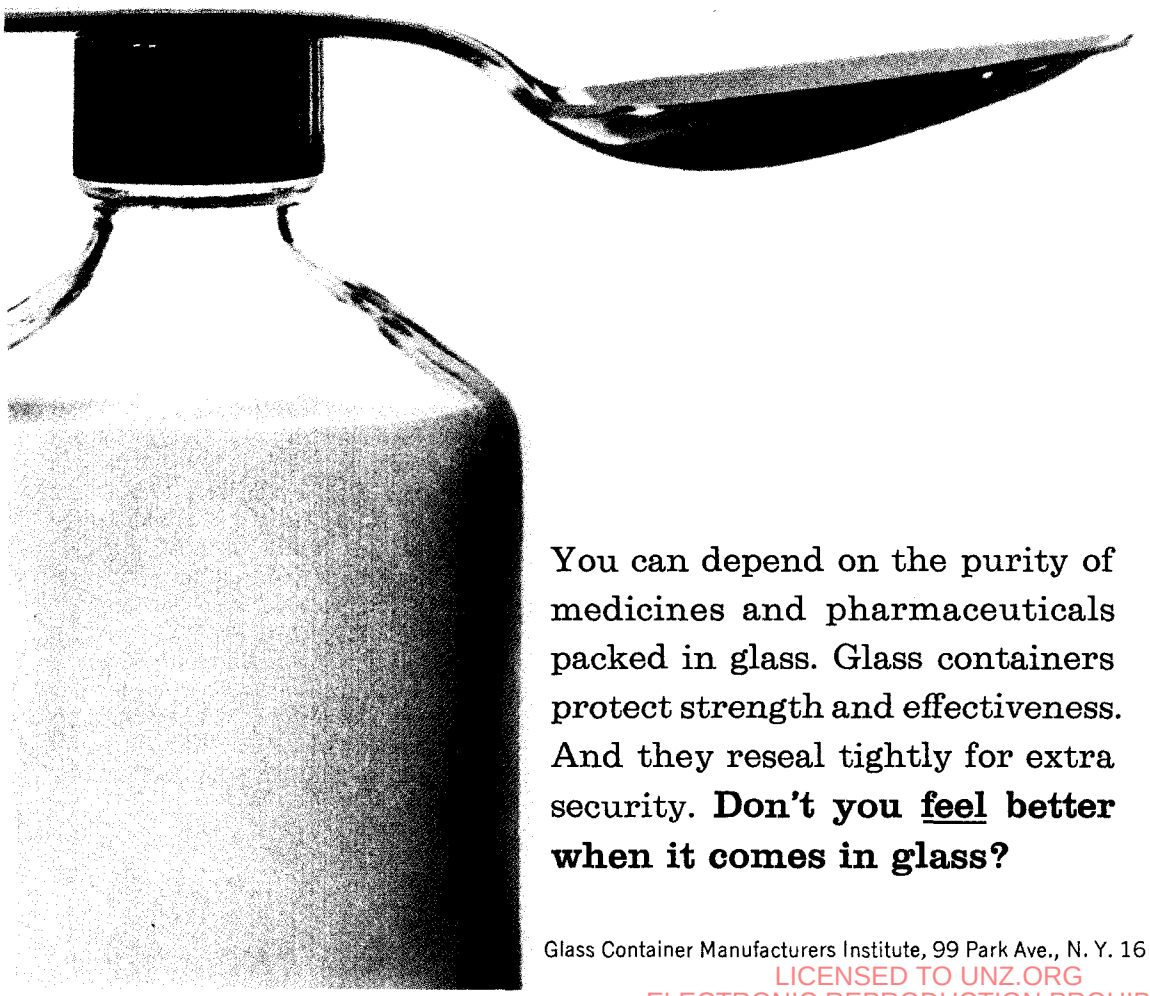

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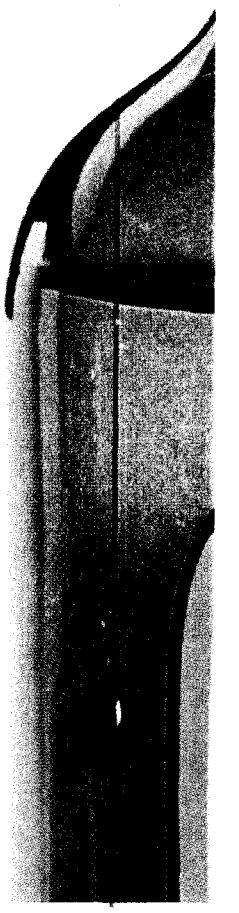

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That Bowl of Fire›y

A peppery dish invented by the pioneers of the

A woman had an upsetting experience in a Dallas restaurant recently. As she entered she saw a gathering of about 100 men mumbling in unison. Their arms were outstretched as if in salute, and from their hands poured fragments of a white, flaky substance.

To the woman they looked like religious fanatics or political extremists. She put the matter to the headwaiter, who gently informed her that she had witnessed the start of a luncheon meeting of the Chili Appreciation Society (International). The members were being led in the cracker-crumbling ritual over steaming red bowls of chili by their president, or "chief chili head."

The Chili Appreciation Society is a tough-mouthed gourmet organization with more than 500 members all over the world and with informal headquarters in Dallas. The society is dedicated to several projects, including encouraging, or browbeating restaurant operators into serving good chili.

The society's luncheon meetings, held all over the Southwest, might be regarded as clinics. At each session a different formula is sampled and discussed in a grand search for "the perfect chili." Approved recipes are mimeographed and sent, on request, to chili lovers everywhere. One who received a collection of recipes was an Army sergeant stationed in Europe. The sergeant had written that he was in a dreadful plight: He was to return to his home in Texas soon, with a German bride who had a "bitter aversion to chili." He was afraid her feelings might prejudice his chili-eating relatives against his new wife. The society advised him to test all of their recipes on the poor German girl, in the hope that one would please her and she would become a "chili head" like her husband.

The society's bible is a book written and published in 1952 by a Dallas advertising man, the late Joe Cooper. The complete title of Mr. Cooper's tome is *With or Without Beans; Being a Compendium to Perpetuate the Internationally Famous Bowl of Chili (Texas Style) Which Occupies Such an Important Place in Modern Civilization.*

A quote from Cooper's book has become the society's motto: "The aroma of good chili should generate rapture akin to a lover's kiss."

How Liz Taylor Got Her Chili

Among the millions of chili-craving nonmembers all over the world who obviously agree with that motto is the British-born motion-picture actress, Elizabeth Taylor. While she was in Italy, working in a film about Cleopatra, Miss Taylor ordered at least 20 quarts of frozen chili sent to her in Rome by air freight from Chasen's restaurant in Beverly Hills, California. Dave Chasen, the restaurant's owner, figures that Miss Taylor paid about $100 a bowl for her imported chili while she was in Rome.

Among others who fancy Chasen chili are Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Jack Benny, James Stewart and J. Edgar Hoover. The FBI director has it sent by air to Washington, for it seems that good chili is hard to find in the nation's capital. Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson says that while he is in Washington his kitchen shelves are crowded with canned Texas chili, "so I can survive the chili drought until I get home."

What is called by purists "the original bowl of Texas chili" is composed of cuts of beef or other mature meats cooked slowly and for a long time in boon companionship with fiery chili-pepper pods and a few other spices.

It's Hot Enough to Kill Cotton

Many chili makers are lavish with the pepper pods. Mrs. Willard Gray Street Jr., an attractive native of Minnesota, is author of something called Hero's Chili. This stuff is so highly seasoned it will almost boil on a cold stove. Mrs. Street says that Hero's Chili "is not for amateur chili eaters." Joe Cooper liked his chili "hot enough to kill a two-month-old stand of cotton."

Here is a good rule to follow on seasoning: if you want fiery chili, use twelve pepper pods with each three pounds of meat. If you like it milder, try half as many pods with the same quantity of meat. A tablespoon of chili powder is about the equivalent of one average pepper pod. The pods have been sun-dried and they are usually reddish. They give the bowl of chili its color as well as its volatile personality.

These chilies are fruits of the *Capsicum*, a sometimes bland but more often fiery genus of the same plant family as the potato and tomato. Columbus took seeds of the *Capsicum* from the New World to the Old. By 1597, chili peppers, styled "ginny peppers," rated a section in a British scientific book, *The Herball, or General Historie of Plantes*, by John Gerarde.

Gerarde gave the chilies a mixed review. First, he quoted another herbalist: "Aucin writeth that it [the chili pepper] killeth dogs." Then Gerarde said that the chili pepper "warmeth the stomach and helpeth greatly the digestion of meates."

In preparation for chili-making, the sun-dried (or sometimes oven-dried) chili pods are washed, and the seeds, which are flavorless, are removed. The pods are boiled about 45 minutes, or until the skins can be removed easily. The seedless, skinless pods are then run through a colander or sieve, or ground or chopped before being added to the mixture.

A well-disciplined Las Vegas, Nevada, member once wrote to the Chili Appreciation Society, asking if he would be out of line using olive oil in place of suet for a special pot of chili for his mother-in-law. "My mother-in-law is one of the most voracious chili eaters I have seen," said this fellow. "Yet the old girl is allergic to suet."

The Las Vegas member was advised, sharply, to read his handbook, the Joe Cooper publication, more closely: Patron Saint Cooper's favorite recipe called for olive oil. The ingredients in the Cooper formula are as follows: Three pounds of diced lean beef (never veal), one fourth cup of olive oil, one quart of water, eight chili pods or six tablespoons of chili powder, three teaspoons of salt, ten cloves of finely chopped garlic, one teaspoon of ground cumin, one teaspoon of origanum or marjoram, one teaspoon of red pepper, one tablespoon of sugar, three tablespoons of paprika (mainly to add red color), three tablespoons of flour, six tablespoons of cornmeal. This will make six servings.

And these are Joe's directions for making the chili:

When the olive oil is hot in a six-quart pot, add the meat and sear over high heat, stirring constantly until the meat is gray—not brown. The meat will then have the consistency of whole-grain hominy. Add the one quart of water, cover, and cook at a bubbling simmer for one and one half to two hours.

Add all of the remaining ingredients except the thickening (flour and cornmeal). Cook another thirty minutes at the same bubbling simmer. Next add the thickening, previously mixed with a cup of water. Cook five minutes more to determine if more water is necessary for the desired consistency. Stir to prevent sticking after the thickening has been added. If much fat was left on the meat, it will rise to the top after the spices have been added. Skim off most of the fat before the thickening is put in the pot. The chili-pod pulp or the alternate chili powder in this recipe will make fairly hot chili—above average.

Cooper never cooked beans in his chili:

If you want beans, cook them (pintos) separately and with no seasoning except salt. Drain the beans well if you plan to serve them in the same bowl with chili. For if there is any bean soup left, it will detract from the chili flavor. If you want onions, serve them on the side, finely chopped. If you must have catsup, add it after the chili is on the table. Never, never cook onions or catsup into chili.

The late Everett DeGolyer, first a scholar and secondly a Dallas multimillionaire, said that chili should be called "chili a la Americano, for the term chili, or chile, is generic in Mexico and defines no special dish." DeGolyer's point was that United States chili has little more kinship to Mexican cookery than has chop suey to the typical cuisine of Canton, China.

Making a Bull's Neck Palatable

Charles Ramsdell, a San Antonio writer who spends much time in Mexico, declares that "chili as we know it in the United States cannot be found anywhere in Mexico today except in a few spots which cater exclusively to tourists. If chili had come from Mexico, it would still be found there. Mexicans, especially those of Indian ancestry, do not change their culinary customs from one generation, or even from one century, to another."

Everett DeGolyer believed that chili began as "the pemmican of the Southwest" in the late 1840's. He found records that Southwesterners of the time pounded dried beef, beef fat, dried chili peppers and salt into a pemmican before

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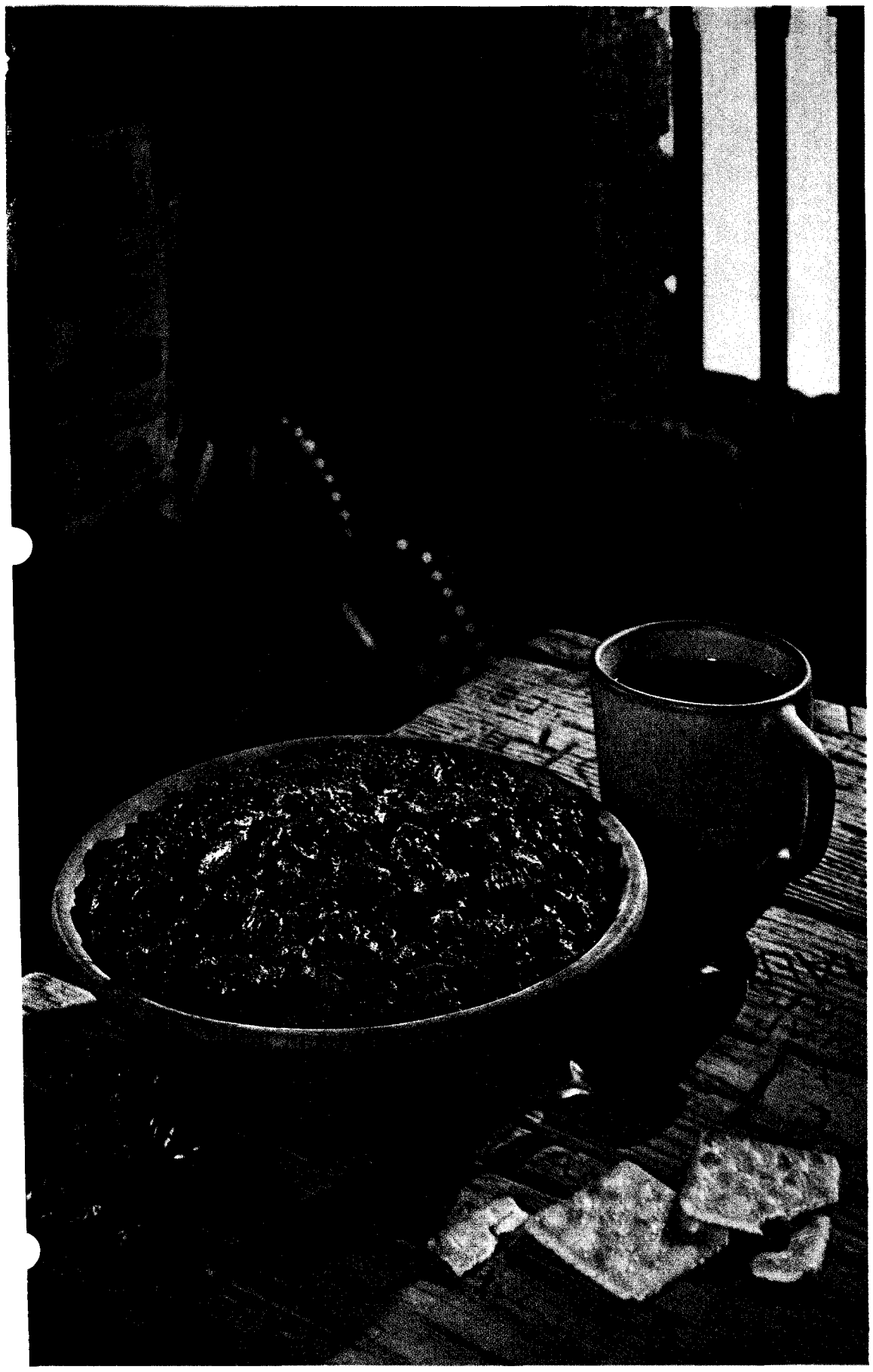
Called Chili

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

old Southwest is still savored by their descendants.



"Jail chili"—the kind once served in Texas jails—made going to the pokey a pleasure.

making the wilderness journeys to the California gold fields. This concentrated chili pemmican could be boiled in pots on the trail.

Author Ramsdell believes that chili originated around the last half of the nineteenth century in San Antonio among the poorest classes. He says the dish was evolved by cooks trying to make palatable the cheapest beef cuts, such as the neck meat of bulls, or tough game, such as jackrabbits.

Because chili peppers and other spices could work such magic with cheap cuts of beef, chili became standard on the menus of many Texas jails, starting in the 1890's. Jails came to be judged by the kind of chili they served. Some veteran wrongdoers today say that the best chili they ever ate was served in the Dallas County jail in the 1930's during the administration of Sheriff Smoot Schmid.

The Formula for "Jail Chili"

The ingredients of that "jail chili," paring it down to a serving for six, are: One half pound of ground beef suet, two pounds of diced or coarsely ground beef, three garlic cloves, one and a half tablespoons of paprika, three tablespoons of chili powder or three diced chili-pepper pods, one tablespoon of cumin seed, one tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon of white pepper, one and a half tablespoons of diced *sweet*-pepper pods, three cups of water.

Simply fry out the suet in a heavy kettle, then add the meat, garlic and other seasonings. Cook under cover slowly for four hours, stirring occasionally. Then add a little water, depending on how thick you want it, and cook it for another hour. That's all.

Homemade chili, though, seldom figures in the memories of real chili lovers. Usually those memories hark back to wonderful bowls of red eaten in some café. A former poet laureate of Texas, District Attorney Carlos Ashley of Llano, has written an ode to a chili maker he knew when he was a child. After telling of famous restaurants he has patronized the world over, the D.A. rested his case this way:

Yet no chef has ever challenged
The high gastronomic point
That was mine in early childhood
In Bob Sears' chili joint.

Will Rogers, the famed humorist, said that he judged a town by the chili it served. Rogers claimed he never met a man he didn't like, but once he severely lectured a California café operator for serving him a bowl of inferior chili.

Rogers, an Oklahoman, admitted that Texas made the best chili. Vice President Johnson, a Texan, agrees. "Chili concocted outside of Texas is usually a weak, apologetic imitation," Johnson says. "One of the first things I do when I go home is to have a bowl of red. There is simply nothing better." **THE END**

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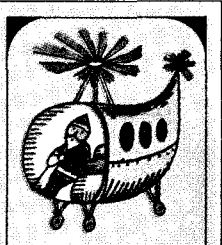

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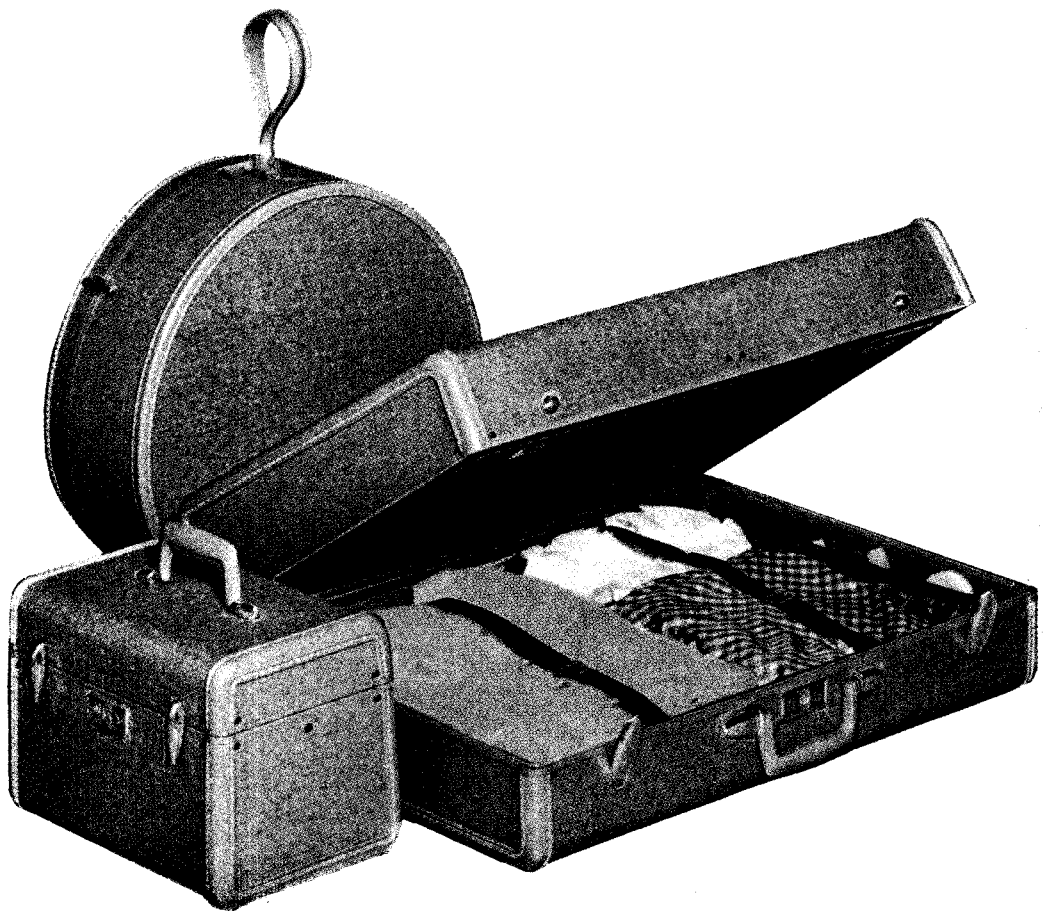

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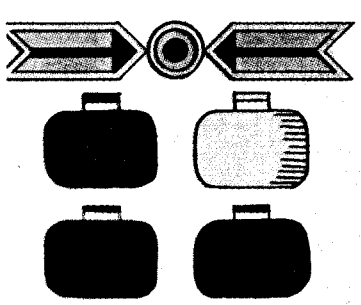

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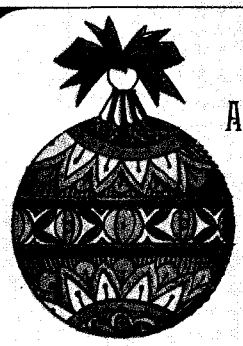

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All Hunan Province was a tinderbox, and the sparks of unrest were falling dangerously near

The Sand Pebbles

By Richard McKenna

In the 1920's revolutionists started a civil war in China. To create a nation, they attacked old-line Chinese warlords. Then they turned on the Western powers and all they stood for: harsh treaties imposed by force, fat privileges for missionaries and Western businessmen, foreign warships patrolling Chinese rivers. Caught up in this violence was an antique U. S. Navy gunboat, the *San Pablo*—by nickname, the Sand Pebble. Crewed by a handful of Americans and a swarm of coolies for the dirty work, the Sand Pebble sailed remote inland waters of Hunan Province. In 1925 she took aboard a new machinist's mate, Jake Holman. A lover of engines and a hater of military life, Holman had been a loner in the Navy. Now, cautiously, he reached out for friendship: to Shirley Eckert, an American missionary girl; to his watchmate Frenchy Burgoyne, who was hopelessly in love with Maily, chaste captive in a Chinese brothel; and to Po-han, a bilge coolie on the Sand Pebble. Holman made enemies too; one was Lynch, the chief machinist's mate. While Lynch was on a 20-day leave, Holman disobeyed his orders by tearing down the *San Pablo*'s crippled engine and rebuilding it with Po-han's help. Stawski, a drunken fireman, accused Po-han of acts forbidden to coolies: drinking coffee from a mess cup and handling the throttle. In a scuffle, Holman knocked Stawski down. Stawksi's henchman, Perna, told the crew that Po-han had thrown the punch and that Holman had supported him—a lie that made Holman a detested man. Burgoyne offered small comfort. "I know Perna's a sneak," he said. "You and Po-han just ride out the storm, Jake. Something will happen to take their minds off it."

II

Something did happen. Lynch came aboard the *San Pablo*, red-eyed and sagging. Scuttlebutt had the story within the hour. He had been drunk the whole time in Hankow. He had married a White Russian and cashed in his Liberty bonds, and they had bought a tea shop.

In midmorning he went to the CPO quarters for a coffee royal. Franks, the chief bosun's mate, and Welbeck, chief gunner's mate, were waiting for him.

"Why the hell did you ever do it?" Franks asked.

"She kept feeding me vodka and orange juice." Lynch cradled his head in his hands. "That stuff dissolves your brains, boys."

"She's a White Russian," Welbeck said. "I don't understand how the consulate would give you a license."

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"I don't remember getting one."

"Then you ain't married, Lynch, old boy, old boy!" Franks said.

"I remember being in a church." Lynch rubbed his forehead. "There was a priest with a big beard."

"Without a license, you ain't married," Franks said firmly. "You're still a free man."

"But she's got my money! She's sitting right now in that tea shop!"

The next day Jake Holman was standing his quarterdeck watch. Lynch came up looking sour. "What did you do to the engine while I was gone?"

"Lined up the foundations," Holman said. "Tests out perfect."

Lynch glowered a moment, grunted and went away.

After Holman was relieved he went below to write up the engineering log. Po-han told him he couldn't run the engine repair gang anymore. Lop-Eye Shing, the ship's No. 1 boy, had fired him.

Holman went to the CPO quarters. Lynch was lying in his bunk.

"Lynch!" Holman said. "Lop-Eye Shing wants to fire Po-han. Will you tell that droop-faced bum where to get off?"

"I told Shing to fire Po-han. The whole crew wants to get rid of that coolie." Lynch rose up on his elbow. "If I could, I'd fire you too. Maybe you forgot I'm chief. You disobeyed my orders, tearing down the engine. Suppose you couldn't get it back together?"

"It was my neck out. You was clear," Holman said. "Anyway, nothing happened."

"Nothing happened!" Lynch swung his legs over the bunk side and sat with fists on thighs. "I got married and lost my money! You call that nothing?" He glared. "You drew down bad luck, just like I said you would."

Holman didn't know whether to laugh or curse. "Well, you don't have to take it out on Po-han," he said. "He only done what I told him."

"I guess you told him to hit Stawski."

"That's Perna's lie! *I* hit Stawski!"

"Well, *I* fired Po-han for it!" Lynch said. "And now get the hell out of here!"

"One man for request mast, sir. Holman," Ensign Bordelles said. "It's about that coolie who hit Stawski."

"Bring him to my cabin," Lieutenant Collins said.

He sat sideways at his desk to face the two men. Holman was in undress blues, very neat, as if for inspection.

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The atmosphere in the room was charged, ready to ignite. The bidding for Maily increased.

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Sand Pebbles

"Lop-Eye Shing is trying to fire Po-han, sir, you know, the one I trained to replace Chien," Holman said. "I want to ask you to overrule Shing."

"This coolie you speak of is a kind of unofficial contract laborer," Lieutenant Collins said. "Shing is the unofficial contractor. He has authority in the case."

"Sir, do you mean you don't have any authority over Lop-Eye Shing?"

Bordelles frowned at Holman, in warning.

"Of course I have! Shing's authority is delegated!" Lieutenant Collins paused to control his anger. "Your coolie disobeyed Shing, and in the end he struck a crew member. Shing's action has my full approval."

He turned back to his desk. The interview was over.

"Po-han didn't hit Stawski. *I* hit Stawski."

"Perna and Stawski say differently," Bordelles said sharply.

Holman's face was red. He faced Lieutenant Collins. "Listen. When I told Po-han you'd protect him, he didn't believe you could," he said. "None of the Chinese believe you can overrule Shing. But if I get the crew to agree to keep Po-han, will you do it?"

"Come on! Get out of here!" Bordelles shoved Holman.

Holman resisted. "If you never have overruled him, how do you know the coolies ain't right?" he challenged. "Shing lives down there in the Spanish cabin, bigger quarters than you got! He draws more money than you!"

"Silence!" Bordelles shouted. He was trying to shove Holman out the door.

"No, wait!" Lieutenant Collins stood up. "Holman, if you can persuade the crew to want to keep Po-han, I will overrule Shing," he said.

"Ayeaye, sir!" Holman said.

The door closed behind him. Bordelles was still angry. "Insolence!" he said. "Well, he won't change the crew's mind about Po-han. Rest easy on that, sir."

The dinner that night was exceptionally good. There was hot, clear chicken soup with Chinese cabbage and lean beef stewed tender with several vegetables, and hot biscuits with pots of strawberry jam and apple pies that were masterpieces. Every man ate two pieces of pie. Then they leaned back in their chairs with coffee and cigarettes, and they were all in a very good mood.

Holman stood up. "Guys, I been all wrong and I'm sorry," he said. "I'm back on deck watches now and I'll stand by for any man that asks me until I make up every watch I missed. Things I said that I shouldn't, I'm sorry about them too."

They did not have much expression. He told them about Po-han disobeying Shing to help realign the engine, and how it was not fair that Shing should make him suffer for that.

"Lop-Eye Shing don't have any right to fire somebody, if the ship loses by it," Holman said. "Shing's pretending it's because the crew wants to get rid of Po-han. If I can tell the skipper that ain't so, he'll overrule Shing."

Bronson, the quartermaster, smiled nastily. "Well, you know, Ho-mang, it is so. Your pet coolie was using mess gear and he hit a white man."

A mutter ran along the tables. "Yeah! That's telling him, Bronson!"

"I was the one hit Stawski," Holman said. "Po-han was drinking coffee, all right, but he had it in a tea bowl."

"He *was* using a mess cup!" Perna jumped up. "That's really true about the mess cup! I seen it!"

"But the part about hitting Stawski ain't true, is it, Perna?" Holman asked softly. He could see it register on all the closed faces. "All right, Bronson, he used a mess cup. Is that enough to cancel out all the good he done for the ship? Do you think that's *fair*, Bronson?"

The fat face took on a cautious look. Bronson knew he had become a spokesman for the other Sand Pebbles.

"Well, considering the difference between a slopehead and a white man, Ho-mang, yes. Yes, I think it's fair enough," he said.

Perna, Crosley, Duckbutt Randall and others nodded agreement. Sure it's fair. . . . Tell him, Bronson. Holman iced his temper.

"Slopeheads just ain't Americans," Bronson said.

"You mean being fair only counts between Americans?"

"Well, white men." Bronson shifted in his chair. "I mean, fair's different with slopeheads. They're sneaky. They lie and steal. They're yellow clear to the bone. There ain't one in all China with guts enough to stand up and fight like a man." He glanced around, and heads nodded.

"Bronson, would you personally fight Po-han? To prove what you just said?"

"Why should I?" Bronson said angrily. "I don't need to prove it!"

"How about Stawski fightin' Po-han?" Burgoyne asked.

All heads turned aft to Stawski's table. "Yeah, yeah, let Ski fight him."

Stawski stood up, grinning. "Sure, I'll fight him," he said. "I'll beat his damn eyes around to slant the other direction." He was pleased with the attention.

"If Po-han shows enough guts standing up to Stawski, we'll let him stay aboard," Frenchy Burgoyne said. "OK, guys?"

"No! Only if he wins the fight!" Bronson stood up.

"It's a deal," Holman said.

He sat down and poured a cup of coffee. He was surprised at how tired and trembling he was. They decided to stage the fight at the Red Candle Happiness Garden on the next payday, which was a few days off. Bronson turned to face Holman's table.

"You want to bet any money on your man, Ho-mang?"

"What odds?" Holman asked.

"Even money. You rate slopeheads even with white men using your mouth, Ho-mang. You got the guts to do it with your money?"

"OK, even money," Holman said. "Eighty Mex—that's forty bucks. That'll be my whole payday."

"I want twenty of it!" Crosley yelled.

They shared it out among them, arguing excitedly. They were like sharks smelling blood, Holman thought. Perna was bitter because he didn't get any of the bet.

"Bet the payday after, Ho-mang!" he urged. "I'll give you two to one."

"One payday's enough," Holman said.

"Three to one," Bronson said. "Still scared, Ho-mang? How about betting four to one?"

"Five to one, Holman, you cheapskate!" Perna yelled.

"I'll take them odds, Perna, if you're so anxious to bet," Burgoyne said.

"How much?" Perna was taken aback.

"All you got, boy. All you can borrow."

Perna hesitated. Burgoyne grinned and tugged at his moustache.

"All right, forty Mex," Perna said.

Then they were all after Burgoyne, shouting and waving arms. The fever had them. Burgoyne bet all he had.

Holman and Burgoyne took Po-han to the Red Candle shortly before eight o'clock. It was a clear, cold night.

"Remember, Po-han, you got to *fight!*" Holman said as they crossed the courtyard. "You got to hurt him!"

"Can do, Jehk."

Po-han had not wanted to fight. Holman and Burgoyne had had a long argument with him, down in the engine room. "Too much cold this side," Po-han kept saying, patting over his heart.

"Listen, Po-han," Holman said. "Suppose no fight, I lose face."

Po-han gave in. "You no lose face, Jehk. I fight Ski."

The dressing room was across the court from the Red Candle bar. It was small and cold and bare; Jennings, the pharmacist's mate, had his medical stuff on a table. Perna and Crosley were getting Stawski ready. Holman and Burgoyne bandaged and taped Po-han's hands. Farren watched. He would referee.

Burgoyne talked in a low voice. "They're drunk already, over there," he said. "Shing and Big Chew are there. There's a table of civilians, too, oil and tobacco men."

News of the fight had seeped all over Changsha. Businessmen could not ordinarily come to the Red Candle because they would lose face. But it was all right to come to see a fight.

"They got Maily with 'em," Burgoyne said. "They're out to make a night of it, and she's scared."

"I guess we're all set," Farren said. "Take your man in first, Holman. He's the challenger."

It was warmer in the bar, very noisy and smoky, and the light was dim. The tables were jammed into one end, and two strands of heaving line ran across to make a boxing ring of the blind end. A yell went up as they led Po-han to a chair in a far corner.

Holman went over the few simple things again with Po-han, in a low voice. The businessmen were at far left, five men in khaki and boots. They were pretty drunk. Maily had on a blue dress. A tall, good-looking man whom the others called Van was making her drink whiskey from a bottle.

"Them bastards," Burgoyne said. "We've got to buy her out of here, Jake."

The Sand Pebbles had the two tables on the right, and they were drunk. Franks and Welbeck were there. Duckbutt Randall, on patrol, walked importantly back and forth swinging his club.

"That's Victor Shu, at the center table," Burgoyne whispered to Holman. "He owns this place."

It was Holman's first sight of Shu. He was a big, coarse man in dark European clothes. Lop-Eye Shing and Big Chew, the *San Pablo* cook, sat at Shu's table. Lop-Eye Shing had been made stakeholder for all the bets.

Then the big yell went up. Stawski was pushing his way through the girls and barboys behind the tables. Perna and Crosley pulled him to the corner by the Sand Pebble tables and sat him on a chair. Red Dog Shanahan sat nearby, with a kettle and a big spoon. He was the timekeeper. Farren came over to Holman.

"Sure your man savvies all the rules, Jake? You ready?"

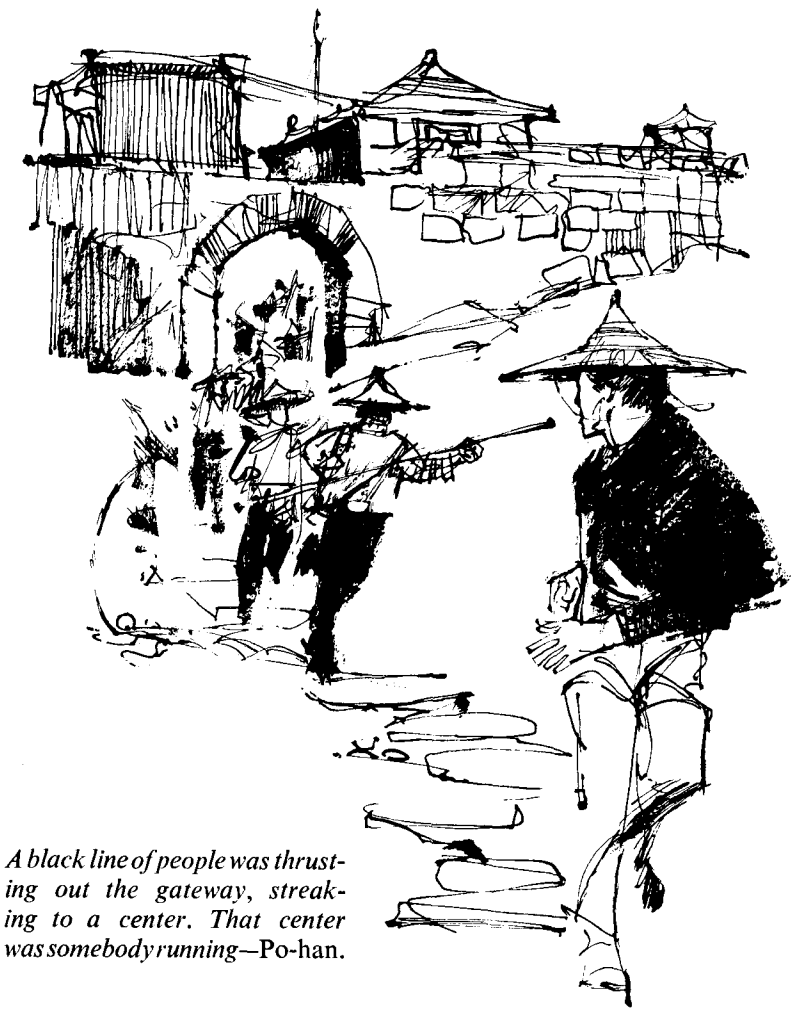
"He savvies. We're ready."

"Then send him out fighting."

Farren signaled Red Dog, who yelled "Arf! Arf!" and whanged his kettle. Holman slapped Po-han's shoulder.

"Fight! Hit, hurt! Hit, hurt!" he said.

Stawski clowned it. He was calling his shots, light, glancing blows on Po-han's face. He started Po-han's nose bleeding and cut his lips and they were laughing at all the tables. Po-han flailed and slapped with open gloves. At the end of



A black line of people was thrusting out the gateway, streaking to a center. That center was somebody running—Po-han.

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Sand Pebbles

the round Stawski went back to his corner puffing and grinning.

Holman and Burgoyne stopped Po-han's nosebleed and talked fiercely to him. In the next two rounds Stawski was slowing, but he had Po-han bleeding above both eyes. Mother Chunk and the girls and the kitchen help crowded in between the tables, yelling. Farren kept the fight in the center of the cleared space. Stawski's gloves splat-splatted steadily on bloody flesh. Through all the noise Holman could hear Stawski puffing. Holman had insisted on three-minute rounds, hoping for that.

Perna and Crosley sent Stawski out to finish it in the fourth round. He began hitting Po-han as hard as he could. He was big and slabby and gasping and unmarked.

He was knocking Po-han down now but Po-han bounced like a rubber ball. He would not stay down long enough for Farren to start a count. He spat out a tooth. His eyes were swollen half-shut, but he landed several solid right hooks to Stawski's ribs.

"Frenchy!" Holman yelled. "If he can only keep up them hooks!"

Stawski had his lips skinned back and his nostrils splayed and he was trying. Po-han caromed off the gray plaster, leaving bloody marks, and he rose from the bloody, splintery boards with slivers in his flesh, and Stawski slammed him down again. Farren was walking over to raise Stawski's hand when Red Dog whanged the kettle. Round!

Holman and Burgoyne worked on Po-han with towels and ammonia. Po-han spat out another tooth. "Hammah, hammah, hammah," he was saying.

Red Dog banged the kettle. Holman pushed Po-han out on the floor. "Hammah, hammah, hammah!" he told him.

Stawski was shot. He could hardly keep his arms up. Po-han began the right-hooking. He was driving Stawski against the walls and into the tables, spilling drinks, and they were smelling blood and death at the tables. "Kill him! Kill him!" The room was one great, smoky scream. Stawski went to hands and knees for a nine count and got up again. Po-han doubled him over and sledged him in the jaw. Stawski went down with a crack and a thud. It was very clear that he was not going to get up again.

Holman half carried Po-han across to the dressing room. Jennings, the pharmacist's mate, took Stawski away to the mission hospital with a broken jaw. He had no time to look at Po-han, but Tullio, his seaman striker, came to help. They sponged Po-han off and stopped the bleeding with collodion and gauze.

"He'll have to have a dentist look at that mouth," Tullio said. "And he may have concussion."

They got some whiskey into Po-han's battered mouth. He could neither see nor talk, but he seemed to know Holman. They got him dressed and standing outside in the courtyard. It was very noisy across the way in the bar.

"Where can we take him?" Burgoyne asked.

"Back to the ship, I guess," Holman said.

Big Chew came out of the bar, looking very happy. "*Ding hao!*" he said. "I sabby you luck-man, Ho-mang! Long time I sabby!"

"Must take Po-han shipside," Holman said. "He no good."

"How fashion shipside?" Big Chew was a bit drunk. "Takee homeside! He wife catch Chinee doctah, fix evathing!"

"Po-han's got a wife?"

"Shoo, hab got wife!" He called out in Chinese, and two coolies squatting beside a sedan chair at the upper end of the courtyard brought it down. Big Chew gave them directions in Chinese.

"Help me get him in the chair, Jake," Burgoyne said.

As soon as he felt Holman's hands, Po-han climbed in obediently. The coolies hoisted the chair and moved off.

"Frenchy, I hate to just leave him go like that," Holman said.

"He maskee!" Big Chew said. "Come inside, talkee Shing, catch money!"

"That's right. Lop-Eye's holding stakes," Burgoyne said.

"I jus' now catch plenty money!" Big Chew patted his waist.

"Did you bet on Po-han? Who with?"

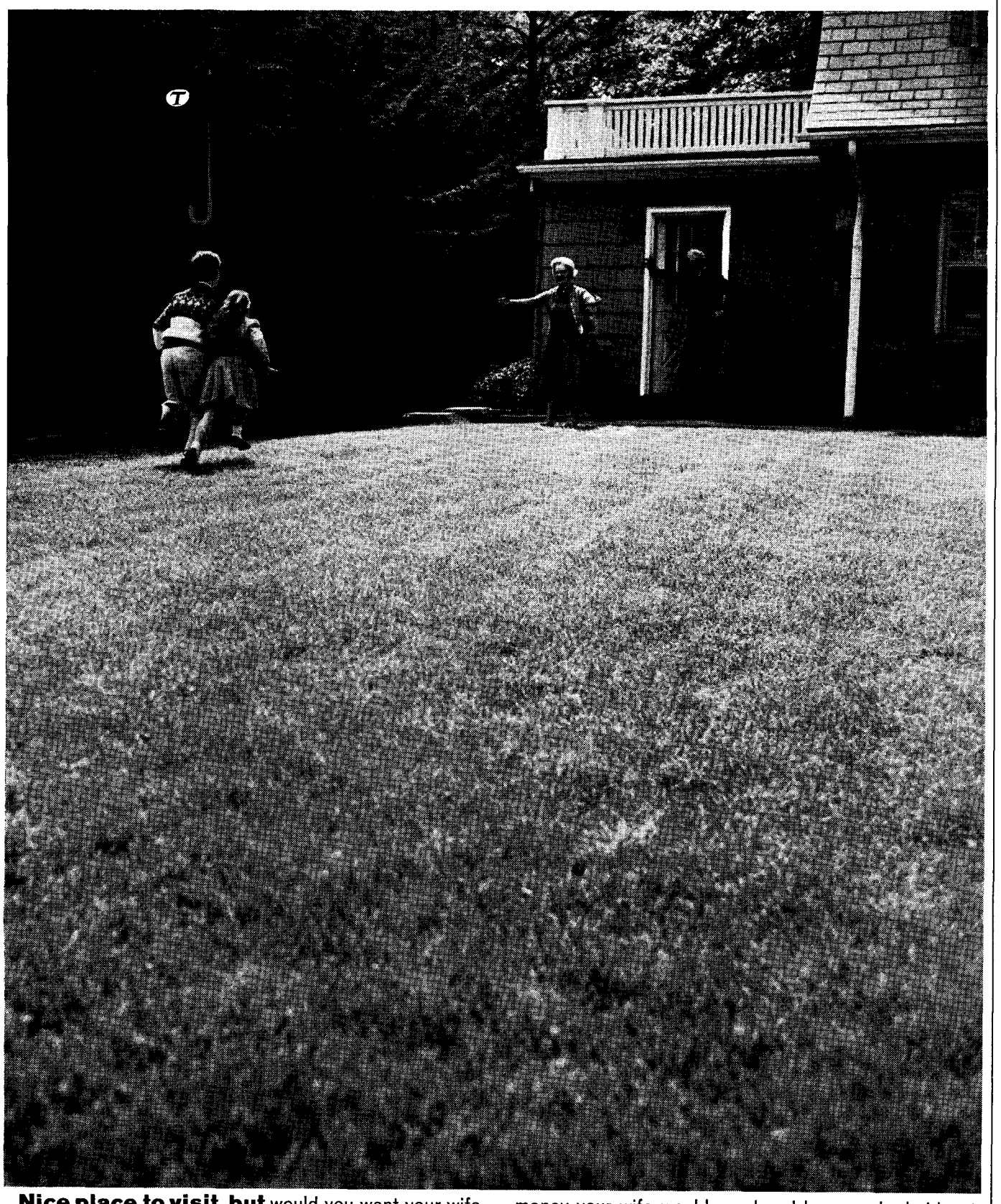
"I bet Lop-Eye Shing," Big Chew said. "I takee all he money."

"Come on, Jake," Burgoyne said. "Let's us go get ours."

The bar had a hair-trigger atmosphere that Holman didn't like. They were all glassy-eyed and talking at once in voices hoarse from yelling. Shing was still at Victor Shu's table. Shu was leaning back and smoking a cigar.

Pleasantly enough, Lop-Eye Shing paid Frenchy Burgoyne almost a thousand Mex in new Hankow bills. At one of the Sand Pebble tables someone noticed, and a yell went up.

"Frenchy's going to buy Maily!"



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"Let's all of us take 'em topside!" Perna yelled.

"Shivaree! Shivaree!" Crosley shouted. They were all on their feet and yelling. It was ugly.

"Get Maily in back, quick, Frenchy!" Holman said. "I'll hold 'em here if I can." He turned. "Frenchy's buying drinks for the house!"

Maily's face was white and scared. Burgoyne had one of her wrists, and the tall civilian, Van, had the other.

"Not so fast, sailor!" Van was saying. "Shu has been asking two hundred for her. How do you know we won't pay two hundred and ten?"

"I spoke first and the price is already set," Burgoyne said.

Van turned to a snub-nosed civilian. "Prices are set by competition in a free market, eh, Quinn?"

"You tell 'em, Van!" Quinn said. "You got yourself some competition, sailor," he told Burgoyne.

"How about it, Mr. Shu? Two-ten takes her, right?" Van said.

Shu rolled his cigar. "Maybe the sailor can pay that much. He spoke first."

The Sand Pebbles were crowding in close, jostling Holman. All the khaki-clad civilians were standing up, bunching behind Van. Duckbutt Randall beat on Shu's table with his club.

"Break it up!" he shouted. "Spread back, you guys. Let go of that girl!"

"You got no authority over me," Van told Duckbutt.

"OK, I'll pay two hundred and ten," Burgoyne said angrily.

"Two-twenty," Van said.

"Auction! Auction!" Quinn yelled. "How about it, Mr. Shu? Make it an auction?"

It took the Sand Pebbles' drunken fancy and the explosion faded back. "Hey! Hey! Auction!" they yelled, and helped Quinn pull a table out into the cleared space. They lifted Maily up on it. Maily's lips were trembling and she kept closing her eyes. Burgoyne looked very angry.

"Hey day! Hey day!" Quinn shouted. "What am I bid for this fine piece of girl flesh? Let's hear a bid."

"Two-thirty," Burgoyne said.

"And forty," Van said.

"Three hundred," Burgoyne said.

They loosed a cheer. Maily had her hands clenched beside her, her head back and her eyes closed. Van was hesitating.

"*Three* hundred gold dollars!" Quinn shouted. "That only buys one leg, boys!" He twitched Maily's dress above her knee. "Brand-new goods! Bid her up!"

"Three-fifty!" Van said.

The crowd cheered again. Burgoyne, white-faced, was smoothing his moustache savagely. A gunpowder feeling was coming into the air. Holman caught Red Dog's eye. Something was due to break in seconds.

Van took a drink from his bottle. "Give up, sailor," he told Burgoyne.

"Four-fifty," Burgoyne said.

They were all whistling and cheering, with a high, howling note in their voices. Quinn was shouting, red-faced and eye-bulging. Maily swayed, her eyes still closed. Quinn ripped savagely and her dress fell down around her hips. The fire was in the gunpowder.

Red Dog barked high and sharp and Holman took it as a signal. He kicked fiercely at a table leg and caught Maily as the table tilted her down to him and passed her to Burgoyne, shouting, "Outside, Frenchy!" Then he slugged Quinn and turned to see Van scream and plunge forward with Red Dog riding high on his shoulders. Red Dog snatched down the overhead light and Holman bruised his way through screaming darkness to the door. He saw Burgoyne and Maily in the courtyard and ran to join them. Behind him in the darkness a roaring, howling, wood-splintering fight of all against all raged on. The Red Candle Happiness Garden had finally exploded.

"Run, Frenchy!" Holman shouted. "Some of them'll come after us!"

Someone did, shouting in Chinese as they ran down narrow streets and around twisty corners. It was Big Chew, the ship's cook.

"Hey, Frenchy, wait!" Holman shouted. "It's friends!"

Maily had to keep holding her dress up, hands crossed to shoulders. She was shivering, and Burgoyne had his arm around her.

"We got to take her someplace," he said. "Some safe place."

"Let me go back to the Red Candle," Maily said in a broken voice. "I owe Mr. Shu a hundred dollars. There's no hope of running away."

"Yes there is," Burgoyne said. "Tomorrow I'll pay Shu exactly what you owe him. And then we'll get you on the train for Hankow."

Holman explained to Big Chew, who nodded thoughtfully.

"Mus' hide she," he said. "She stop by Po-han, I tink all maskee. Shu makee look-see, no can find."

Maily rode in a sedan chair. They came to a poor section of narrow lanes near the railroad cutting. Po-han lived in one room of a small courtyard. Big Chew went in first, talking rapidly to a pale, pretty little woman who bowed to him. Both ends of the room were curtained off, and there were only a chest, a clay stove, a table and one chair in the middle part. Po-han's wife got a fire going under a tin pan of water. A waspish older woman came out and argued with Big Chew. Maily's head was drooping and Burgoyne was half supporting her. Big Chew seemed to win the argument.

"Maskee," he said, grinning. "Gel can do, stop this side."

The older woman was Po-han's mother, he told them. Po-han was asleep on opium pills. The Chinese doctor had just left, and Po-han was going to be all right.

"Here, you better sit down, Maily," Burgoyne said.

Po-han's mother spoke soothingly to Maily and led her behind a curtain. Sleepy child voices sounded back there, and Maily began sobbing. Po-han's mother said something to Big Chew.

"Olo woman speakee mus' pay littee money," he said.

"I'm giving Po-han half of what I won," Holman said. "No, by God, every clacker of what I won!" He began laying bills on the table.

"I'll give him half of mine," Burgoyne said. He counted off bills. Big Chew explained to the women. There was a volley of Chinese back and forth with the old lady. Big Chew laid a sheaf of bills on the table.

"Same me," he said jovially. "You luck-man, Ho-mang. Po-han too much luck, too much money, jus' now. You makee he velly big man, Ho-mang."

Next morning the Sand Pebbles proudly displayed black eyes and fat lips and skinned knuckles. They were all friendly to Holman. A good fight cleared away resentment, and it had been a magnificent fight. The businessmen and Lop-Eye Shing and Victor Shu and most of the girls and the kitchen help had been beaten up in the wild darkness. The Red Candle was a glorious, absolute wreck. Even Lynch took it for granted that Po-han would stay aboard.

Burgoyne went into the city and paid Shu a hundred dollars gold, the sum Maily owed. He told Holman about it the next day. Shu had demanded four hundred and fifty, Burgoyne's last bid. If Burgoyne would not pay it, he said, Maily would have to come back and work it off.

"He tried to fish out of me where Maily is," Burgoyne said. "He told me his men were watching the trains and the riverfront, and if she tried to leave town he would have her arrested."

"He can't do that!"

"She says he can. She's Chinese, Jake," Burgoyne spat in the trash can. "Victor Shu can do just about anything he wants in Changsha."

Burgoyne went ashore nearly every night to see Maily. Po-han was mending rapidly, he reported. He had enough money to buy the whole courtyard where he lived and become landlord to the other tenants. He had rented a room to Maily, and Burgoyne had been helping her pick out furniture.

"You ought to come see it, Jake," Burgoyne said. "She thinks you're sore at her, or something."

"Pretty soon," Holman said. He was standing quarterdeck watches every night as his part of the general settlement.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, for one thing, she's an under-five-dollars friend."

Stawski came aboard with his jaw wired up, thinned down from living on liquids, cheerful and reconciled. Then Po-han came back to duty, very proud of two shiny gold upper teeth. The fight had canceled everything, and it all went smooth and easy again.

Burgoyne went ashore with Po-han almost every evening, not returning until midnight.

"I been after Maily to marry me," he told Holman. "It's the only way to make her safe."

"Well, hell!"

"She's so decent and helpless, Jake. What do you think?"

"I think maybe you're in love," Holman said. "Whatever that means."

When the Sand Pebbles learned that Burgoyne intended to marry Maily, they thought he was crazy. Burgoyne took all the joking with good humor.

"I want a preacher to say the words over us," he said.

None of the Changsha missionaries would say the words. Burgoyne's troubles revived the argument as to whether Lynch was really married. The Sand Pebbles did not think so.

"Well, what is it makes you really married?" Holman demanded.

Nobody could say. Then Restorff, the gunner's mate, cleared his throat. "I think you ain't really married unless the woman can have you put in jail if you don't give her money," he said.

"Gunner, you're the only sensible man at this table!" Farren said.

Holman and Burgoyne visited Po-han's house to consult him. He did not think Burgoyne and Maily could be married the Chinese way. With Maily's help, he tried to explain. You worried about stars and lucky days and there were special presents and ceremonies between the families. Po-han seemed to think you could not be married unless you had a family to do the special things.

It saddened Holman. "Well, I guess you really are whipped, Frenchy," he said.

"No, I ain't," Burgoyne said. "Marrying is mixing two lives together, like creeks joining up." He had a light in his gaunt face and his manner was solemn. He folded Maily's hands between his own.

"We're mixing our lives together, Maily." His voice was strong but tender, and he was smiling down at her. "I take you for what you are and all that you are and mix you with all of me and I don't hold back nothing. I'm going to take the very best care of you I can and love you every minute until I die." He took a deep, slow, breath. "Now you say it."

"I will always love and honor and serve you, Frenchy, and do everything I can for you, and live for you ——" Tears welled out of her eyes. "I will just love you, all of me there is just loving you forever."

Burgoyne bent his head. They kissed.

"Now we're married," Burgoyne said. "You guys want to each put one hand on top of ours? For luck?"

Holman and Po-han stood up and did so. "I hope you have luck," Holman said. "I hope it goes smooth and easy for you."

"I burn joss stick," Po-han said.

Snow was falling on China Light. It hurried whitely across the classroom windows, dry and cold. Shirley Eckert wished the stove coolie would come by to add coal to the small heating stove. Dignity would not permit her or her students to do it. Her eight mission students were busy with paperwork. Cho-jen, as usual, had already finished.

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Sand Pebbles

It was a large, white-plastered room. On the walls were maps of China and North America, U.S. and Chinese flags, and portraits of Lincoln and Washington. The students wore padded Chinese gowns, all but Cho-jen. He affected European suits, poorly cut and gracelessly worn over his lithe young limbs.

Miss Eckert was afraid of Cho-jen. They had warned her that Cho-jen was a brilliant student who delighted in making fools of his teachers. Mr. Mills, the principal, had made him seem dangerous.

"But, Mr. Mills, what is it that he does, really?" she asked.

"He asks questions. Not for information. Bedeviling questions," Mr. Mills said. "He'll cross-examine you like a shyster if you let him."

Mr. Gillespie, the junior evangelist, had been more helpful. "From all I can gather, Cho-jen is an authentic genius," he said. "Never bluff. Don't try to crush him with the great weight of your learning." He chuckled gently. "Christian humility is a saving grace, Miss Eckert."

She taught an hour of English grammar and composition each morning, followed by an hour of literature. The older boys were limited in English. Cho-jen spoke it almost perfectly. She had found Cho-jen in person no monster at all. He was younger and slighter than the other boys, yet clearly the dominant one. He did his classwork perfectly, with bored ease, asking no questions.

"He's fiendish," Mr. Mills said. "He's waiting for you to let your guard down."

Shirley knew Cho-jen was giving Mr. Mills a bad time in trigonometry. One day Cho-jen spoke to her bluntly.

"You are like Mr. Gillespie," he said. "He is honest too."

She let the implication pass in silence. Cho-jen was staring at the flying snowflakes. He looked very young. "Mr. Mills is stupid," he said. "He knows mathematics only by rote."

He gave her a quick, mischievous, sharing smile. "I'll tell you a secret," he said. "Many students at China Light are secret members of the Kuomintang. I am the leader. If General Pan knew, he would send soldiers to kill us."

"Oh, Cho-jen! Surely not!"

"He would. If Mr. Mills knew, he would tell General Pan."

"I'm sure he wouldn't. But I won't say anything." She felt frightened.

A sparkling, elfish look was growing on his face. She watched him, smiling fondly.

"I want to make a student strike this winter," he said. "Do not fear Mr. Mills, Miss Eckert. Perhaps I will make him go away and demand that you be principal."

"Oh, no! I couldn't possibly."

"You could. Mr. Mills is stupid."

"Many good people are going to seem stupid to you, Cho-jen. You are a rather special person."

"I know I am," he said seriously. "But you are not stupid."

"What is the Kuomintang?" she asked.

His face lighted. "It is the National People's Party," he said. "We have secret student groups everywhere in China. Soon we will sweep away all the warlords, like General Pan." The thought excited him. "We will send away all the foreign gunboats and soldiers. We will make the same kind of laws against Americans that America makes against Chinese."

"I hope you can do it, Cho-jen."

"You must stay and help us, Miss Eckert. We will protect you from Mr. Mills and from old Mr. Craddock too. We are already more powerful than you would believe."

"I believe." She could not help believing. "I want to stay and help."

The spring flood came quietly in the night, a slow, steady rise of water, backing up the Siang and filling Tungting Lake. Silently, hour after hour, day and night, the broadening brown river swallowed sandbars and crept up the stone embankment fronting Changsha. They were very busy getting ready for summer cruising aboard the *San Pablo*. Pappy Tung and his coolies were painting the topside a fresh, gleaming white. Ping-wen and his coolies were up in bosun's chairs painting the tall black stack. Po-han told Holman with embarrassment that he wanted to stay home and take it easy. He could live on his rents from the courtyard.

"Well, damn it! Well, hell, Po-han!" Holman said.

He talked earnestly to Po-han, recalling their work on the engine and how the summer cruise was going to be the payoff. Po-han changed his mind. As soon as he did, he was very cheerful.

The weather warmed suddenly and the uniform changed to whites. Holman strolled the topside like the other Sand Pebbles, and he began to feel detached from the engine room. He was learning to see the *San Pablo's* ungainly white upperworks and tall stack and the puny three-pounder in the bow without the urge to laugh. His memory of the ocean and the lean, low destroyers was fading back. The trick was to forget about the world outside Hunan Province. Then you were a Sand Pebble in your heart.

Holman was on the bridge one afternoon when they were on their way to Paoshan to see about unrest reported there. They were skirting Ta Island. It was all ponds and bayous and tall, hummocky stands of reeds. An angry mosquito buzz crossed the bridge and aft a bullet spanged on metal. Far back in reeds to port, a faint pop pop sounded.

"*Toofay* salute." Farren the bosun, grinned. "They hit the stack again."

It was a legend that the stack was all they ever did hit. It was covered with sheet-metal patches. The Chinese deck coolies ran into the chart room. Bordelles slowed to one-third speed.

Farren passed the word. "Take cover! Clear port side!" He jerked the canvas housing from the port machine gun and peered over it at the reeds. "One more shot, you nice little *toofays*," he said. "Let me spot you."

Farren opened fire. The air was suddenly sharp with powder fumes, and bright, empty cartridges tinkled on the deck. Farren grinned through his red beard. "That ought to hold 'em, Mr. Bordelles."

Bordelles rang standard speed and pulled the overhead whistle cord. The whistle blasted hoarsely. A bullet rang the whistle like a bell and glanced off shrieking. Bordelles slowed again. "Get up on the crosstrees and spot!" he snapped at Crosley the signalman.

Crosley scrambled up the ladder. More men came on the bridge. They were grinning and eager.

"Hey. Hey! I see 'em!" Crosley yelled from above. "Fire a burst, Farren!" Farren did so. "Left about fifty! Down fifty!" Crosley guided him in. "Now you're on, boy! Mow 'em down!"

Farren stood spring-legged and hunched, lashing the target area. The tall reeds swayed under the storm of bullets.

Lieutenant Collins came into the bridge through his private door and all the men snapped to attention. He called up to Crosley. "Can you see figures? Are they in uniform?"

"There's a shack in there, sir," Crosley said. "I can see the roof tiles."

"Call the men to general quarters, Mr. Bordelles," Lieutenant Collins said.

There was a slow-clanging gong and a ragged bugle call. Holman had to go below and take the throttle. They spent an hour working on the *toofay*. The machine guns mowed several acres of reeds, and Haythorn probed with the three-pounder for the hidden hut. There were a lot of bells and maneuvers with the engine to hold station in the sluggish current. When they finally secured and steamed on, a scattering of shots came from the reeds to send them on their way.

"It ain't like the old days," Lynch grumbled to Burgoyne. "I tell you, it's bad luck not to have the last shot!"

The ship buzzed with scuttlebutt. One of the new orders from COMYANG was that gunboats could no longer shoot back when they were fired upon unless they could clearly see who was shooting at them. But you could never see that. The new order meant they would have to run out of range when they were fired upon, and the *San Pablo* would lose face. No one could understand why COMYANG was so worked up about the new warlord. His name was Chiang Kai-shek.

They turned up the Siang channel early one morning and at once began meeting junks headed downriver loaded with soldiers. Ordinary warlord troops seldom had flags, but these junks had big flags, bright red, with a blue field that held a white, serrated disk. No one had ever seen that flag before, or the strange green uniforms.

Twice before dinner the *San Pablo* was fired upon from ambush. Both times it was a deadly fusillade that smashed windows and drilled through the wooden superstructure. Both times Lieutenant Collins rang up flank speed, and they ran out of range without shooting back. The crew was angry and ashamed.

Someone coined a nickname for the hateful new flag: gearwheel flag, for the serrated white disk it bore as emblem. It was a good nickname that could be growled deep in the throat.

They ran a gauntlet of bushwhacking rifle fire all the next day. The last shots came only 10 miles from Changsha itself.

The *San Pablo* anchored in her regular place. Changsha was swarming like an anthill. Green uniforms were everywhere along the bund. All the treaty business places had national flags flying above the company flags. They were almost lost in the great show of gearwheel flags along the city wall.

Lieutenant Collins went ashore to visit the American consulate and came back looking stern. He went straight to his cabin. Word came down that there would be no liberty until further notice. Red Dog came back with mail and the Sand Pebbles gathered around him to hear the scuttlebutt.

"The Red Candle's closed," he said. "They got Victor Shu in jail. They say he's an enemy of the people."

That hit them hard. The missionaries had never been able to close the Red Candle.

"I hear a lot of missionaries favor the gearwheel," Red Dog said. "Damned if I know why, though. The gearwheels are raising hell with the missions upcountry."

"What doing?"

"Taking 'em over for troop quarters," Red Dog said. They were putting their horses in the churches, he went on. They tore out crosses and holy pictures and put up their gearwheel flag and pictures of Sun Yat-sen. All the people, missionaries included, had to come in and bow to the flags.

"Well," Farren said. "You'd think the biblebacks would be screaming for blood."

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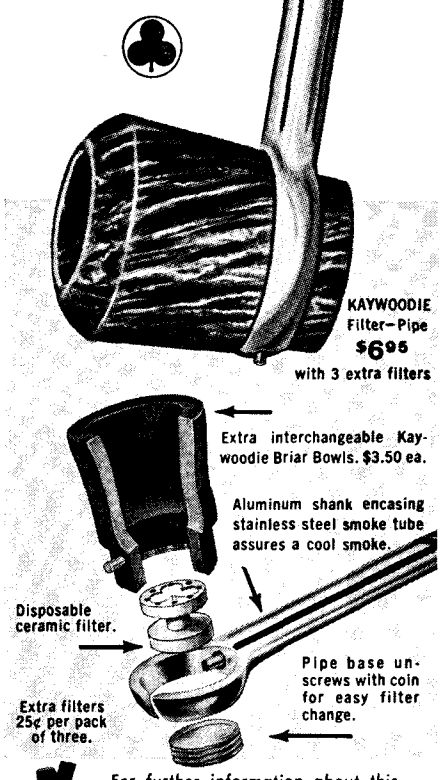
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Sand Pebbles

"They ain't, though," Red Dog said. "From what the clerk at the consulate told me, they're the ones behind the no-shoot-back order we got."

The Sand Pebbles wrangled over that mystery until taps.

After breakfast Holman went ashore to see Maily. She was in Chinese rig, and her room was clean and neat. She made tea and asked about the cruise. A woman came out of one of the rooms across the court. She spoke to Holman in Chinese, her voice shrill and angry.

"What's wrong? What's she saying?" Holman asked Maily.

"She's Ling's wife—you know, the water coolie," Maily said. She was blushing. "She says you owe Ling money for water for the fishpond you gave us. Ten dollars."

"I already paid him for all summer," Holman said.

"I know. He raised the price." Maily was embarrassed. "The students have been telling them they should charge rich people more for everything."

"I'm rich?"

"Well, all treaty people ——"

Maily seemed scared. Mrs. Ling was still jabbering. For Maily's sake, Holman gave the woman $20. She took it and shut up, but she did not bow or smile.

"Maily! What's gone wrong?"

"Please come inside, Jake," she said.

They sat down at her table and she told him about it. The gearwheelers—she called them Kuomintang—were preaching hatred for the treaty people. They were against all rich people, who automatically were supposed to be on the side of the ocean devils. Po-han was in trouble, because he was landlord of the courtyard and because he worked on a gunboat. Maily began to cry silently. Holman patted her shoulder.

"Are they giving you a bad time too?"

"They overcharge me on our street," she said. "Po-han's mother has been buying for both of us."

"You're Frenchy's wife," Holman said. "He'll take care of you, Maily. Don't worry now."

"I can't help it. I worry what will happen to Frenchy." Her face was all broken up with her crying. "I'm just God's curse to everybody," she said. "I wish I were dead!"

Holman had never seen the Sand Pebbles so uneasy. They watched the gearwheel troops passing downriver and repeated all the scuttlebutt. The commercial steamers came into Changsha with sandbags piled along their cabin decks, and almost all the paleface women and children were boarding them to leave for Hankow. The consul sent out word to evacuate Western people at China Light.

News came that the gearwheels had mined the river in the Chenglin narrows and after that commercial steamers stopped running into Hunan. Gearwheel troops monopolized the railroad. Changsha was more cut off than in the wintertime. Students paraded along the bund nearly every day with placards denouncing the treaties and the treaty people.

Burgoyne told Holman he was afraid for Maily. "Her neighbors say things in Chinese that hurt her feelings," he said. "But nobody offers to hit her."

"How about you?" Holman asked. "They give you a hard time?"

"Well, not right out." Burgoyne tugged his moustache. "But Po-han and me sneak home like it was a crime for us to have a home."

"How's Maily taking it?"

"She makes out to be cheerful." Burgoyne dug out his snuff. "But she cries in bed, when she thinks I'm asleep."

"You got to get her to Hankow, Frenchy, where it's safe."

"I know that. I know that now."

The only way was to go by junk. The word was that all junks were being commandeered by one side or the other, in the fighting above Hankow. The junks were not safe, but neither was Changsha safe.

Bordelles took his landing-force section to the American consulate. They slept on cots on a side veranda and stood two-hour sentry watches at the front gate. It was almost a relief when the alarm came one sunny afternoon that gearwheel troops were trying to move into a mission school right in Changsha. The Sand Pebbles marched to the scene with the feel of springs unwinding.

Holman and Farren headed the double file behind Bordelles, and they swung along in step, arms at right shoulder, washing the people aside like the bow wave of a destroyer. The school courtyard was full of green-clad soldiers and carrier coolies with baggage. Two missionaries were talking to a little knot of gearwheelers. Bordelles barked, "Detail . . . halt!" and their feet went one . . . two! "Order . . . arms!" and they brought them down with a slap and a jingle. Bordelles stepped forward.

"Hello, Mr. James . . . Mr. Ingram," he said cheerfully. "Little trouble, eh?"

"A misunderstanding, I'm afraid," the older missionary said. "Ensign Bordelles, may I present Major Liu of the National Chinese Army?"

Bordelles in his white and gold bulked much larger than the slender Chinese officer in neat green.

"What is your mission here, Mr. Bordelles?" Liu asked.

"My mission is to ask you that, Mr. Liu," Bordelles said. "This compound is American property. You can't just *lafoo* it, understand?"

"The English word is 'commandeer,'" Liu said. "This is Chinese soil. I have already shown Mr. James my authority under Chinese law to commandeer his school for a battalion headquarters."

His voice was quiet, but he was tense. Mr. James said something about the Chefoo Convention. Bordelles stepped nearer to Liu and looked down on him.

"May I see your authority?" he asked.

"No." Liu stepped back. "You have no right even to be here, in uniform and under arms," he said. "I will have you and your men escorted back to your consulate. If necessary, I will post a guard to see that you stay there."

Bordelles jerked visibly at almost every word. His lips tightened. The Sand Pebbles shuffled their feet, getting set. Bordelles spoke slowly.

"Let me warn you, Mr. Liu. Any interference on your part with me and my men in the performance of our lawful duty will constitute an act of war against the United States of America." He paused to let that soak in. "If your superior officers are not prepared to go to war against America, they will probably disavow your action and make amends." Bordelles drew his forefinger slowly across his throat. "It has happened before," he said.

Liu was pale, but he did not flinch. Holman felt numbly that two great, groping giants were touching fingertips. When Liu spoke, his English was slurred by tension, but his voice was still quiet.

"We have had enough of that now," he said. "I will quote your own history to you, Mr. Bordelles. 'If you mean to have a war, let it begin here.'"

You know, it could, Holman thought suddenly. Bordelles's nostrils were white and flaring.

Liu spoke a command and the green-clad soldiers began to form up. They all had rifles, and the noncoms had Mauser machine pistols in wooden scabbards. There were at least four squads of them. *Custer's last stand,* Holman thought. *Remember the Alamo.*

"You may have your men sling arms, or you may have them lay down their arms," Liu said.

Bordelles was silent as stone.

"Please. Please, gentlemen," the two missionaries were saying. "Be reasonable. Make allowances."

"You may go under escort or you may go under full arrest," Liu said. "That is all the choice I will give you, and you must make it now."

The missionaries slipped away. Bordelles stood frozen. Time seemed stopped. Liu spoke in Chinese. The green soldiers fixed bayonets. The sudden hedge of bright, sharp steel was like an electric shock. A veil came over Bordelle's face. He turned half left.

"Sling arms," he ordered in a queer, choked voice.

One squad of gearwheel soldiers walked ahead of them and another came behind. All the street people knew. They taunted and jeered and they came out on narrow balconies and looked out of upper windows to laugh. Some threw melon rinds and street filth. The gearwheel sergeant kept shouting at the people to stop it. Bordelles walked sturdy and straight as a mast just ahead of Holman. His uniform was turning slimy.

It was much better when they got outside the wall, on a wider street. The escort halted smartly at the consulate and the sailors went on through the gate. Without speaking to each other, the sailors threw their guns on their cots and went to the washroom. The coolies had to bring a great deal of water. Afterward, dressed in clean uniforms, they were still silent. The laundry coolie came to pick up the dirty uniforms.

"No good. Throw away. Makee *cumshaw* beggar man," Farren told him. "Nobody can ever wash them clean enough again for me to wear."

In about an hour Franks came to take them back to the ship. There was not going to be any more landing force at the consulate. Once aboard, they began coming out of it. The incident had been reported to ComYang in Hankow, and it would probably go all the way to President Coolidge in Washington. There would be a very big flareback, the Sand Pebbles told each other. More gunboats would come to Changsha. There would be a showdown with the gearwheel and they might even shell the city. Talking about it, they grew almost cheerful again.

For three days they waited for the big flareback. Radio traffic was heavy. On the fourth day Lieutenant Collins had the crew mustered aft for a talk. Facing them, he looked very serious.

"Men, we are plunged into a new situation," he began. "The students are supporting Chiang Kai-shek. They put lies in print and send the material to the army. Other students read it to the people and even to General Wu's soldiers, and they believe it. They desert or surrender. General Chiang has done very little honest fighting in this campaign."

Heads nodded. That explained a lot.

"For instance," Lieutenant Collins said, "the consul has a clipping from a local newspaper stating that we killed thirty unarmed people last month, including women and children. That is why we have orders not to fire blindly against ambushers, because if we do the students will make another big lie. And you cannot stick a bayonet into a lie."

Farren muttered. Lieutenant Collins looked sharply at him. "What did you say, Farren?"

"You can always stick a bayonet into a liar, sir," Farren said.

"Yes, and the unkilled liars will call him ten women and children." Lieutenant Collins shook his head. "Now, then!" He slapped fist into palm.

"Our government has decided not to treat the fighting as just another warlord squabble. For the time being we will treat it as an authentic civil war in which we must be neutral. We will cruise only between treaty ports. We may use force only to protect American lives, and only when we can't protect them in any other way."

He wiped his face and hands with a handkerchief. It was very warm, but he was sweating more than he needed. Holman could feel the stir of dismay running along the ranks.

"Some of you, our shipmates, as we all know ——" Lieutenant Collins stopped

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No, we can't leave them here. . . .
Now go ahead and take the picture."

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Sand Pebbles

and coughed. "It was an unpleasant experience. But it was not dishonorable. Understand that. It was a magnificent display of moral courage. Are there any questions?" His eyes swept the ranks. "Yes, Farren?"

"You're saying there ain't going to be any big flareback, ain't you, sir?"

"Not for the time being."

Pappy Tung's men had the windows reglazed and the bullet holes puttied and the whole topside repainted. The days continued hot and sultry, with occasional thunderstorms. The Sand Pebbles watched the student parades with indulgent amusement and stared contemptuously at green-clad soldiers in passing junks. Word came that General Wu had lost Hankow to the gearwheelers, but he was still holding Wuchang, across the river.

Things became worse ashore in Changsha. Worker-peasant unions had strike pickets, who were an unofficial police force. One day they arrested Po-han and took him before a kind of kangaroo court. Po-han's tenants testified that he was a good landlord, so he got away. Other landlords were fined and some were beaten to death. Po-han worked harder than ever aboard ship.

"It gets worse every day," Burgoyne told Holman. "If we pull out of Changsha I'll just have to get Maily on a junk to Hankow."

The lid blew off at Wanhsien, in the Yangtze gorges. The news came to Changsha in late afternoon and the city boiled with excitement. *HMS Cockchafer* and two other British gunboats had fought the Wanhsien warlord, who was not a gearwheeler. It was 150 sailors against 15,000 troops and it was a great victory. Later in the evening word came that the British had been driven off with a quarter of their force killed or wounded, but they claimed 2,000 Chinese casualties.

In the morning Burgoyne came aboard bleeding from a cut above his eye. He had had to run from a street mob. "They're crazy mad over in town," he said. He told Holman that during the night someone had pitched Maily's goldfish out of her pond, to die on the stones.

"It's a sign, Jake," Burgoyne said. "I told Po-han to fix up a junk passage for her soon as he can."

There was a student parade that day lasting until sunset. They stayed on the bund opposite the gunboats, screaming and shaking insulting signs. One was a crude cartoon of a sailor with a baby stuck on his bayonet. The signs claimed 20,000 Chinese killed at Wanhsien.

More news came in. The treaty-power consuls were calling all Central China missionaries in to the treaty ports. All Western China was exploding with rage. Women and children were to be pulled back all the way to Shanghai.

During the night a few missionaries sneaked into Changsha, disguised in Chinese clothes. American destroyers reached Hankow, and the large gunboat *USS Duarte* was ordered from Hankow to Changsha. Late in the day a telegram came to the consulate from Paoshan: The China Light missionaries were afraid for their lives and they wanted a gunboat to come and take them out.

"Wouldn't you know it!" Crosley said in disgust.

No one thought the *San Pablo* would go. Paoshan was not a treaty port. The water was very low in that end of Tungting Lake in September, perhaps already too low. The China Light people had had their warning and their chance to get out while commercial steamers still ran. Holman worried about Miss Eckert. He was glad when orders came from ComYang the next morning for the *San Pablo* to take the China Light people to Hankow.

It was a frantic day. Ping-wen had trouble getting enough coal. Big Chew was ashore trying to get extra food. Po-han was ashore, too, trying to get Maily aboard a junk for Hankow. When the coal was aboard and steam raised, Lynch wanted to report ready to get under way. He and Holman were in the engine room.

"Let's hold off awhile, chief," Holman said. "Po-han ain't back. Frenchy's up on deck watching for him."

"We can steam without Po-han. This is war, boy!" Lynch rubbed his hands. "I'll report ready." He did so.

"Stand by and rock engines for the time being," Bordelles called back. "We have to wait for Big Chew."

Big Chew and Jack Dusty, his helper, came aboard with only one basket of vegetables. Po-han was on the stone steps, arguing with a sampan man. He came alongside just as the anchor broke water and the screw began to thrash. Holman and Burgoyne reached down hands to pull him aboard. He came up grinning, showing his gold teeth. He said he had put Maily aboard a junk that would sail in the morning for Hankow.

"Well, thanks, Po-han," Burgoyne said. "I just wish I'd had a chance to say good-bye to her."

In places the bottom of Tungting Lake lay almost bare. *San Pablo* followed the drowned channel, and her bow wave crumbled mud from the banks. Fish teemed in the shrinking patches of water. Chinese in hundreds of sampans competed with millions of white birds at harvesting the trapped fish. The breeze brought human yells and bird screams and a smell of greenish rot. Just beyond the Ta An narrows they were fired upon from ambush. They got up the hinged armor flaps and ran out of range.

The bund at Paoshan and the city wall were almost deserted. A squad of General Pan's gray soldiers was on the pontoon, and the Japanese flag was gone from the shack that served as the pontoon office.

"I see the missionaries peeking through the window," Bordelles said as they were tying up. "Pan's soldiers are guarding them, I suppose."

The missionaries came out of the shack, and Lieutenant Collins went down to the quarterdeck to receive them. The three men had blood on their shirts and cuts on their faces. The two women were not marked, but the younger one with the two children was hysterical. Loose hair straggled down her face.

"We've been robbed and beaten and insulted!" she shrieked accusingly at Lieutenant Collins. "My babies have had nothing to eat since yesterday!" They were not exactly babies. The girl was almost old enough to interest the sailors. "It's all your fault, up there at Wanhsien!" the woman cried. "Innocent babies have to pay!"

"It was the British at Wanhsien, ma'am," Lieutenant Collins said. "We have the honor to be Americans."

"You're all the same wicked men of force and violence!"

Lieutenant Collins beckoned Jennings over. "Take them topside, do what you can for them," he ordered. They would berth in the sick bay. He turned to the three men. "Where are the China Light people?" he asked.

"They remain under the sheltering hand of our Lord," one of the men said.

Lieutenant Collins felt dismay. "How many stayed?"

"Four. The Craddocks, Miss Eckert and Mr. Gillespie. They trust a stouter shield than yours, captain."

A sailor snickered. Collins frowned. "Farren, take them to the CPO quarters."

"Up the ladder, you guys!" Farren told the missionaries, shooing with his hands.

Pan's soldiers were still on the pontoon, and their officer was talking in Chinese to Lop-Eye Shing. Shing turned and said the officer had an urgent message from General Pan.

"Genlah Pan speak ship go otha side chop-chop," Shing interpreted. "He speak you, no sailah man, come shohside."

Lieutenant Collins asked questions. It turned out Kuomintang agitators were in town inflaming the people over Wanhsien. The ship was strictly boycotted. Pan was preparing to submit to the gearwheel, and he did not want to be compromised by a courtesy visit from his old friend, Lieutenant Collins.

"Tell him I understand," Lieutenant Collins said.

He went up to his cabin. If the China Light missionaries had only sent their waivers, he could leave them behind with a clear conscience.

"Tom, you'll have to take the motor pan to China Light," he told Bordelles. "Get those people, or get their signed waivers. Take four men with you, armed of course."

"I'll just hustle all the missionaries down to the boat," Bordelles said cheerfully. "I'd like that."

"No. They're still citizens of a free country," Lieutenant Collins said. "But try to persuade them to come. And don't lose any time."

Bordelles went out. It was late afternoon. It would be almost morning before he could return, at best. At the worst. . . . Lieutenant Collins drummed with his fingers. Someone knocked at his door.

It was Chief Welbeck, looking harried. "Sir, they're all griping," he said. "That missionary woman's on my neck for milk and eggs for her kids."

"Give her canned milk."

"She knows they got fresh milk in town, at that Christian dairy," Welbeck said. "Nobody can shut her up."

Lieutenant Collins smiled. "Tell her we're boycotted, chief, and that's that."

"Lop-Eye Shing wants to send that bilge coolie over to get milk." Welbeck said. "You know, sir, the one that got eggs for us last summer. Po-han. He's got relations in the city."

Lieutenant Collins's impulse was to forbid it. That yapping woman! The coolie was really Shing's responsibility.

"I suppose the man wants to go?"

"He's scared but willing," Welbeck said.

"He wants to visit his relatives and pick up the milk while he's at it?"

"Something like that, I guess, sir."

"Well, if it's all right with Shing, it's all right with me."

"Yes, sir," Welbeck said, "I'll tell him go ahead."

After a moment Lieutenant Collins went out on deck. He was uneasy. Pan's soldiers were gone. Shing was aft, at the boat-deck rail. Together they watched Po-han cross the sands, swinging a basket. He was dressed like any other coolie, in an open jacket and black trousers. He got up on the bund and into the tunnellike city gate with no trouble.

Holman and Burgoyne were in the engine room, sitting on the workbench. "I don't like it," Holman said.

"He was proud to go," Burgoyne said. "Po-han likes to help."

"I wish I'd been there," Holman said. "I'd've stopped it."

"What's that noise?" Burgoyne said.

It was a crowd yelling. Lieutenant Collins went into the bridge. "Call Franks!" he snapped at Crosley. People were boiling out the city gate and running from either side along the bund. *Bordelles's boat party*, Lieutenant Collins thought. *Nine people*. "Repel boarders! On the double!" he snapped at Franks.

"Hell!" Holman slid off the workbench and ran for the ladder.

"Repel boarders! Repel boarders!"

Holman ran topside. Lynch was jerking open the arms locker. A black tongue of people was thrusting out the arched gateway in the city wall. All along the bund they were streaming in to a center. The center was somebody running.

Po-han!

He had lost his jacket, and he ran swinging something white, and they poured down the stone steps after him like a stream of cannibal ants. Their shrill, high, screaming "Sa-a-ah! Sa-a-ah!" was like a fiery wind. Feet pounded the boat deck. Someone thrust a riot gun into Holman's hands. "Over their heads

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"See if I'm listed in the obituary column."

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if they touch the pontoon! Shoot to kill if they cross it!" Franks roared. "Wait the word!"

Sand slowed Po-han. A stick thrown like a spear struck his legs. He fell and the mob flowed over him.

"Hold fire! Hold fire!"

The mob swirled and milled. They had Po-han on his feet, jerking and slapping him. Strangely, Shing came on the bridge. He was a godsend. Lieutenant Collins thrust the hailing trumpet at him. "Offer ransom! Speak I pay money. One hundred dollar."

Shing shouted in Chinese. Soldiers with long poles pushed through the mob. *Ransom the only way*, Lieutenant Collins thought. *No official funds.* They were daring the ship to shoot, Shing said. The soldiers lashed their poles into a tripod and hoisted the coolie with a rope to his hands bound behind him. *Out of my own pocket, then.*

"Tell them two hundred!" Lieutenant Collins snapped at Shing.

Po-han dangled, pitching forward. Holman could see the strain in his ridged belly muscles, arms and shoulders. Someone on the bridge was yelling in Chinese. Three soldiers grasped Po-han around the waist and legs and surged their weight on him. He dropped abruptly as his shoulder joints burst, and he screamed.

Someone on the bridge shouted, "You dirty sons of bitches!" Another cracked voice, Lieutenant Collins: "*Back*, Haythorn! Back from that gun! Damn your soul, *don't fire!*" Franks roared a caution aft. Holman was paralyzed.

"*Five* hundred! *Tell* them, Shing!"

The coolie hung nearly straight, twirling slightly. A red-sashed soldier climbed on a boulder and beat at his two gold teeth with a knife handle.

"Oh jesus, oh jesus, oh jesus", Burgoyne was saying.

Holman ran up the ladder and into the bridge. Bronson stopped him.

"Get out of here, Holman! Back to the waist party!"

"We got to shoot. *Do* something!"

"He ain't American. He's Chinese. We got our orders."

"He's a shipmate."

Their faces were chalk white on the bridge. Lop-Eye Shing was hailing with the trumpet. Po-han screamed again and again. The red-sashed soldier was pulling off a thick strip of skin and muscle slanting down Po-han's ribs. He was tugging and cutting. Po-han's face was one bloody scream.

"Offer a thousand!" Lieutenant Collins told Shing. He turned inboard, white, sweat streaming. "Holman, get back to your station!"

"Go to hell! Shoot! Do something!"

Lieutenant Collins drew his pistol. "Go below or I'll shoot you for a mutineer!" His eyes were terrible.

Bronson was tugging at Holman's arm. Holman slammed his gun butt into Bronson's belly, and he went down.

"Shoot!" Holman said. "Shoot *somebody*, you yellow son of a bitch!"

He could feel his flesh reaching out for the healing bullet. He locked on Lieutenant Collins's eyes and he could hear Po-han wailing and wailing in half-voiced words. They were all frozen there. Lop-Eye Shing turned around, evil-faced, saying something.

"Po-han talkee too much no can," he said. His face was stony. "Po-han talkee somebody shoot he."

"O God!" Lieutenant Collins lowered his pistol. "Yes. Yes." He looked around the bridge. "Who ——"

"I will, sir." Crosley had a rifle.

Holman jerked it away from him. "Not you, Crosley," he said.

He chambered a cartridge and took aim with the bridge rail as rest. He followed Po-han's head with the beaded foresight, rolling, rolling, and Po-han saw him and held his head still. Holman sagged his stomach muscles and in a quiet place far back in his mind he said, *Good-bye, Po-han.* He squeezed the trigger. He saw the head jerk and he knew that it was all right now. He stood erect, trembling, and threw the rifle into the river and ran for the engine room.

They anchored again in midstream to wait for Bordelles's boat party with the China Light missionaries. Holman ran everyone out of the engine room. They were afraid of him. He tended the fires and water. He oiled and rocked the engine. He did not want to stop moving. Burgoyne came on the gratings and said, "Chow, Jake," quietly. After a few minutes he went away.

It was dark. Holman heard them talking on the quarterdeck. They were pulling themselves out of it in the only way they knew. "That sign on Po-han says 'running dog,' Oh, Joy told me"—Crosley's frog voice. "He sure didn't run fast enough that time"—Harris. A general laugh. Stawski? Someone shushed fiercely and the voices faded.

Franks stood at the head of the port ladder. "Jake, you got the eight-by on the quarterdeck," he said. "There's double guard tonight."

Holman looked up. "Not me," he said. "I got the watch down here."

"We all know how you feel." Franks's voice was kindly. "Duty's the stuff to take your mind off it."

"All I got to do is die someday. I'll never stand a topside watch again. Not on this ship."

"However you want it, Jake. For now." Franks went away.

Taps went. He cleaned the fires savagely, slicing clinkers, hoeing ash and red coals out on the floor plates. Burgoyne was on the throttle platform.

"It's midnight, Jake. Give me the watch. Turn in."

"Get out of here, Frenchy. Get out, or I'll slug you."

Sometime later Big Chew came down quietly and left a covered bowl of food beside the hot well. Holman threw bowl and all into the trash can.

All night he moved like a prowling animal, keeping his hands busy, and it was right behind him. If. If. A chain of ifs, from his first hour aboard.

Po-han was still there, in the smooth, quiet stroking of the pumps he had rebushed. The quick, pulsing throb of the dynamo. Deep in the foundations of the engine, Po-han was there. *You, me, can do, Jehk.*

Near morning Bordelles came back with the China Light stragglers. Holman let the steaming watch come down and they got under way at dawn. He kept the throttle. He would not eat or drink or speak to anyone. At the end of the first hour Crosley whistled the voice tube.

"What you making, up and down, up and down?"

"I don't know," Holman said. "What do you care?"

"I got to have it for the log."

"Wipe your tail on the log."

"Well, by God ——"

Someone hushed Crosley. They did not call down for readings again. By the end of the day Holman was feeling groggy, and all the lights had colored halos. He knew he could not last through another night. After they anchored, Jennings came down. His eyes looked round and solemn behind his rimless glasses.

"You're sick. You're in a nervous state," he said. "You have to eat and rest. I'm responsible for you."

"You think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"No. If I did, I'd bring men down to overpower you for your own good," Jennings said. "Prove you're not, by coming up with me."

"Well, I am crazy, doc. It's a great feeling, and you ought to try it yourself," Holman said. "I'll come up. But you tell them to keep clear of me."

"Nobody will bother you, Jake."

No one was in the washroom when he took his shower. He shaved slowly. His face had fierce red eyes and hollow cheeks and a puckered scar on the left cheek that was tricky to shave around. Wong put a big plate of meat, rice and vegetables at Holman's place, and a pitcher of coffee. The Sand Pebbles were all at the other two tables, pretending to watch a couple of acey-deucey games and keeping their voices down.

The food stuck in Holman's throat, but he drank a cup of the coffee. Then he sat on his bunk. They all wanted to help him and he hated them. Burgoyne came over.

"Jake, the skipper would like to talk to you for a minute."

"I don't need any of his moral courage right now."

"It ain't an order," Burgoyne said. "You don't have to go."

"Then I'll go," Holman said.

It was clear and dark and warm topside, with all the stars out. Lieutenant Collins looked pale and tired. He tried to explain about Po-han: the orders to shoot only to save American lives; how that not shooting was what had really saved the American lives, women, children; the big lie the gearwheel would have made; the propaganda harm to America and to the Navy.

"All that's true. Po-han's still dead," Holman said. "I killed him."

"I know," Lieutenant Collins said.

That was all. Outside Holman stopped by the rail. Two dark figures came past the engine-room skylight. A bearded face: Craddock, the senior missionary from China Light. And Miss Eckert.

"Mr. Holman," Craddock said. "Our mission is to all burdened spirits. We can help you find peace."

"Didn't they tell you I'm crazy?" Holman said.

"It was God's merciful hand acting through you." Craddock intoned the words. "God's ways are unsearchable. We must not question Him."

"Because He don't know the answers?" Holman laughed bitterly. "From the way He takes care of His tools, I wouldn't let Him run an engine room, let alone the world."

Craddock stiffened. "No matter how blasphemous your words, you are still God's child!" He turned away. "Come, Miss Eckert," he said. "We can do no good here."

She followed the old man obediently for a few steps and then turned back. "He was trying to help you in the only way he knows," she said softly. "We feel guilty. If we had not stayed behind, Po-han might ——"

"I already iffed all the ifs there are. Po-han's still dead."

She leaned on the rail. "Many Chinese Christians have been tortured and killed this past week," she said.

"Po-han wasn't a Christian. Why didn't they kill Craddock? Why Po-han?"

"China is becoming a nation."

"I heard that before. I don't know what it means."

"I'll tell you how Cho-jen understands it," she said.

Cho-jen was her brilliant student. Her Po-han. He said the Christian God was really a set of tribal deities, one for each treaty-power flag. Cho-jen said that China had to become a nation in self-defense.

"Nationalism is a deep, intense feeling," she said. "Can you see how the sight of foreign flags and gunboats, so long taken for granted, can be suddenly infuriating?"

"I guess I can. But that don't help a bit about Po-han."

The night was warm and dark around them. He wanted to touch her hands, beside his on the wooden rail. As if she knew, she put her left hand on his and he put his other hand on top of it. He felt her warm, unjudging nearness, and the iron clamp around his chest eased up.

"It ain't that I shot Po-han, my finger on the trigger," he said at last, haltingly. "It ain't only that."

She said nothing.

"I knew our orders," he said. "I'm an American. I could've run down there and made it legal to save us both." His throat was tight. "I was afraid," he whispered. "I stayed aboard."

She was silent. Her hand lay warm and unflinching between his. He swung his head against her shoulder.

Afterward he could not remember how long it was they stood that way. The cold craziness and the red-hot hurt and all the shame and hate drained out of him.

When he woke in the morning, the only part that he wanted to remember was that with Miss Eckert. The men avoided him in the washroom. At the mess table they spoke in low voices and did not look at him. He did not like it.

"How long till we get to Hankow?" he asked Farren.

Farren looked surprised and pleased. "Three days, if you give us the turns," he replied.

"We'll give you the turns," Holman said. . . . "Won't we, Frenchy?"

"Sure enough!" Burgoyne said. "We sure will, Jake!"

"Want me and Perna to take the first watch?" Wilsey asked.

"Yeah, will you? I want to flake out again," Holman said. "I got a headache to sleep off."

When he got up he was able to shoot the breeze casually with the men drinking coffee. Nobody mentioned Po-han. In the afternoon he and Burgoyne took the steaming watch. At the end of an hour Crosley called down hesitantly for the readings. He did not say "up and down, up and down."

"Sixty-two, up and down," Holman shouted into the voice tube. "More to spare, if you want 'em!"

"Gotcha, Jake!" Crosley said.

Each day after that it was easier. Sometimes he caught glimpses of Miss Eckert on the boat deck, but he did not try to talk to her. Often she was with one of the men missionaries who Lynch said was named Gillespie. He was a well-set-up man of medium height with a strong chin and a sure, pleasant look about him. The men missionaries bunked in with the chiefs, and Lynch had all the dope on them. Gillespie was the only one Lynch respected. Lynch said Gillespie came from a rich family, and he was being a missionary only for the fun of it.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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More Deadly Than Hate

Among men or among lions a rival must be eliminated.

by GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

It was spring, the sort of spring that revivifies, healing the wounds of winter. I, however, felt neither revivified nor healed. I had stayed too long around Rome and worked too hard. I longed for the vacation which I had planned to spend on the island of Ischia, but there were things to be done before I could leave Rome.

I, Claude Marino, American-born, thirty years of age and single, was about to direct my first motion picture from a script that I had written. For years I had seen too many directors who, before they signed their contracts, were flatteringly in awe of my work, and immediately thereafter began to request substantial changes. I would fight but I knew it was a losing battle. The director too often was a Caesar, and like Caesar's wife could do no wrong. There had been instances when he and I and the producer had worked amicably together, and the resulting films had come out as I hoped they would. Unhappily these instances were becoming scarcer. My last encounter had been with a German director. We were filming my script in a small hill town near Rome, and he treated the actors, the crew and me as if he were a gauleiter.

The experience, now blessedly over, had left its toll. I felt tired and sluggish and so short-tempered that even the young and exceedingly attractive Italian actress, whom I was currently romancing, was snapping back at me although I had promised her a part in my picture, not for the reason you think, but because she was talented and photogenic. She also spoke English, and this was important, since the picture was to be made in English and Italian simultaneously, dubbing voices where necessary.

Fortunately I spoke Italian fluently. My paternal grandparents had come from Italy to live with us in the States when I was a boy and had taught me their language while I was trying to teach them English. I suppose it was inevitable, when the Hollywood picture companies began to drift away from their home base to foreign locales, that I should drift to Italy.

The picture I was planning was to be produced by an Italian company owned by the Marcelli brothers. I had worked for them before, and Giuseppi Marcelli, the older of the two, had become not only an employer but a friend, who was proving his confidence in me by financing my first directorial effort. I hoped it would prove to be a profitable one with its theme of tourists who come to a foreign city—in this case Rome—and fail to take anything from it because they can bring nothing to it.

I liked my script and so, happily, did Giuseppi. However, there were still difficulties. I had not found an actor to play a small but important part: that of a Roman of great beauty and virility who complicates the visit of a young American girl, the one person among the tourists with a zest for life and for Rome. There were also the usual financial problems, but I would attend to them while I was enjoying Ischia. But first I must find my missing actor or, preferably, someone who had never been before a camera or on a stage. I wanted a man with a wild, untamed quality.

Giuseppi urged me to go to Ischia and let him find my "Roman satyr," as he called him, but I was obdurate. Giuseppi would find an actor who could play the man. I wanted the man himself.

That is how I met Tonio and was plunged into a situation far more dramatic than any picture I had written. I first heard of him at a supper party given by the Marcellis after the premiere of one of their pictures. Or, rather, I *overheard* from an unknown woman seated behind me, who was confiding in a low voice to another woman.

"My dear," I heard her say, "I have been to watch him three times this past week. He is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen."

I assumed that she was speaking of a motion-picture actor or a nightclub entertainer and was about to move away.

"He is a keeper at the zoo," she continued, "and he is like an animal himself."

"When does one see this prodigy?" asked her companion.

"Every morning at eleven at the lion cage," said the woman. "His name is Tonio, and I

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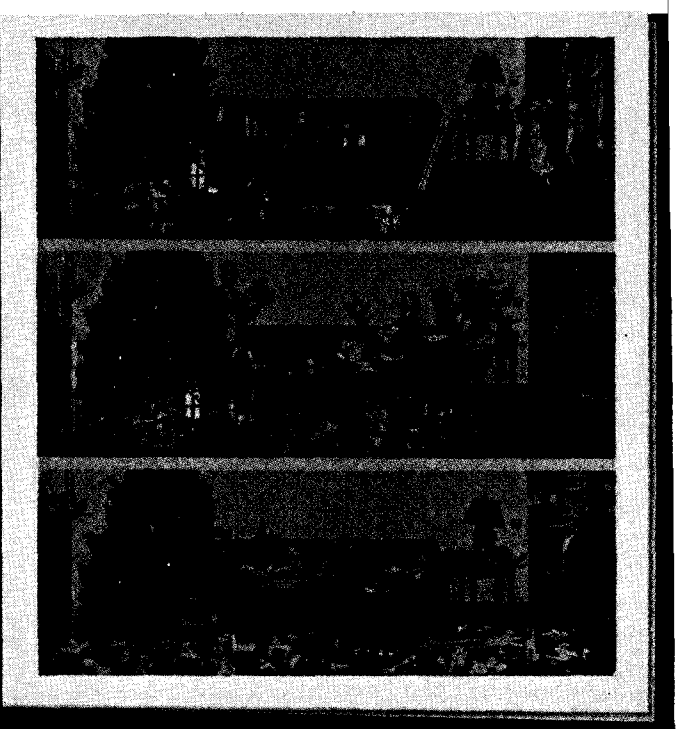

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More Deadly Than Hate

assure you he is worth the trip and the early rising. Only look out for the lions. He may feed you to them."

She laughed, then stopped abruptly. "Careful," she said, "here comes my lord and master."

I glanced behind me and saw an elderly man bearing down on two overpainted, bejeweled, middle-aged women. He mumbled something about wanting to go home. I decided I would go home, too, and be at the zoo at eleven next morning. There was an outside chance that this Tonio who looked like an animal might be the actor I sought.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... Think you can find the trouble?"

Next morning I hired a carriage to drive me through the Borghese Gardens to the zoo. At the entrance, as I was paying the driver, I heard the roar of a lion. As I entered the zoo the roars became louder, and I soon discovered their source. On a plateau against a background of rocks and caves, separated from the public by a wide moat, stood a lioness, howling as if she faced a deadly enemy. A similar enclosure, bordering that of the lioness but separated from it by a high spiked fence, seemed deserted.

I became aware of the sound of many voices and saw coming toward me a strange procession. At its head strode a man whose dark curly hair, long ears and slanted eyes gave him the appearance of a muscular faun. Physically he was ideally suited for the character in my picture. He moved with the lithe grace of an animal, and as he drew nearer I could see that his face had a look that was unbridled and feral. My excitement was matched by my astonishment, for beside Tonio—and it could be no one else—was a second lioness, without muzzle or leash, moving with feline dignity. Tonio's hand lay affectionately on her neck, and they moved together in a natural rhythm, undisturbed by a small brown dachshund that frolicked fearlessly about the man and the beast.

Once when the dog snapped playfully at the lioness's paw the large cat lowered her head and nuzzled him aside. The dachshund went rolling onto the grass, righted itself and, yapping happily, returned to the assault. During this the man marched on, oblivious to the byplay between his oddly assorted pets or to the admiring crowd that followed him at a respectful distance.

As the procession approached, the roars of the first lioness grew louder and more ferocious. By now Tonio was only a few feet from the two enclosures, and I watched while he lifted several planks from the grass in front of the moat and began to lay them across the opening. As he did so, the second lioness stood gazing at her neighbor, almost tauntingly. The captive lioness faced the free one and snarled her hatred, crouching on the edge of the moat, as if longing to leap across at her rival's throat, but knowing that the gap was too wide. The crowd watched with delight.

By this time Tonio had laid the planks. "Flavia," he called, and instantly the lioness ran to him, while the dachshund frisked about them. Tonio crossed the planking, followed by the two animals. When they reached the other side the cat rubbed against the man's legs in a sensual display of her love, and a smile illumined the man's face. Then the lioness bounded away and disappeared into a cave high up in her enclosure, while Tonio with the dog at his heels recrossed the planks and removed them. The show was over except for the diminishing snarls of the lioness next door.

Now I knew that my search had come to an end. As the crowds began to disperse, I started toward Tonio, and then my attention was diverted by a disturbing sight. Down the walk came a small, excessively ugly young man with a large snake draped over his shoulders. I loathe snakes and hastily moved away.

The little man observed my fear and smiled tolerantly. "She's neither poisonous nor dangerous," he said, stroking the snake, which emitted what might have been a friendly hiss. Unconvinced, I moved back a foot or two. The little man was paying no further attention to me, but was calling Tonio.

Tonio stopped and retraced his steps. To my amazement, the dachshund barked at the snake and jumped up in an attempt to dislodge it from around the keeper's neck. In a moment the keeper had placed it on the ground where it slithered about, tolerating the leaps and bounds of the dog and to my relief, moving a short distance away. I now felt safe in accosting Tonio.

"My name is Claude Marino," I told him, "and I'm a motion-picture director."

Tonio's inhospitable scowl was replaced by a warm and receptive smile. The snake man, too, showed interest.

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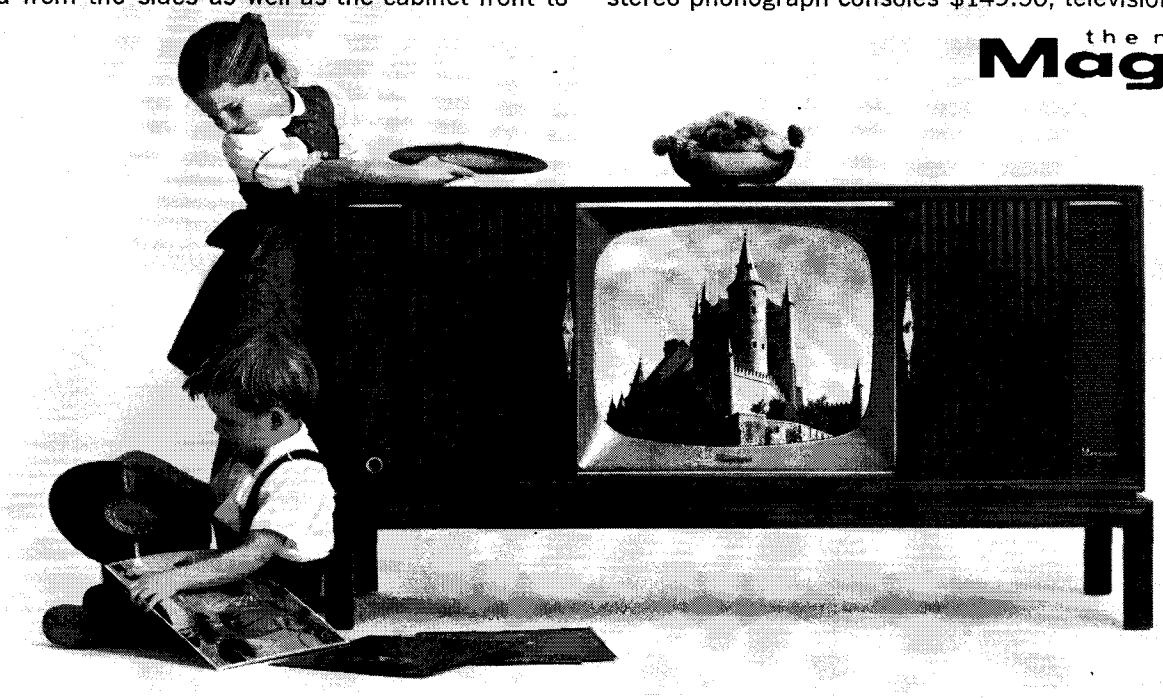

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"Tonio has been in the pictures before," he said proudly. "He has been an extra in *Ben Hur*."

"I don't need any extras at the moment," I told Tonio. "How would you like to play a part, an important part?"

Tonio stared at me incredulously. Before he could answer, the snake man, like a Hollywood (or a Roman) agent, was selling him to me.

"Tonio is what the cinema needs," he assured me. "He is my friend and I know. I also know about the women. They plague the life out of Tonio, and afterward he is plagued by their husbands and fathers and brothers." He jabbed a finger toward Tonio and winked obscenely at me.

Tonio regarded him with casual affection. "Do not listen to Guido," he said. "He likes to believe that I have made love to half the female population of Rome, whereas it is only a quarter." He howled at his labored joke, and his friend howled louder.

"Could we have a talk?" I asked Tonio.

"It is my lunch hour," Tonio answered. "If you lunch with me, we can talk."

"Do not sell yourself too cheaply," Guido warned and went to retrieve his snake.

Tonio looked after him half mockingly, half fondly. "Did you ever see anyone more hideous?" he asked before Guido was out of earshot. The little man smiled back at him as if Tonio had paid him a compliment, and my impression of hideousness was dissipated.

With Yodel, the dachshund, in tow, Tonio and I walked to a nearby *trattoria*, where he usually ate. On our way I inquired about his taming of Flavia and of the ferocity of the other lioness.

"Flavia and Livia are sisters," he told me, "and I have taken care of them since they were cubs. I trained the two of them, but Livia was jealous. She tried once to kill Flavia, so I had to place them in separate cages. There is a gate in the wall between them, and for a while I would go into Livia's enclosure and bring her food, but no longer. She became so wild that she clawed me." He rolled up his sleeve to reveal a long, jagged scar. "Now she hates me as much as Flavia loves me."

Over lunch, I told Tonio about his role in the picture. He asked a question or two, not unintelligently, but apart from the money he seemed only mildly interested. I warned him that before the role was his, he would have to take a screen test. I was already convinced that he fitted the part to perfection. He had an arrogance that would have been repellent were it not for his boyish quality. In addition, the effect of his presence on the female patrons of the *trattoria* was even more marked than his insolent inventory of them. There was a magnetism about him, and he was unashamedly aware of it. We had almost finished our meal when Yodel shot from under the table and scampered to a woman who was approaching. Tonio's face lighted up.

"Rosa," he shouted as the woman advanced languidly, followed by Yodel, his tail wagging.

Rosa was indeed something to wag at. She was voluptuously plump with great round breasts. Her skin was smooth, her lips full and demanding, and her black eyes had thick sensuous lashes. When her legs moved, every part of her seductive body moved in harmony.

"Rosa," said Tonio, "meet Claudio," and he drew up a chair. Before I could acknowledge the introduction, he scowled fiercely and added, "You are late."

"What could I do?" said Rosa. "The man came home, and I had to feed him."

"Is he still there?" asked Tonio worriedly.

"No," said Rosa. "I kissed him, I told him that I loved him and I sent him packing. Now I should like a glass of wine."

"One glass," said Tonio. "I have to be back at work at three."

"If only Flavia were a woman," said Rosa mockingly with a flirtatious glance at me, "how happy you would be together."

"At least she is faithful," said Tonio surlily.

Shortly thereafter, when Rosa had finished her glass of wine, Tonio rose to leave. "When shall I hear from you?" he asked me.

"I'll drop by in the morning," I told him, "and let you know about the test."

Rosa looked curious. "I am to be a great motion-picture star," said Tonio and, grasping her arm, he lifted her to her feet. "I shall tell you about it later."

Rosa started to protest, but Tonio was already pushing her toward the square. "*Ciao*, Claudio," he called and leered at me, as his arm encircled Rosa's waist.

I had planned to catch Tonio at the zoo the next morning before his outing with Flavia. Unfortunately I overslept, having had a late night celebrating my discovery with my Italian actress. By the time I reached my destination, there was no sign of life about the enclosure. I looked toward Livia's domain, but she was not visible either. In a short while I heard voices, and moments later Tonio came into view his hand lying fondly on Flavia's neck, with Yodel running about and barking happily, and the crowd following a few

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"Don't you hate rainy weather, when the kids have to play indoors?"

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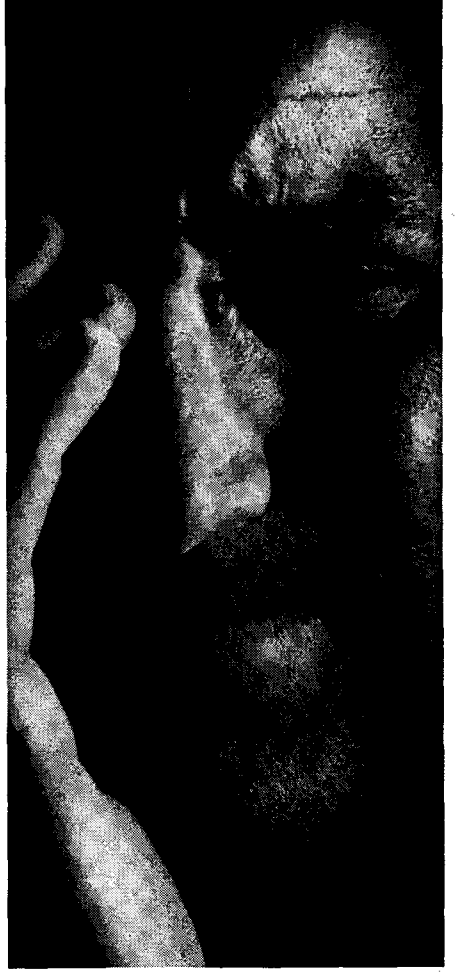
Head-Cold Congestion?
—and still have to keep on the go?



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More Deadly Than Hate

safe paces behind. As they came to the enclosure, Tonio spotted me.

"*Ciao*, Claudio," he shouted. "Come say *ciao*." He halted and the cat stopped with him. I hesitated. Tonio sensed my apprehension and goaded me.

"Come," he urged. "She will not hurt you, not while I am here," and he moved nearer, propelling Flavia. "Stroke her head," he ordered, "slowly, gently. She knows you are a friend."

Fearful of seeming fearful, I extended my hand tentatively, wondering if it was true, as I had been told, that animals could smell human fear. If so, I did not see how Flavia could miss *my* fear, for my nostrils were clogged with the acrid odor of it. Almost as terrifying was the prospect of showing my cowardice to Tonio and the watching crowd. My hand drew closer to the huge cat, who stood very still, eyeing me. Then, when my hand was almost on her head, Flavia stirred uneasily and growled. Quick as lightning, I pulled back my hand. Tonio looked curiously at the lioness.

"What is it, *bambina?*" he murmured. In answer came another growl, louder this time and more menacing. Then, to my relief, the lioness turned and walked toward the moat while the crowd scattered. Her eyes seemed to be focused on a spot high up in her enclosure, and now she was roaring fiercely. Tonio's face was black with anger.

"Flavia," he called commandingly, but the cat did not respond. It was, oddly, Yodel who came running. He had followed the lioness, and now, as if she had in some way given a message to him, he came bounding back to Tonio, whining and barking frantically. Tonio ignored him. His eyes were on Flavia.

"She has never been like this before," he said. Abruptly his face cleared. "I know," he cried. "She is hungry. I always leave food in her cave so that she may have it after our walk, and this morning I was very late in starting." He approached the lioness, his confidence restored. "Patience," he said to her soothingly. "In a moment you shall eat."

Flavia was neither assured nor quieted. She paced up and down before the moat, howling ferociously and looking up toward the cave. By this time several keepers armed with guns had arrived, attracted by the intensity of Flavia's roars. One of them called to Tonio.

"Any trouble?" he asked.

"None," said Tonio. "Just a hungry cat," and he started to lay the planks across the moat when, through the group of keepers, Guido came running.

"Tonio," he shouted, "don't go in."

Tonio, about to cross the moat, gazed at Guido curiously. "Why not?"

"There is something strange with Flavia," answered Guido. "Please, please do not go in."

"Nonsense," said Tonio. "All she wants is her lunch. . . . Come, *bambina*," and he started across again.

"Wait!" shouted Guido with new urgency. "Where is Livia?"

Tonio hesitated and looked toward the neighboring enclosure. "Probably sulking in her cave," he said. "Like all women, sometimes she broods and sometimes she screams." As if to confirm his statement, there came a mighty roar from Flavia, who was crossing the moat directly behind Tonio, and she leaped from the improvised bridge onto the plateau and bounded up the rocks toward her cave. Tonio gazed after her in amazement.

"Flavia!" he called angrily and started after her.

"Come back!" screamed Guido. The hysteria in his voice was so contagious that I found myself shouting too.

Our cries were drowned by roars from the cave, and in the opening Flavia reappeared, her teeth bared, snarling and pawing viciously toward the interior.

"Tonio, run!" screamed Guido, but Tonio was frozen near the edge of the moat, helplessly watching, as there came bounding from the mouth of the cave, past Flavia onto the plateau, a blood-flecked Livia.

What followed was a coupling of chaos and carnage. As Livia ran toward the stunned Tonio, I saw Guido grab a gun from one of the keepers and with trembling hands try to level it on the ravenous cat. Even had he been able to do so, it was too late. Livia leaped onto Tonio, and man and beast disappeared into the moat below. At the same moment Flavia came flying from the cave. She hesitated only a moment on the brink of the moat, from which came a sound of rending so awful that I retched and reeled. Then, with a mighty roar, Flavia dropped.

Guido and two or three keepers had run to the edge of the moat, while others tried to keep back the crowd. Guido looked and hastily drew away, tears streaming down his ugly face. He let fall his gun and slumped to the ground, his body writhing in revulsion and grief. The

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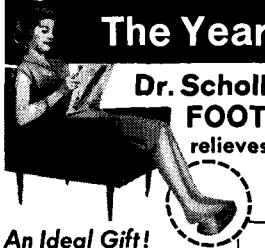

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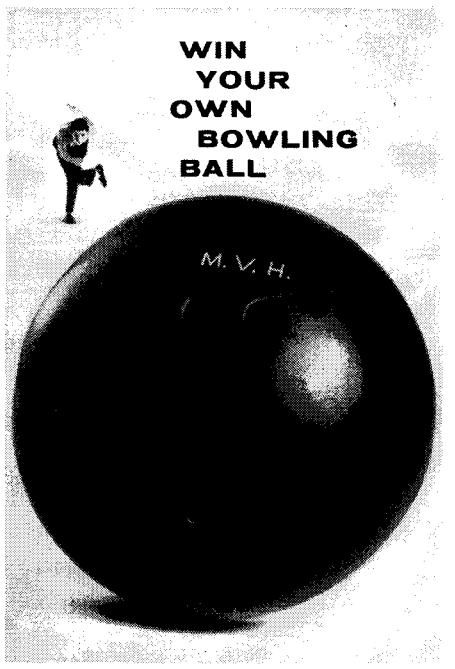

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other keepers stood gazing into the moat, like spectators at a bear pit, helplessly watching the fearsome battle of the lions. One man, cooler than the rest, raised his gun.

"It would be kinder to kill them," he said, "before they tear each other to bits." A second keeper nodded agreement, and together they started shooting into the pit. The roars ceased. Trembling uncontrollably but compulsively drawn, I walked toward the moat.

I saw a spectacle that was witnessed hundreds of times at circuses in ancient days. The body of Tonio lay bloody and distorted, his neck at an angle. Beside him was Flavia, clawed and ragged, and by some quirk Tonio's hand lay caressingly on her head. In a far corner huddled the body of Livia, violent even in death as blood gushed from her wounds. Suddenly I saw something else: a small brown form almost hidden by Tonio's body. It was Yodel, dead too, united with his master and with the beast who had been his incongruous playfellow. I turned away to blot out the grisly tableau. Mercifully my eyes grew dim, blackness engulfed me and I sank unconscious to the ground.

I awoke reluctantly to the sound of a voice saying, "Drink this," and Guido was standing over me, holding a glass of brandy. As I drank, I saw that I was in a small whitewashed cubicle, undoubtedly one of the zoo buildings, lying on a couch.

"You passed out," said Guido tonelessly, "and I cannot blame you."

The picture of the moat and the torn bodies came back agonizingly. "How could it have happened?" I asked. "How could Livia get into Flavia's enclosure?"

Guido shrugged and his face was grim. "Who can tell for sure?" he said. "The gate between the enclosures had been forced open, although no one noticed it until after, since it is screened from below by a rock. It is difficult to believe that Livia was strong enough to do it by herself. Possibly someone broke the lock, and she only had to push her way through, go to Flavia's cave where she knew there was food, and wait." His tone became bitter. "Someone must have planned this. Tonio had many women and therefore many enemies. More than one man threatened to kill him."

"It's hard to believe that anyone could hate that much," I said incredulously.

"Why?" asked Guido venomously. "Livia hated that much, and she was no more inhuman than men." Then he leaned against the wall and cried unrestrainedly. "Tonio was my friend, my only friend," he sobbed.

For almost a week I was confined to my bed, ill from shock and nervous exhaustion. Then one day Giuseppi Marcelli came to see me.

"I have booked a plane ticket for you for tomorrow," he said. "The doctor agrees with me that you should go to Ischia, where you will rest and get well. I cannot afford a sick director, since that will mean a sick picture. And let there be no argument," he added hastily. "I shall find your Roman satyr, and you are not to worry. You are also to try and forget about this dreadful thing."

I had no wish to argue with him even if I had had the strength. As for the casting, I no longer cared. Giuseppi could provide me with an actor. I had found the ideal man and lost him.

Next morning I arrived at the airport early and was about to settle down to a monotonous wait when I spied a familiar face. It was Guido, and I hurried toward him, wondering if perhaps the little man had phoned my hotel, heard of my departure and come to bring me some news of the mystery of Tonio's death. When I drew near, I saw that Guido must be traveling too, since there was a small canvas bag and a shapeless sack at his feet.

"*Amico*," he said, as he sighted me, "what are you doing here?"

"I'm flying to Naples," I told him, "and then on to Ischia. And you?"

"I am off to Sicily," said Guido sadly, "back to the town where I was born. Without Tonio I can no longer stay at the zoo or in Rome. There are too many memories." He looked off, and abruptly his face lighted up and its ugliness vanished. "My wife," he said and called excitedly, "Rosa! Rosa!"

I was almost afraid to look, but there, sure enough, was Tonio's Rosa and apparently Guido's Rosa. She did not hear her husband's shouts, for her attention was focused on a young pilot with whom she was flirting openly and outrageously. A look of fury restored the ugliness to Guido's features. He jumped up with a hasty "*Scusa*," picked up his bag and sack and started angrily toward Rosa. As he hoisted the sack onto his shoulder, I saw something writhe inside it and heard a faint but unmistakable hiss.

A while later, as I fastened my seat belt in the airplane, I was still shaken and confused. There was little doubt in my mind that Guido had accomplished the murder of Tonio, and yet I kept recalling the little man's warnings to his friend. I remembered the words he had spoken, "Tonio was my friend, my only friend," and his unashamed tears. Inside this ugly little man there must have battled, as fiercely as the two lions in the moat, a love and a hatred. The noise of the airplane engines rose, and it sounded strangely and frighteningly like the roars of the lions of Rome. **THE END**

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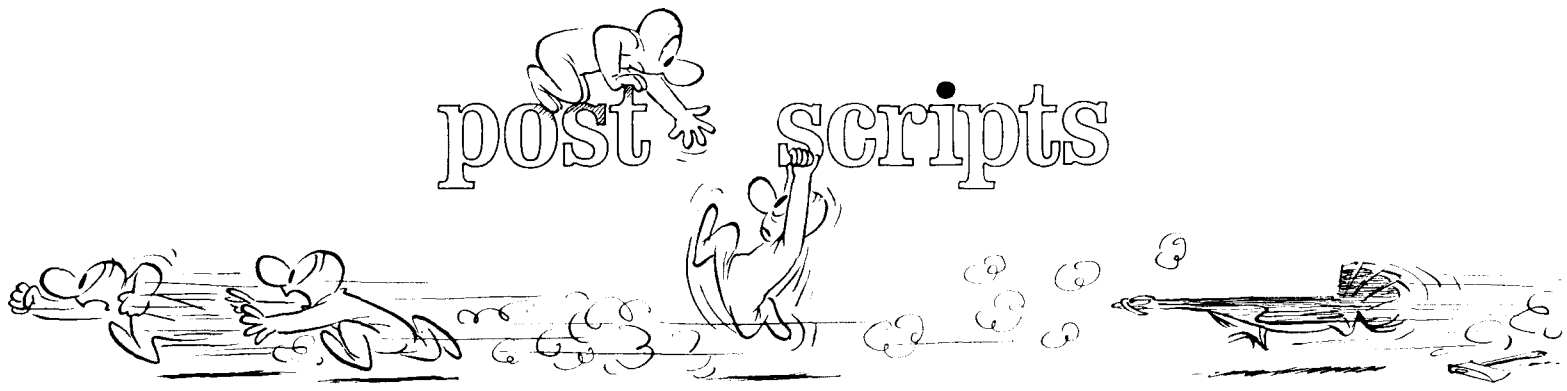
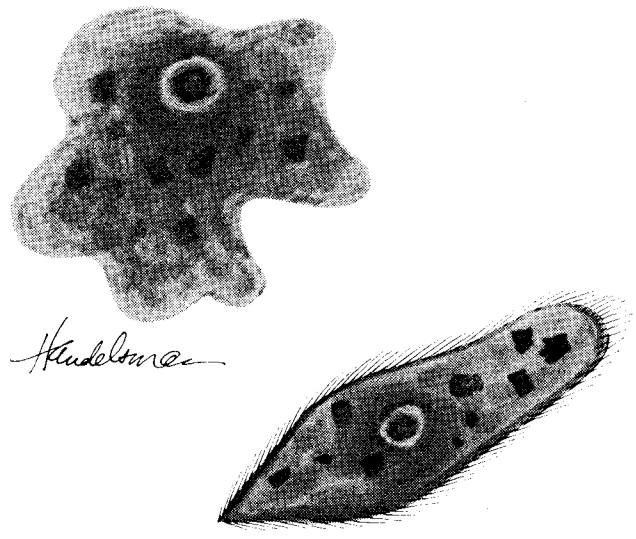


"I think you've zipped my Teddy bear in here with me."



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  They pummel, thump and gag you.

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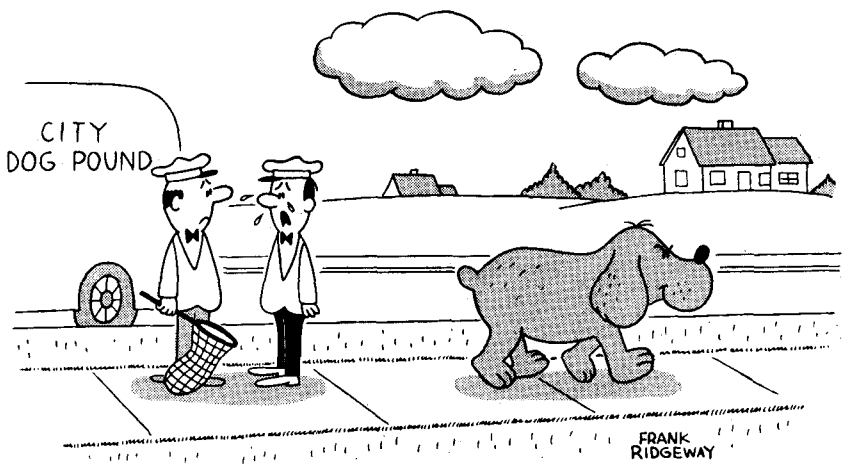
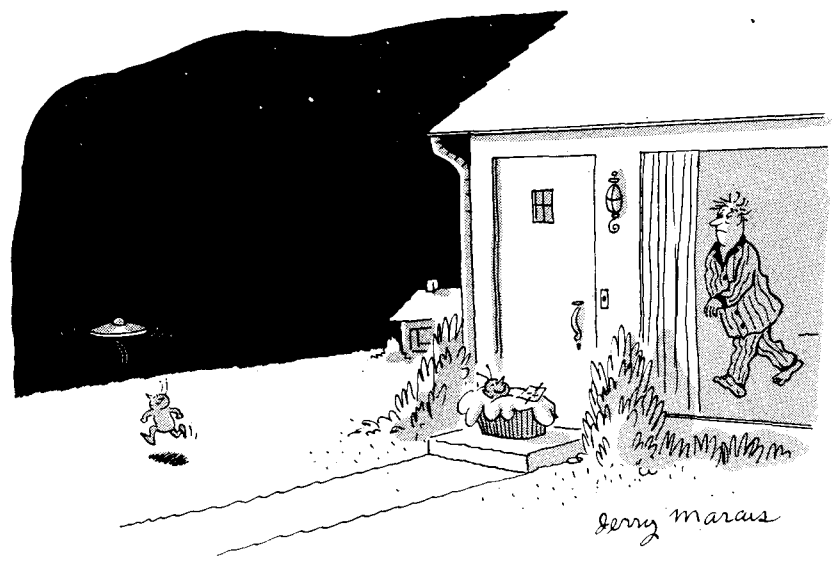
  To help the doctor cure it.
But few except the well and strong
  Are able to endure it!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

". . . and then I decided to install the plumbing in the cabin myself. Well, sir, on the first day out . . ."



"He ate my net!"



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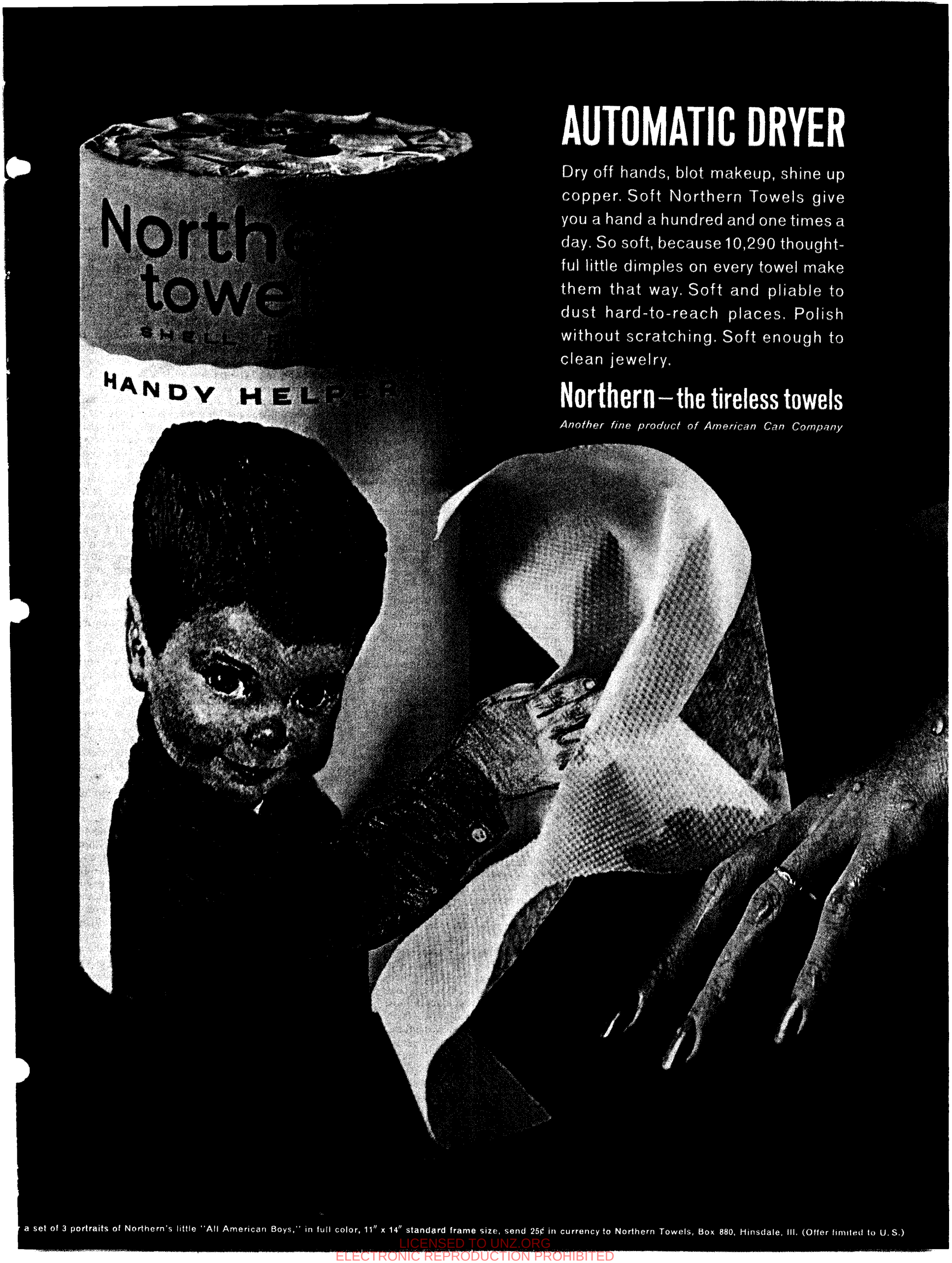

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My Awful Wedded Husband

By MRS. KIRK DOUGLAS

What's it like to live with a volcano? A 'practical' wife, Anne Douglas tells about her struggles to cope with the temper and whims of a man who always does and takes what he wants.

Living with my husband is like sitting in a beautiful garden right next to a volcano that may erupt at any moment. After nearly nine years of marriage I still am not used to him. A friend of mine asked me not long ago what irritates him most. "Me," I said.

My trouble is that I, a practical Belgian, can never seem to anticipate his quixotic moods. Take what happened one Thursday night. That's nurse's night out, and our two boys, Peter Vincent, seven, and Eric Anthony, four, always eat dinner with us. One night the smaller one was fussing and fretting, and I could see my husband getting ready to explode.

"Stop that, dear," I said to the boy, but he kept it up. "Stop it," I said again, "or you're going right straight to bed." Still he kept on—and finally I lost my temper, snatched him up, took him upstairs and put him in his room. I thought Kirk would be pleased. Instead, when I came back to the table, he looked at me as though I had turned into a witch.

"How could you bear to be so cruel to a child?" he demanded.

This is fairly typical behavior for my husband, if anything could be called typical where Kirk is concerned. The tension spits out of him like sparks. He may be one of the most intensely active men alive. He will get home from work in the afternoon, rush upstairs, change clothes, go for a swim, play some tennis for a few minutes, change his clothes again, make 16 telephone calls, read a script, take me for a walk, make 16 more telephone calls, gobble his dinner, run a movie on our living-room projector, read the newspaper and the trade papers, and finally crash into bed.

Does he go to sleep? Yes, he goes to sleep instantly, but an hour later he wakes up with an idea, rushes to write it down, then wakes me up and insists on telling me about it. By the time he is finished I am so wide awake I need a pill to go to sleep again, but he already is sleeping like a child. Two hours later he is awake again.

He is a man with an enormous amount of heart and sensitivity, but he is also a man violently given to outbursts of feeling. Another incident may illustrate this, the incident of the earrings.

Kirk is not good at remembering birthdays, holidays or anniversaries. He usually says to his secretary, "Get Anne something," and the secretary sends me a present from him which I always take back. One year we were in a New York jewelry shop, and Kirk and I saw a pair of earrings which I just loved. They were very expensive, and Kirk wasn't sure we could afford them—we had just bought a new house. Later I thought *What is the matter with me? I'm married, I don't need the money I have saved.* So I bought them without telling Kirk. Then I flew back to the coast; Kirk had to stay in New York on business.

The next day he was on the telephone, furious. "How dare you?" he cried. "You know I never remember details—but this time I did, and I went to get you those damned earrings, and they told me *you* bought them! Just for that—you pay for them yourself!"

This is the way he has been ever since we met, in mid-January, 1953. Around that time Anatole Litvak, the producer, was making a film in Paris called *Act of Love*. He wanted me to do the publicity. When I heard that the star was Kirk Douglas, I wondered if something had happened to Litvak's good taste. While crossing the Atlantic on a boat, I had seen Kirk in a picture called *The Big Trees*. It was so terrible everybody was laughing. But Litvak was an old friend, and I decided to take the job.

Fascinated by Ferocity

My first impression of Kirk was that he was the most forceful, energetic and demanding man I ever had met. As soon as we shook hands he looked me up and down and said, "Look, it's fine you're doing publicity for the picture, but I'll also need a personal publicity representative. How are you as a secretary? Can you take dictation? I have some letters to get out. Also, I need a cook, somebody to clean up my apartment, and somebody to take care of my clothes. I'll want you to do all those things, and ——"

"Wait a minute," I said. "I'll find somebody to do those things for you. Personal publicity, yes, but ——"

"Don't bother me with the details," he said. "Just get it done, will you?"

That night around seven the telephone rang in my apartment. The man on the other end spoke French very badly with a strong American accent. Finally he made me understand that he was Kirk Douglas and he was inviting me to dinner—except, as I recall, he used the wrong word for "dinner." I had been fascinated by his ferocious vitality when we met, but I always had made it a rule not to go out with movie stars.

"I'm sorry," I said to him in English. "I'm home now, cooking my own dinner, and I wish to stay home."

He again spoke in French. This was his first trip to Paris, and he was determined to master the language by speaking it at all times. (Later he did this also with Italian and German, and he now speaks all three fairly well.) He said he was astonished that I should want to stay home. I said I was sorry he was astonished, but I was staying home. He was angry. Kirk can get up at 7:30 in a good humor and be angry by 7:45. So, after he said a few more things in his traveler's-handbook French he hung up. I did not think much more about it that evening. Certainly the idea of becoming Mrs. Kirk Douglas never crossed my mind.

We were married 16 months later, on May 29, 1954.

I soon found out that my husband was not only never still but was also the world's champion doodler. All over the house we have pencils and pads—God help us all if he cannot find them when he wants them—and as soon as he sits down he begins to doodle. He draws something symbolic of whatever is on his mind, usually the part he is playing at the moment. He does not just play a part, it takes possession of him. During the last few months he has been drawing three matches, over and over. He has been making a picture called *Three-Way Match.*

When he gets an idea of how to play a scene, he paces up and down until he gets it exactly right. Then he acts it out for me. Nothing must interrupt until he has worked it out exactly. This is fascinating to watch, this creative process, but sometimes it is exhausting. When he was playing *Spartacus*, I felt as if I were in every battle scene. He would be lying in the sun, trying to relax, but muttering lines, and then he would jump up and cut the air with an imaginary sword, a fierce scowl on his face. Or he would clutch himself and drop as though stabbed.

Because he is so concentrated about everything, small things anger him—and then the explosions take place. He hates inefficient people, but even more he hates those who will not say "I don't know" if he asks them a question; mostly he does not like hemming and hawing and excuses. He hates to lose things, but he loses everything—keys, telephone numbers, pens, addresses, money, anything he happens to have in his pocket. He will not carry change. At the end of each day he throws all his silver into a drawer. When he does lose something, he gets furious and begins to yell and scream. Sometimes I will talk back to him, but mainly I remain silent. There are some days when I cannot do anything right. I cannot yell and scream; I am not that way. So, after he has got it all out, I am ready to burst. The other day he said to me, "You know, you're much more nervous than I am." It's probably true. Who would not be, living with a volcano?

I want to make it clear that I am not complaining. I love this wild man with all my heart. He is very possessive, and thank goodness the possessiveness is all about me. When he gets home, he wants what he wants at once: He wants me to sit down and mix him a drink and listen to what happened that day. He wants this conversation to happen immediately: He does not want to wait even five minutes. Should I be sitting at my desk going over correspondence or bills, he is furious. He shouts, "Get a secretary!" or, "Get a maid! I didn't marry you to be a secretary, I married you to be a wife!" If I am on the telephone when he comes in, he is even more impatient. He wants me to

Spartacus: *As with his other films, Douglas brought his role as a Roman slave home to wife and family*

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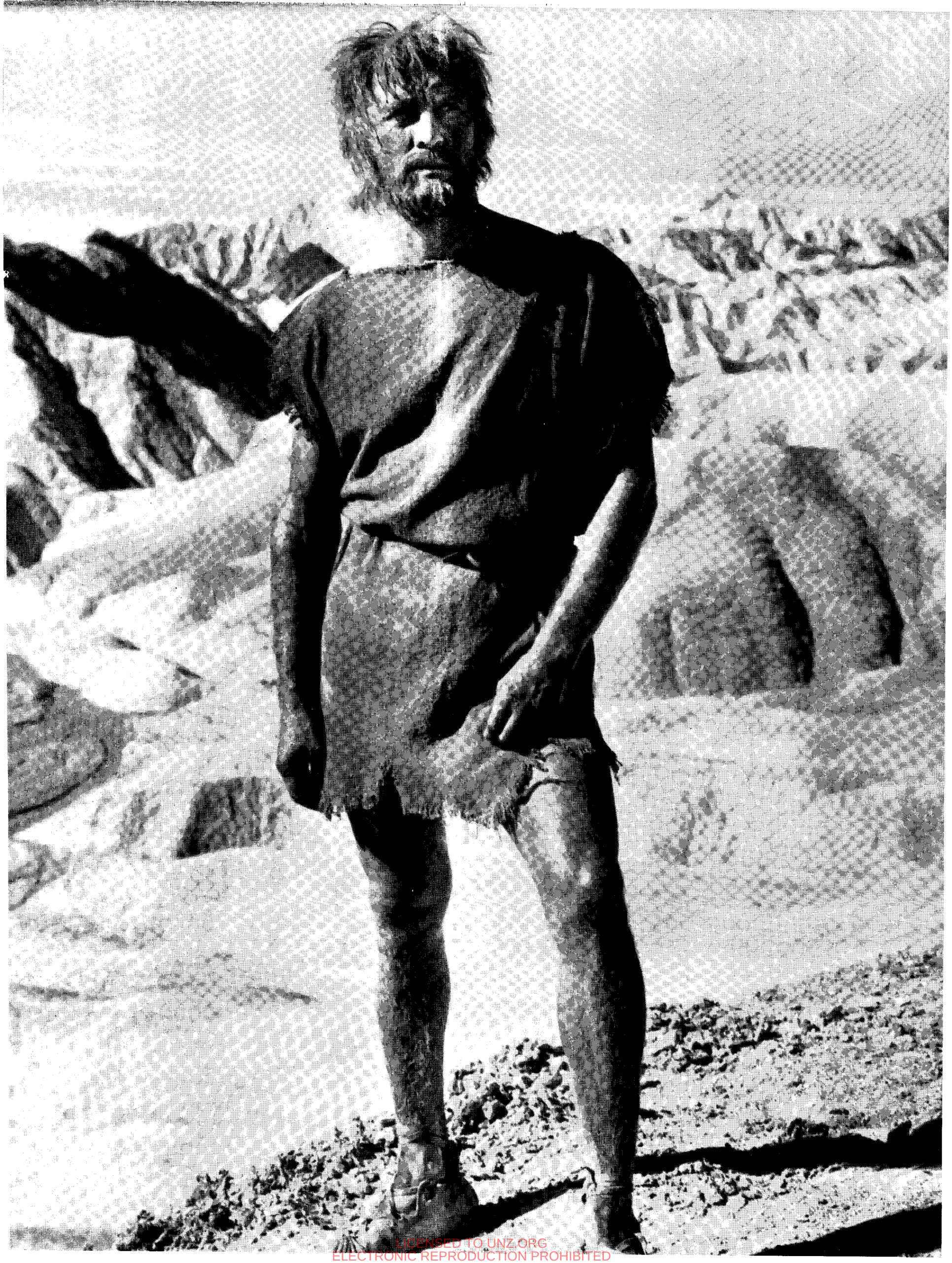

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Being married to a handsome and virile film star can be extremely upsetting—if a woman allows it to be.

Act of Love: *Anne did publicity.*

Champion: *Moved up as an actor.*

Lust for Life: *Played Van Gogh.*

Paths of Glory: *Critics praised.*

hang up. I try to explain to him that it is not polite just to cut off a conversation, but he does not want to hear about that. He says, "No! You must hang up. You just say, 'Excuse me, my husband is home. I have to hang up now.'" Even the children are not allowed to interrupt at these times. If they do, or if a maid comes in for some reason, the volcano goes off.

It is not that Kirk is short with the children at other times. On the contrary, he is very much involved with them and with the two older boys, Michael, 18, and Joel, 15, by his first marriage. The older boys visit us in the summers. Kirk helps the younger boys with their homework, listens to records with them, takes them skiing, and sometimes forces himself to take a whole day off so we can have a long time together. During his first marriage he and his wife were both involved very seriously in their careers, and I think perhaps he feels that he did not pay as much attention to their children as he thinks he should have; so perhaps now he is trying to make up. The only problem I have with him as far as the children are concerned is that I sometimes have to explain the eruptions to them. I say, "Daddy has been working very hard."

It is difficult to say just what causes Kirk to be the way he is. Part of his tension must come from his concern with his career. For a film actor it is not just the way he looks and learns and plays his part; it is a matter of planning his whole life very carefully. A film he might feel is the right vehicle just might not come off at all. Early this year he made *Lonely Are the Brave*, a good low-key Western, but not a picture that would appeal especially to the majority of women—and women are important in a picture's commercial success. So then he had high hopes for *Two Weeks in Another Town*, but it turned out to be dreadful. He was sick over it. It was a flop and he was stuck in it. Then he did *The Hook* for George Seaton, another good picture, but again, one without too much appeal for women. So his next problem was finding one that would draw them in, something very commercial. Kirk is of the old-fashioned school of thought about movie-making. He believes in constant exposure. He has made 40 pictures since 1946. Some were wonderful; some were awful. The best ones, I think, were *Champion*, *The Big Carnival*, *Detective Story*, *Lust for Life*, *Paths of Glory*, *Spartacus* and *Lonely Are the Brave*.

Working Off the Pasta

Kirk always brings his roles home with him. When he was doing *Lust for Life*, he came home in that red beard of Van Gogh's, wearing those big boots, stomping around the house—it was frightening. But he is not just an actor; since 1955 he has been a producer as well. He has to be involved with every infinitesimal detail. When he is working in Hollywood he usually gets up between five-thirty and seven A.M., and he is in the makeup man's chair two hours later. By then he has seen three or four people, called New York or London or Paris a few times, and also found time to eat a good breakfast. He is a hearty eater, but he does not have to watch his diet too carefully, because he paces off the poundage. When we were working in Italy he could eat pounds and pounds of *pasta* and never gain weight. These days he weighs 168–170. This is what Americans call his "fighting weight"—except that for Kirk any weight is his fighting weight.

Nobody Ever as Poor

When I try to speculate on what makes him fight so hard, I think it must be the life he had as a boy. To hear my husband tell it, nobody in the world ever was as poor as he was. The only thing that ever could hurt him would be to meet somebody who was poorer. He was born in Amsterdam, New York, the son of Russian immigrants. His real name is Issur Danielovitch, although his father later changed the name to Demsky. He had to work from the time he walked. He worked his way through St. Lawrence University, where he was encouraged by his teachers and classmates, who thought he had talent, to go to New York, to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. He also served three years in the Navy.

While going to the academy he was just as poor as he always had been. One Christmas he had dinner in a mission. He got some small parts in plays, mostly flops. Then one of his classmates, Lauren Bacall, who was already in Hollywood, told Hal Wallis, the producer, about him, and Wallis brought him out for a test.

Those bare facts tell nothing about the personality of my husband. He was reared by his mother and six older sisters, for his father deserted the family when Kirk was small. Part of my husband's life has been a monstrous effort to prove himself and gain recognition in the eyes of his father. The old man is dead now, but the pattern was set early—and not even four years of psychoanalysis, which he underwent soon after his first marriage broke up, could alter the drives that began as a desire to prove himself. There are other complications. He needed to get away from female domination. That is why, today, I have to be careful and not let him think I am taking over. I try to do things for him, and when he is in a good mood he appreciates it, but when he is not he resents it fiercely.

Kirk married Diana Dill when he was struggling in New York, in 1943. They were separated five years later and finally divorced in 1951. They both were too much interested in their acting to make a marriage. If you want to know the truth, I believe one of the reasons Kirk married me was that I was not an actress and had no desire whatever to be one.

In Hollywood he kept on trying to prove himself. Mervyn LeRoy's wife once told me that her husband is impossible when he works, but even more impossible when he doesn't, and that applies to my husband too. He has to do everything in his own way. His first part was in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, in 1946, and then he did six others. He was then up for a big part in an M-G-M picture, to be made with Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner, one that would have had his name above the title, indicating that the industry at last was recognizing him as a star. His agent had arranged this carefully. The buildup. But Kirk said, "No, I've just met this fellow Stanley Kramer and he's offered me the lead in a picture called *Champion*." Kramer was practically unknown and had a very low budget. The agent was outraged. Kirk insisted—and of course *Champion* did it for him, got him an Academy Award nomination, and moved him out of the just-another-actor class. Another time, he made a picture *for no money* just to get released from a contract. That was *The Big Trees*, the one I'd seen him in before we met.

Of course, I did not know any of this when I first met him in Paris, when he was making *Act of Love*. I did not see too much of him. He would snap an order at me and then rush on. Then, one afternoon after we had been working very hard, he suddenly said, "I'll buy you a drink." We went to a bar and he started to talk. All at once I began to see this overpowering man in an altogether different way. From that point on I fell very much in love with him.

The next picture for him was *Ulysses*, to be made in Rome, and by good luck I was hired to do publicity for that. There we had seven wonderful months on location, and in that time my feelings got stronger and stronger. I never mentioned marriage; somehow I knew that if you push Kirk, he is like a donkey, he will not move. Also, he obviously was interested at that time in Pier Angeli. So I waited and enjoyed the time with him and tried to forget that he possibly was interested more in her. When the location was over he was to go to Jamaica to do *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. I had signed up to work on a Marlene Dietrich picture, but before that I was going to Switzerland on a vacation. When I arrived, there he was. He had come to join me. It was heaven. But it had to end, because he had to go back to work, first in Jamaica and then in Hollywood.

Marriage Parlay in Vegas

As I said, I have a Belgian practicality. I also lived for a long time in Paris (I was married during World War II, changing my name from Anne Mars to Buydens, and later divorced) and therefore I calculated too. I was very much aware of my competition, Miss Angeli. I thought, *If he doesn't call me in six weeks, I've probably lost.* He called me in five! It took me a week to get ready, and off I went to Hollywood.

Alec Guinness is the only one who could play Kirk if anybody ever made a movie about our wedding. Kirk was working at Disney Studios, still on *Twenty Thousand*. His good friend,

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"I try to do things for him. When he is in a good mood he appreciates it. Otherwise he resents it fiercely."

Warren Cowan, and his lawyer, Sam Norton, and their wives picked me up, and then we went to get Kirk at the studio and then to the airport to get a plane for Las Vegas. You can get married there without waiting, which of course was the only thing that would suit an impatient man like Kirk. Except—we had a few delays. The plane was late. In Las Vegas we discovered that the marriage-license window is open 23 hours a day but closed from nine to ten. There were six couples ahead of us, and just as we were about to get our license the woman shut the window. By this time people were beginning to recognize Kirk, and because he didn't want a lot of fuss from fans and the press, he slipped out one door and I went out another.

"Awful Wedded Husband"

The only thing to do in downtown Las Vegas is gamble, so we went to the Golden Nugget. He and Warren and Sam got so interested I had to remind him that we were there to get married. We did go back and get the license, and we went to the hotel for our ceremony. It was to be held in our suite, and the justice of the peace came in immediately—a terribly nice Texan wearing high boots. He nearly married us sitting down because we couldn't figure out where to stand. Finally he decided to do it facing a mirror. I was so bewildered and excited I didn't quite know what was going on, and his Texas accent was so thick I didn't understand everything he said, so when he said, "lawful wedded husband," I said, "awful wedded husband." I heard them snickering behind me and knew I'd made a mistake—but I didn't have time to worry, because in a minute and a half it was all over. The justice kissed me and gave us his card and said, "I hope you'll vote for me for sheriff." His name was Honest John.

The manager of the club called and said, "We're holding the Danny Thomas show for you." We rushed there—I didn't even have a chance to comb my hair—and Danny made a big commotion about our being married. I thought, "In a little while I will be alone with my husband." But he and Warren and Sam started to gamble again. It was the 29th of May, so they were shooting nines at the crap table and winning like crazy. Warren said, "Let's go catch the Mickey Rooney show," so we tore over to see him. After that they gambled some more and kept on winning. The night ended at seven A.M. with cold cuts for the whole party. It seemed pointless to go to bed, so we all went swimming, and after lying in the sun for a while Kirk decided to go water-skiing. I never did get to bed on my wedding night.

As soon as we settled down into our life, I began to wonder what I would do to pass the time. That was no big problem, as it turned out. To be married to a man like Kirk gives one plenty to do. Our house is not large by Hollywood standards—we have a bedroom for each of us and the two boys plus a guest room, and three rooms for the help. But it *is* a household that needs running, and also I help Kirk's private secretary organize his appointments and take care of his correspondence. I work as a volunteer on the Free Bed Clinic of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, and work with Travelers Aid.

All this does not give me any time to sit idle, worrying about one of the things that upsets so many Hollywood wives. Being married to a film star, especially one as handsome and virile as my husband, can be *very* upsetting—if a woman allows it to be. For any woman married to a man like Kirk there must always be the vision of a—oh, Lana Turner or some other glamorous creature coming between; this *has* to come to your mind. As I am writing this he is making a picture with three beautiful girls. There are other lovely women who come on the set and whom he meets in the course of his work. But I have a God-given gift in that I am not jealous. If my husband has a good time at a party, dancing and joking with other women, I am delighted for him—because it happens so few times. If, when we are going home, he is telling me how divine so-and-so is, I am not jealous because, after all, it's me he's taking home. Someone asked me not long ago how I would behave if I found out he were having an affair. I don't know what I would do. I think I would not do anything drastic, because I know I have a lot more than most women ever could hope for.

When the Ranting Begins

Yet there are times, when the volcano erupts, when I am never sure of what is going on or where I stand. Not long ago he had a telephone conversation that made him furious. He was angry at himself, I think, but he was taking it out on me. The yelling and screaming began, and it kept up while he was putting on his dinner jacket and tying his tie—we were going out to a party. I kept quiet; I did not say one word. He kept it up all the time he was getting the car, raving and ranting all over the place. I still said nothing, except in the car I reminded him that we were to pick up a friend of mine, and I asked if he would mind. That caused more eruptions. "Of course I don't mind!" he shouted.

Then he began to talk about my friend, saying *she* was always on *her* husband's side, she was always fighting his battles for him—meaning I was never on his side. Still I didn't speak. But at my friend's house I said to her, "I think it would be better if we went to the party in your car." I got out and said good-bye to Kirk, and my friend and I drove off together. I don't know what he did, but somehow he managed to let off all the steam. Then, an hour and a half later, he arrived at the party, all smiles, ready for a good time. He came straight over to me. He kissed me.

He said, "I forgive you, Anne." That's my awful wedded husband. **THE END**

Anne Douglas has problems with her quixotic husband—but she stresses that she has no complaints. "I love this wild man."

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Inside the Frozen Mountain

Beneath a Wyoming peak, cave explorers find a hoard of beauty preserved in a natural freezer.

Peering through a column of clear ice, expedition leader Vic Schmidt examines a formation carved by falling water.

Near the cave entrance, stalactites slow Roswell Jones's passage through a natural trough cut in the frozen floor.

Deep inside Fossil Mountain four young cave explorers crawl single-file through a slender, ice-coated passage. Suddenly the passage turns upward, and the first man in line thrusts head and shoulders through the floor of a great frozen chamber. Astonished, he looks over the room. From its ceiling hangs a canopy of ice crystals, some measuring eight inches across. Pinnacles of clear ice, shimmering in the light of the caver's head lamp, curtain the chamber's far end. A frozen stream courses its floor. The explorers, on a National Speleological Society expedition, have reached the magnificent Crystal Room (right) of Fossil Mountain Ice Cave in northwest Wyoming.

"A spectacle like that gives cavers the excitement they go underground to find," says Vic Schmidt of Pittsburgh, leader of the seven-man party which explored the cave last summer. "The strange forms you see down there can't be found anywhere else. That's part of the beauty of caves—the formations are unique; they're not identified with other shapes."

Fossil Mountain's frigid cavern is the biggest and most spectacularly beautiful of the nation's two dozen or more *glaciéres*—as such limestone ice caves are called. There is ice throughout the cave's 800 feet of known passages. Glare ice, formed from water seeping through ceiling and walls, glazes nearly every surface, making exploration a slippery peril. Using mountain-climbing techniques, the cavers moved about with extreme caution. Even so, they suffered repeated falls. In some places, when photographer A.Y. Owen took pictures, he had to be tied to the wall with piton-anchored ropes to prevent him and his equipment from slipping away.

The worst danger in most caves—sudden flooding when rainstorms pour water through the sievelike limestone walls—is only a minor threat in Fossil Mountain. The temperature, hovering around 30 degrees, transforms dripping water into sparkling icicles and columns of ice. Where water drops have splashed and frozen, the cave floor glitters as if strewn with diamonds.

Largest formation in the cave is the Crystal Room's frozen stream, a mass of ice which Schmidt believes to be a 10,000-year-old remnant of the West's great glaciers. On further trips he hopes to take core samplings which might confirm the ice's age. His findings will be added to the store of knowledge contributed by explorers of Fossil Mountain—evidence that sheepherders sheltered in it 50 years ago, maps of its passages, data on air flow, humidity and barometric pressure.

Such information, however, can tell only part of the cave's story. The whole truth of its past, of the first primitive man to step inside it, will remain secrets. But cavers are romantics. To them, Fossil Mountain's mysteries are as delightful as its exquisite beauties. —BEN PATTERSON

Photographs by A. Y. Owen

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The Crystal Room: Beneath an icy canopy, John Dunn (left) and Chuck Acklin view a frozen stream believed to be an Ice Age relic.

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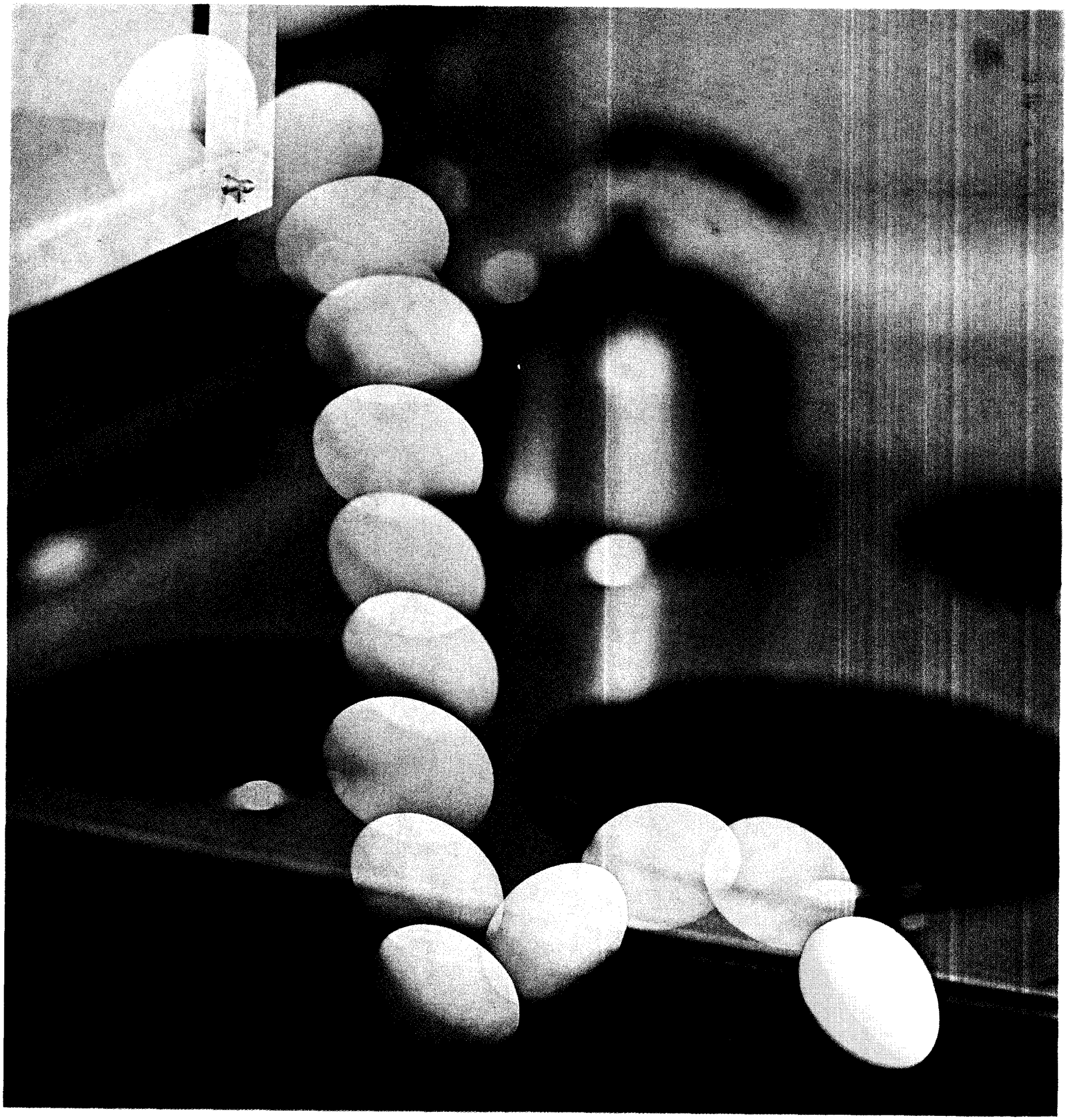

Sometimes it pays to be hardboiled

There are certain things you don't want to take chances with. Your savings, for instance. You want to know they're safe. That when you go to get them, they'll be there – the full amount, with interest. And you want to know that – no matter what – *somebody's* being pretty hardboiled about protecting them. *Like a bank.*

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Despite his front-line ordeal in Korea, Turner still gets along with turkeys, at Thanksgiving.

Let 'Em Eat . . . Turkey

The story of the crisis that erupted when the Veep missed Thanksgiving dinner in Korea.

• By WALTER M. TURNER, Lt. Col., USA

By 1030 hours on Thanksgiving Day, 1951, I had completed my early-morning reconnaissance of the most likely avenues of Communist attack and was heading back to my battalion area. I was commanding the First Battalion of the 7th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division. We had just returned the day before to frontline regimental reserve positions after spending three weeks in 8th Army reserve in the Seoul area.

As my jeep approached the battalion area, I could see that something extraordinary was going on. The whole area was a beehive of activity. Double squad tents were being erected where no tents had been before. More than a dozen vehicles which didn't belong to us were parked along the road, with the star tags of a general officer showing conspicuously. I immediately recognized the general and the division artillery commander, both of whom were standing in Company B area.

My driver pulled over to the side of the road, and before I could dismount, the general, whom I knew from Fort Benning, Georgia, shouted to me as he rushed over. "Turner, thank goodness you're here. We've been trying for over an hour to contact you!"

"General," I interrupted, "what in the world is going on that's important enough for you to supervise personally?"

"We're having somewhat of an emergency," the general said. "At ten hundred hours this morning we were notified by Eighth Army that the Vice President and his wife were making a special trip to spend Thanksgiving with the troops in Korea. The Third Division has been selected as the host. The Vice President and his party will be briefed by officers from corps headquarters in the double tents being erected in Company B area."

"Well, general," I said, "we're really flattered that corps is going to conduct its briefing down here—they've probably never been this close to the front lines before. But why here? Why not at division headquarters?"

The general appeared a little exasperated. It was obvious that he felt I wasn't understanding the problem.

"Turner," he said not too softly, "time is our problem. The theater commander will be here, the Eighth Army commander will be here, the corps commander will be here, the division commander will be here, and I will be here—not to mention the Vice President and his wife—and they will all be here within the hour! We don't have time to take them back to division headquarters for a briefing after dinner."

As the general said "dinner," I started to see the problem differently than he did. Time was not the major problem. With the sinking feeling of a guy who knows the cause is lost, I said, "Sir, is the Veep planning to eat dinner with us?"

"That's right, Turner," responded the general. "He has expressed a desire to have his Thanksgiving dinner with a combat battalion at the front. Yours is the only one in the division which can be visited with any degree of safety today, and he has already been notified accordingly. The newspaper, radio and newsreel people are on their way here right now to cover it."

My heart hit bottom. "General," I said with the full feeling of a man about to lose his head, "I hate to tell you this—and I certainly wish that I didn't have to—but we ate our Thanksgiving dinner last Sunday."

"You did what?"

"We served our Thanksgiving dinner last Sunday at Seoul," I repeated, "because we weren't sure we would be able to serve it at all today. We're serving corned-beef hash today."

The color had drained from the general's face, and he took on the expression of a man awaiting execution. "Hash!" he exclaimed. "No!"

At that point my battalion intelligence officer, Lt. William A. Richmond, who had the ability to recognize the good

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"General," I said, "this may be a delicate problem, but you know we don't have any facilities here for a lady."

Turkey points in every bad situation, joined the conversation, chiming in merrily, "It's a good hash."

The general almost exploded. His expression changed rapidly from that of a man condemned to that of an executioner. Richmond retired in great haste with no further comment—for which I will forever be thankful.

With Richmond gone, the general turned on me. My instincts told me to follow Richmond, but since I felt obligated to remain as a matter of principle, I simply closed my eyes and waited for the shock wave. The general was, however, regaining his composure. He said, with almost a sickening sweetness, "Every battalion commander in Korea is serving Thanksgiving dinner when it is supposed to be served—on Thanksgiving Day—except you. And we chose you. Why, why, did you have to be different and serve it on Sunday?"

"General," I replied as I felt myself becoming angry, "it may appear stupid today, but it made sense last Sunday. Then I thought my battalion would be in front-line battle positions today and perhaps fighting. For some of my men, that Thanksgiving dinner was going to be the last holiday meal they'd ever eat, and I wanted it served with a little peace and quiet and with all the trimmings I could find—and that's the way it was served.

"Additionally, I'll bet that if you had been commanding this battalion, you would have made the same decision."

The general looked at me for a moment as his composure returned. He said, "You're right. The question is, what's the best thing to do now?"

"General," I said, "there are several artillery battalions only a half mile from here. They will be serving Thanksgiving dinner. Why not take the Veep and his party to one of them for dinner and then drive on down here for the briefing?"

Support From Artillery

The general's eyes lighted up. He looked like a man who had just received a reprieve. "Turner," he said, "I can tell you're thinking. You almost came up with a perfect solution. However, the Veep didn't say he wanted to eat with an artillery battalion—he said an infantry battalion. And so did Van Fleet.

"What we'll do," he continued, "is pick up the Thanksgiving dinners from the artillery and give them to you."

I simply stared at the general, too shocked to reply. The division artillery commander, however, came to life for the first time since I had arrived. It was his turn to take on the look of a man about to die, which he managed to combine effectively with the look of a man about to murder.

"This is no time for jokes," he said.

"I'm not joking," exclaimed the general. "You go back to your artillery battalions and have them send their Thanksgiving dinners up to Turner—pronto."

"My God," the artillery commander shouted, "we can't do this! It's already too late for those units to prepare anything else in time for dinner. Surely you don't expect them to eat C rations on Thanksgiving, do you?"

"Of course not," the general replied impatiently. "Have them pick up Turner's 'good' hash when they bring the turkey." The die was cast. The First Battalion was about to eat its second Thanksgiving feast for 1951.

With the main problem now out of the way, the general turned his attention to other local problems. Under his supervision, the large and small stones which abounded in the area were picked up and used as borders for the paths which were established. Small trees were cut from the mountainside and "planted" in the area. Clean or new fatigues and field jackets arrived from the quartermaster and were quickly issued to the men in Company B, the unit scheduled to serve the dinner to the Vice President.

After a pause I told him, "I'm glad you brought up this topic of latrines, because I have a problem in connection with another aspect of the subject. You can solve it for me."

"What's that?" asked the general.

"Well," I said, "privacy is something we don't bother with up here. We need latrine screens now, however, and my supply officer has told me that the quartermaster won't issue them to us, because they're not authorized for units on line."

"Can't you tell the troops to just hold it while the Veep is here?" he asked.

"We can try," I replied, "but if it works for two hours after all that turkey, it'll be the greatest biological stoppage of the war. Also, who's going to give these 'hold it' instructions to the Veep?"

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Turkey sandwiches, turkey hash, turkey soup . . ."

The area was changing appearance rapidly, but it was obvious that another great problem was bothering the general.

"Turner," the general said, "there's one aspect of this operation that is bothering me."

"What is that, sir?"

"As you know," he said, "the Vice President is bringing along his wife, and they'll be here for about two hours. It may be that we'll have a requirement for a ladies' room while they are here."

The prospects of such a request frankly had not crossed my mind. "General," I said, "this could be a delicate problem, but you know that we don't have any facilities up here for a lady."

"What do you expect me to say if I'm asked for directions after dinner?" said the general. "Point to the woods?"

"OK, sir, OK," I said. "We'll build something that will do in an emergency."

"Call 'em," he said, as he pondered that prospect. "Call the quartermaster immediately and tell them I said to issue the screens."

At 1145 hours artillery trucks began to arrive, and by 1200 hours American history's first transfer of artillery turkey for infantry hash had been completed. As the glum-faced artillerymen headed back toward their units, the mess sergeant of Company B turned to me and said, "You know, major, I have the feeling that the artillery mess sergeant who delivered these beautiful birds to us didn't quite understand or have an appreciation for our problem."

By 1215 the meal was ready to be served—but the guests had not arrived, and we were glad. Our ladies' room was not ready, and the latrine screens had not arrived from the quartermaster. We received a call about 1220, telling us that the Veep could be expected about 1315 hours. We redoubled our effort, and by that hour all the screens were in place, and our ladies' room, a one-holer fashioned from ammunition boxes and complete with oil heater, was ready for use. The sign on the little building read:

LADY ONLY
THE ONLY POWDER ROOM NORTH
OF THE 38TH PARALLEL

At 1320 the general was called to the phone. When he returned, his long face indicated his displeasure with what he'd heard. "Turner," he said, "the Vice President and his party have been delayed and will not be here today. They will, however, be here tomorrow.

Back to the Kitchen Again

"Circumstances will prevent the Veep from eating a Thanksgiving dinner at all today. Eighth Army wants him to be served a Thanksgiving dinner with the troops tomorrow."

"Gosh, sir," I said, "we just don't have any means of saving this meal for dinner tomorrow."

"Hell," he exploded, "I know that! Serve this meal right now and then draw another complete Thanksgiving ration to serve tomorrow."

And so the battalion started preparing to serve its third Thanksgiving dinner for 1951.

Thanksgiving night was a big one for the mess personnel. Preparation of a roast-turkey dinner under field conditions is a major undertaking. No one slept, but by noon the next day another feast was ready.

All the rocks in the area had been nicely rearranged. The division engineers had been hauling beautiful white river-bottom sand into the area so that it looked more like a beach than a Korean hillside. The road into the area had seen its first road scraper of the war—not one, but seven—and was beginning to approach superhighway proportions by Korean standards. The "powder room" had been striped with the division colors, blue and white—not the seat, just the outside. The entire area was a garden of hewn evergreen trees. There could be no doubt left of the manner in which front-line troops lived.

At 1215 the call came again—no Vice President. However, he would be up tomorrow for dinner.

"General," I mumbled, "I hope he's managed to find a turkey somewhere today. These men couldn't look a turkey in the eye tomorrow, much less eat one."

"Yes," he replied, "they took care of him at Eighth Army."

He continued, "You'll draw steak for tomorrow's meal."

We drew the steaks, but by the time the Veep got there, we were gone. The Chinese had attacked the 7th Infantry Regiment's positions, and that night the First Battalion went back into the shooting war, leaving behind our freshly manicured area, one beautiful blue-and-white privy and mounds upon mounds of turkey bones. We were probably the first Army outfit in history that actually looked forward to eating C rations. **THE END**

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Cal Farley and his boys.

Boys' Home on the Range

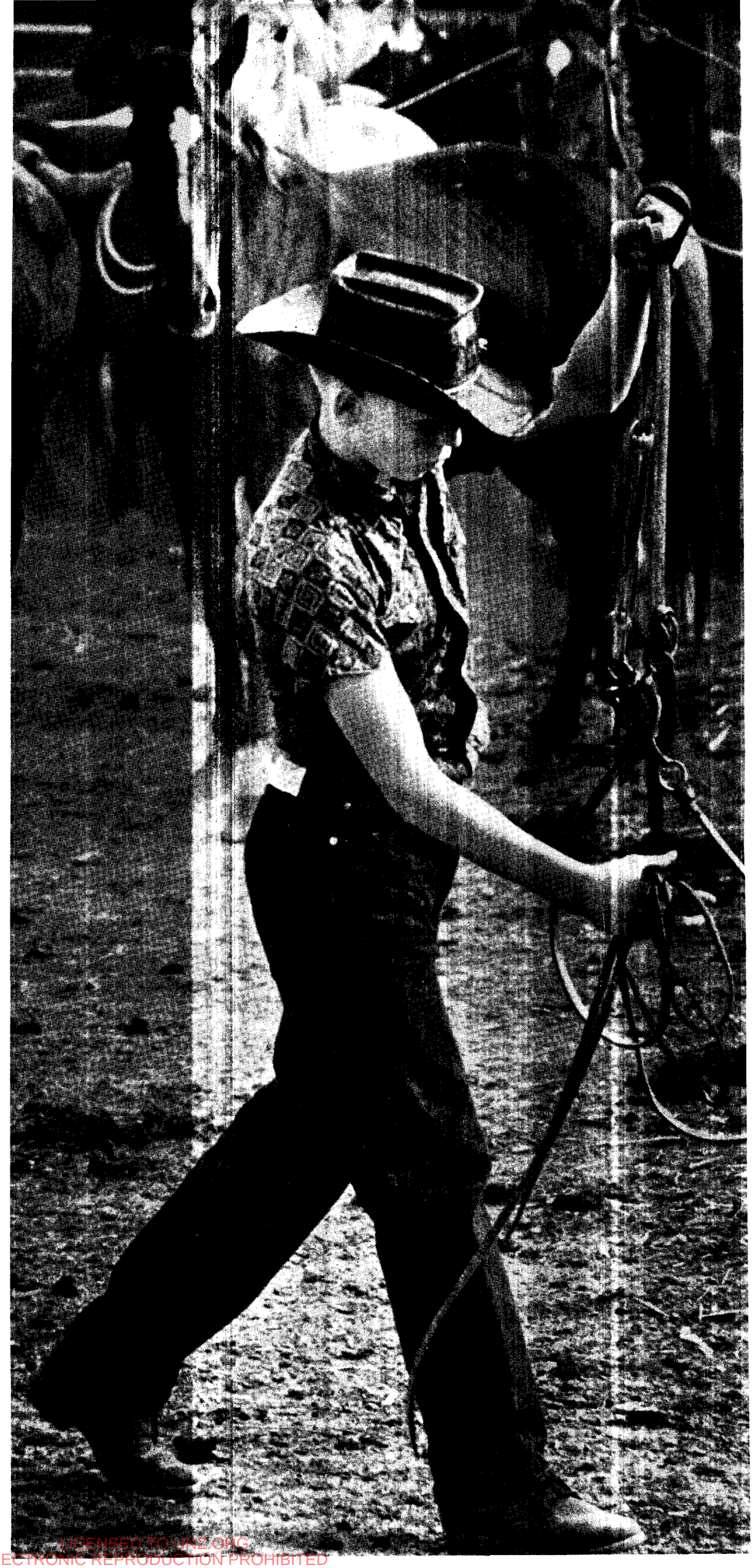
At Boys Ranch, in the rugged cow country of Texas' Panhandle, Cal Farley uses work, love and discipline to turn bad boys into good ones.

By BEN HIBBS

The old saying that a few rotten apples soon spoil the whole barrel has often been applied to the boys in our correctional institutions. Most social workers will tell you that one of our worst mistakes in the battle against delinquency is the indiscriminate mixing, in reformatories and industrial schools, of hardened young toughs with youngsters who are more unfortunate than vicious and still have a high potential for rehabilitation.

The experts doubtless are right. Most of these institutions are inadequately staffed and put more emphasis on custody than on genuine reform. Yet most old proverbs have their exceptions, and at a place called Boys Ranch, a privately financed home in the Panhandle of Texas, the ancient adage of the spoiled apples has been reversed. J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, has called Boys Ranch a blueprint for the prevention of crime.

Boys Ranch has a fluctuating population of about 300 youngsters, ranging in age from four to 17, and mixes the "bad" ones with the "good" ones. Yet about 95 percent of these boys go out into the world to become decent and useful citizens. Approximately half the boys now at the Ranch have been in trouble with the law, some in serious trouble. Among them are numerous young burglars and



At work in the ranch corral, Lawrence Nash readies a bridle for his horse.

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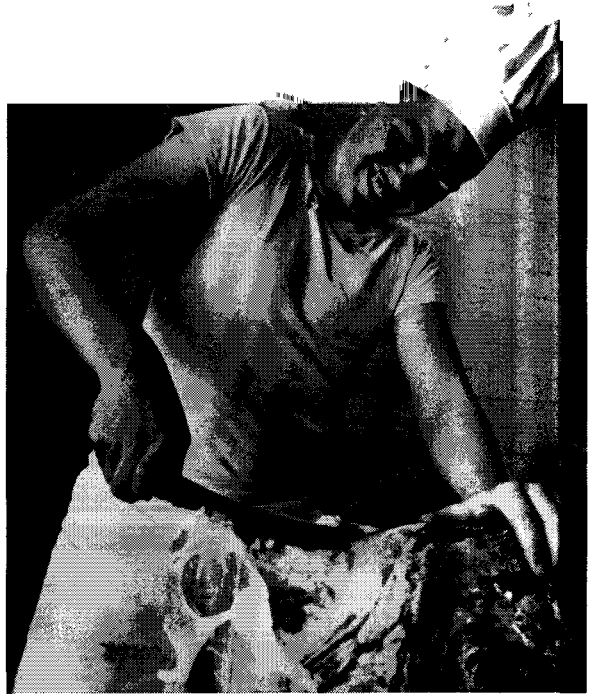
"I have never yet met a kid who didn't have some vestige of pride."



Charles Roth learns kitchen skills.

Buster Schupman runs a road grader.

many who have stolen automobiles. Two killed their own fathers, and one murdered a playmate. Most of the other half might be classed as predelinquent, boys who have no criminal records but who were headed for trouble. Nearly all have come from broken homes, many from the lowest levels of society.

On a recent visit at Boys Ranch, I examined the dossiers of most of the youngsters now there. In at least two thirds of the cases, either the mother or father was an alcoholic, sometimes both. Many of the fathers were in prison. Not infrequently the mother practiced prostitution, either as a profession or part time, to eke out her meager earnings as a waitress or laundress.

Some of the boys, however, are from better backgrounds—from families that have high moral standards but simply haven't been able to make it economically or have tried hard and failed with a headstrong kid. Some of the boys are orphans who lived with their grandparents, usually honorable people who had reached an age when they no longer could cope with the financial or perhaps with the disciplinary problems of bringing up a boy.

I asked Cal Farley, the remarkable man who founded Boys Ranch in 1939 and still runs it, how he does it—how he makes good ones out of the bad ones. His answer, in three parts, seemed fairly simple. However, after I had been around the Ranch a couple of days, I found that in actual operation there was nothing easy about Farley's program. Indeed, the complex problems faced by the Ranch staff—and their occasional failures—underscore the fact that there are no simple solutions when you are dealing with wayward boys.

"In the first place," Farley said, explaining his methods, "we give these kids some affection, make them feel they have a place in the world and are wanted. I won't have a man or woman on my staff who doesn't genuinely like boys, who doesn't try to help them. This doesn't mean that we have no discipline; we can be tough when we have to be—which is rather frequently. On the other hand, I won't stand for brutality. Sure, we'll give a kid a few whacks with a belt if we think he needs it, but that's hardly the same as a brutalized reformatory guard beating a boy with his fists or a board."

(Farley, who is in great demand as a speaker, sprinkles his talks with home-grown epigrams, such as: "This country was doing all right with its kids until some old boy invented the safety razor, and the strap disappeared. Then natural gas came in, and there went the woodshed.")

"Second," he said, going on with his answer to my question, "the steady boys here at the ranch help us show the wild ones how to conduct themselves honorably and get along with the group. The older boys who have earned it are appointed junior leaders, and they are vastly proud of their jobs. I never cease to be amazed at how much they can help in turning an undisciplined young animal around in his tracks and making a decent kid out of him.

The Right Kind of Staff

"Just before a new boy arrives, we sit down with the youngsters in his dormitory and ask them—all of them—to help him, and they do. They do it because they are proud that we have asked their help. I have never yet met a kid, no matter how bad, who didn't have some vestige of pride, latent though it might be.

"And third," Farley continued, "we have an adequate staff and the right kind of staff. Counting the 20 teachers in our Ranch school, our adult staff runs to about 60 people—approximately one for every five boys. That gives us a chance to work individually with every boy, and double time with the difficult ones. Moreover, every man here has two jobs. He may run the laundry or do office work, but he also has the job of helping shape the lives of these kids, teaching them solid work habits and such elemental things as honesty, fair play and kindness to others.

"Take, for example, our head chef, Leon Jenkins. Now, there's a guy who has quite a job, feeding 300 hungry boys and our staff and their families. He has to get up at 4:30 in the morning to start proceedings, and he's at it all day, but he never stops doing what he can for the boys who work in the kitchen: riding herd on them, giving them guidance and teaching them a useful trade that will enable them to get jobs when they leave us." Farley paused and his eyes twinkled. "Get Jenkins to tell you about his current pride and joy."

I did, later that day. Jenkins is justly proud of a number of kids he has trained in kitchen work, but Charles Roth is his current star pupil.

Charles came to the Ranch from a large Western city. The boy's father died when Charles was an infant; his mother remarried. Charles had been to school only intermittently. He couldn't read, even at the primary level. He spent half of each day in a special class and the other half in vocational work—learning a trade. Eventually he landed in the Ranch kitchen, which compares favorably with modern hotel or institutional kitchens.

At first Charles resented being assigned to a "dirty job." He sulked. Twice on trips away from the Ranch with other boys he disappeared but was retrieved before he got into trouble. Jenkins worked with him, appealed to his pride, and before long Charles began to take an interest in his tasks. He found that kitchen work was something he could do and do well. Now Charles is almost 16, a strapping big kid, erect, good-looking, with a slow smile and an air of happy well-being.

"There isn't anything around this kitchen that Charlie can't do," Jenkins said. "He can take a side of beef and cut it up as expertly as an experienced butcher. He goes ahead on anything I ask him to do with very little instruction. Right now he could hold down a reasonably good job in a hotel or a hospital kitchen. Another year here, and he'll be even better. He will go out of here and earn a comfortable living and be a useful citizen."

Charles Roth's case is typical, not unusual. I studied the Ranch "alumni" files, read dozens of letters from former "ranchers"—as the boys like to call themselves—who are now successfully holding jobs as bricklayers, stonemasons, bulldozer operators, telephone linesmen, plumbers, electrical repairmen, automobile mechanics and in many other trades. Some few of the boys go on to college and enter professions but for most of them formal education ends when they leave the Ranch. "We long ago faced up to the fact that we are not going to make bank presidents out of these kids," Farley says. Most do their military hitch and then are absorbed by the skilled trades.

Without exception, the alumni letters I read expressed gratitude for "what you folks did for me." Often the ex-rancher proudly enclosed snapshots of his wife and children. Boys Ranch has now been in existence long enough to point with pride to the "next generation."

Cal Farley himself came from a broken home. Born in Iowa in 1895, he moved with his parents at an early age to a farm in Minnesota. He was one of six children in a family which had a hard time making ends meet. His father, who was soured on life, quarreled constantly with his wife, gave little attention to the children and finally left home never to return, when Cal was in his early teens. Cal helped his mother and brothers with the farm work, and finished the eighth grade. That was the end of his conventional education, except for a brief period in a business school some years later.

As a youngster, Cal was interested in wrestling and baseball. When he was 16, he landed a place on a semipro ball team at $60 a month—and was on his own. For a number of years baseball and professional wrestling were his livelihood. During World War I he went to France and fought in seven of the toughest battles in which American troops were involved. Despite the fact that he is a small man—only five feet six—he became a champion wrestler in the AEF. After the war he worked for a time in a bank, then returned to wrestling and baseball. In those days, incidentally, wrestling was a sport, not vaudeville.

Opens Shop in Amarillo

One day in 1923 Farley landed in Amarillo, Texas—then a dusty, lusty town of 16,000, now a booming city of 150,000—to take a job as second baseman on the town's Class D ball team. Between games and in off-season he wrestled. There came a day, however, when he got so painfully trounced in a wrestling match for the world's welterweight championship that he decided he was getting too old for that kind of work. He bought an Amarillo tire shop on a shoestring, expanded it over the years and made a modest fortune. Meanwhile, he had married a sweet Texas girl, Mable (Mimi) Fincher, who has worked tirelessly with Cal in the establishment and development of Boys Ranch.

The Farleys never had any sons of their own—their one child is a daughter, who is married to Sherman Harriman, a Ranch executive—but Cal was always interested in boys, even as a young man. Eventually he saw the need in rapidly growing Amarillo for a home in the country for youngsters who were heading

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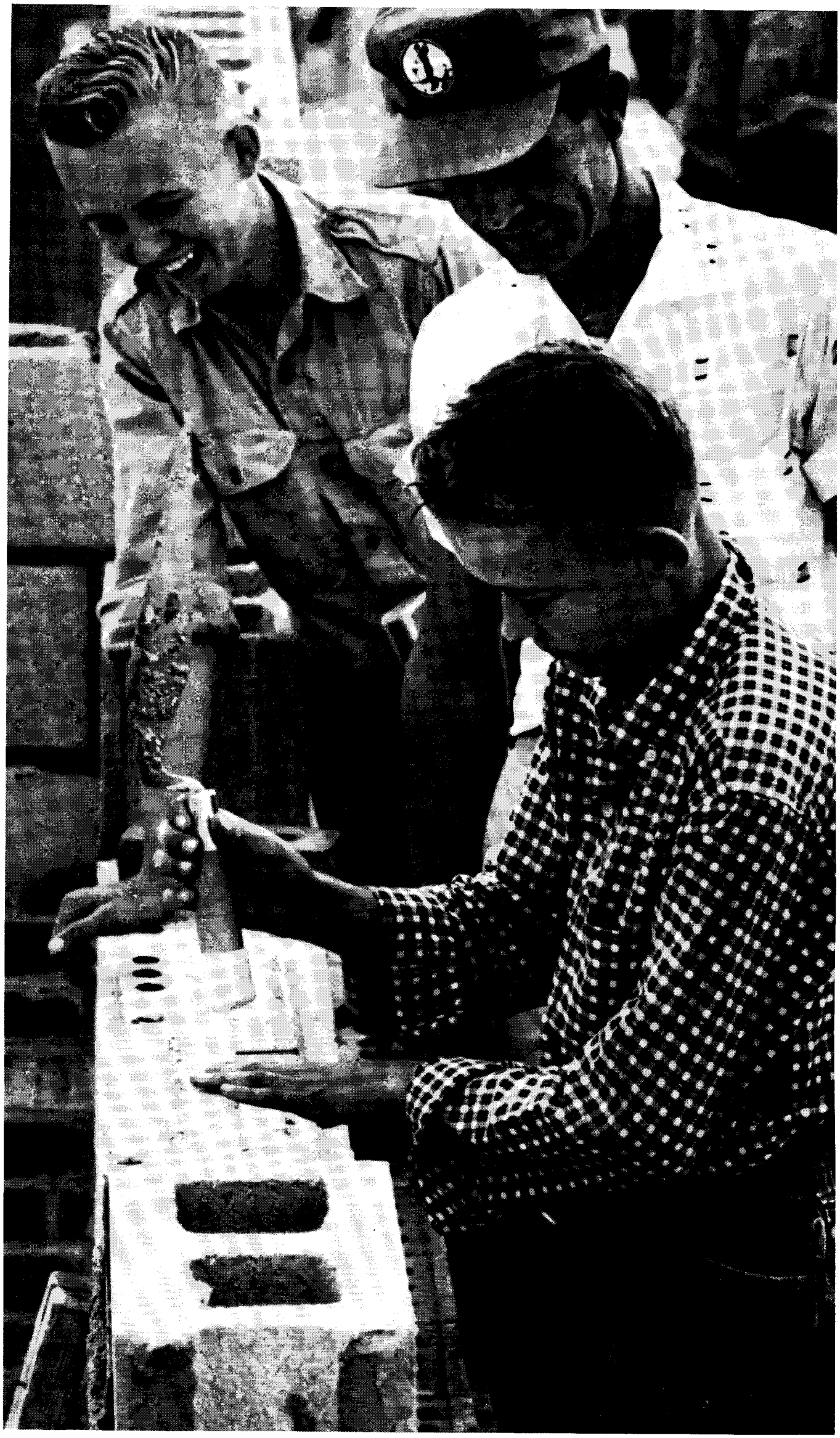
Dean Warren threads a length of pipe.

Photographs by Bill Shrout.



Ranch alumnus Roy Turner, now a contractor, oversees Joe Romero (left) and Lloyd Lizakowski.

for trouble. One day in 1938 Farley discussed this problem and his dream with Julian L. Bivins, a wealthy rancher.

Bivins sparked to the idea. "Well, Cal," he said, "I'll tell you. That old courthouse out at Tascosa and the land around it belong to me—part of my ranch actually. If you think that might do, I'll give you the courthouse and enough land for the kids to move around on, as a starter."

Tascosa, which lies 40 miles northwest of Amarillo in the rugged, starkly beautiful country along the Canadian River, burgeoned and died in the 1880's and 890's. In its day it was a hell-roaring town of the cattle trails, as famous and as lurid as Dodge City. But when the railroad came, it missed Tascosa, and eventually the county seat was moved elsewhere. By 1938 there was nothing left of Tascosa but the soundly built old courthouse, a few tumbledown adobe and frame dwellings, and a boot hill cemetery.

Farley accepted Bivins's offer and that same year took a handful of unfortunate kids out to Tascosa and bedded them down in the old courthouse. To run the place he hired a cook and a man who liked boys and could handle them. In March of 1939 Boys Ranch was incorporated. Five years later the Ranch had become such an inspiring experiment that *The Post* published an article about it (ALLEY COWBOYS, by Neil M. Clark, April 1, 1944). By that time it had 40 boys in residence, and about 100 had been trained there. The physical plant consisted of the old courthouse and some modest frame buildings. The emphasis was still on ranching and farm work, and Farley had not yet screwed up his courage to take the really tough kids. Financing the layout was still uphill work.

Today the Ranch owns property approaching $5,000,000 in worth—and no longer can be called an experiment. The physical plant at Tascosa consists of thirty-one good buildings, including a handsome dining hall seating 500 and a ıe new school building. An indoor swimming pool and a religious-education building were recently completed.

The home ranch now adds up to 1010 acres. Elsewhere, in various parcels, are about 9000 acres more; some of it is rich farmland, deeded to the Ranch by well-wishers—an excellent source of income. In Amarillo, a handsome stone office building, owned by the Ranch, is used for its own administrative and fund-raising

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"We give these kids some affection, make them feel they have a place in the world."

Staffer Rickey Swan bathes a 7-year-old.

Young ranchers hear story from dorm dad Daylon Johnson.

purposes. In recent years a Ranch foundation was started, and already it has substantial investments.

All this, including the cost of running Boys Ranch, has been done without a cent of tax money—except for the salaries of the schoolteachers. The state of Texas, on the theory that it would have to educate these kids anyway if they were running loose, pays 16 teachers. Farley, realizing that he has a good many slow kids who need individual attention, hires four more teachers out of Ranch funds.

Admittedly Farley is lucky in the location of Boys Ranch; Texas is wealthy and bighearted. The Ranch now has a formidable board of directors, composed of 24 well-heeled business and professional men of that area. But that is only half the story. Cal is a promoter, in the better sense of the word; he knows how to set people afire. In 1947 he sold out his business and since then has devoted his entire time to Ranch affairs. That was when Boys Ranch really began to grow. Incidentally, Farley has never taken a dime of salary for himself out of Ranch funds.

Most of the land and the new buildings at the Ranch have been given outright by individuals, civic clubs, church groups and other organizations. Much equipment is donated or bought at a fraction of its retail cost. For example, each of three automobile dealers in Amarillo gives the Ranch a new car or station wagon every year, taking back the old one which he donated the year before.

An Amarillo bakery supplies, free, all the bread the kids can eat; a laundry does their shirts without cost; a wholesale produce house sends out truckloads of its overstocks of bananas, lettuce and other items. Each of a number of cattle ranchers in the area signs up to give the Ranch one fat steer every year, and the boys butcher these animals in their own abattoir. Amarillo doctors and dentists give their services gratis. Most of the kids come to the Ranch with teeth which have gone bad through neglect and poor diet. Many of the boys, even urchins of nine and ten, have to have partial plates.

But even with all these donations of goods and services, it still costs a lot of cash money to run Boys Ranch—to be exact, $136 a month for each kid. So Farley blankets the country with an annual appeal, and it's the five- and ten-dollar gifts that keep things rolling. He feels he can do this in good conscience, because the Ranch has become a national institution. Currently he has boys from 32 states.

One day while I was there, a new boy we'll call Jimmy arrived from Florida. Jimmy's father was a chronic drunk, and Jimmy, the eldest of five children, had grown to despise him. The mother finally picked up her brood, moved to Florida, got a divorce and hired a woman to look after the kids while she worked in an office. It was tough going financially. Jimmy, now 12, began to run wild, was caught a couple of times in petty pilfering; and his mother, an intelligent but desperate woman, wrote a letter to Farley, asking him to take the boy.

(This is how the Ranch gets some of its boys—through appeals from parents or other relatives. Welfare and youth workers and ministers often see a boy's need and ask Farley's help. Juvenile judges, especially in a number of the Western states, work closely with the Ranch, and many of the tough kids come from their courts. The Ranch always has far more applicants than it can accept.)

Neither Walls Nor Fences

Jimmy came alone by plane to Amarillo, arriving one evening. The next morning, before he was brought to the Ranch, he was so scared and tense that he vomited three times. Yet he walked in to meet the Ranch officials with a brave hello—a manly, blond youngster with a winning smile. It was a scene to wring the heart of a wooden Indian.

John McCarty, the young, outgoing director of boys, talked with the kid in a quiet, friendly way, putting him at ease, giving him some of the simple ground rules. This was a home, he explained, not a prison; there was no wall or fence. Jimmy would live in a dormitory with 35 other boys who also had had their problems and with his "dorm parents," Mr. and Mrs. Carnes. Bob Carnes then took Jimmy to his dorm to meet the other kids and Janice Carnes, who would mother him a bit. Later that day I saw Jimmy at the dining hall; he was laughing and talking with his new pals.

Life at the Ranch revolves around the groups in the dormitories, each of which houses 36 boys. The boys in each dorm work together, play together in the extensive sports program, go on summer camping trips together. Each dormitory has its dorm parents, a man and his wife, who, to get hired, must have at least one child of their own. Most of these down-to-earth young couples—all of whom have at least two years of college—are recruited from the farms and small towns of North Texas. There are no psychologists or sociologists at the Ranch, but these professions are practiced constantly in a homegrown way every day.

Not all at the Ranch is moonlight and roses. Boys get out of line and have to be disciplined—usually by having their privileges taken from them. Some grow restless and run away, a few of them several times, particularly the new kids. Usually they are found quickly and brought back. Of the 1400 boys who have lived at the Ranch over the years, Farley has had to give up on about 45, turn them back to institutions with walls and guards. This is usually because he got them too late, and it breaks his heart.

Yet it is easy to see that nearly all the "ranchers" are happy kids. I talked with a lot of them, and they loyally regard the Ranch as their home and often refer to the Farleys as "Mom and Dad Farley." Many come back to be married in the pretty little chapel. The atmosphere at the Ranch is relaxed. Dogs abound in all sizes and varieties; there is no marching to and from classes; there are no uniforms. Each boy buys his own clothing out of the modest wages paid him for his work. Blue jeans, bright sport shirts and Windbreakers are the garb of the day. Each has his own bank account at the Ranch bank, writes checks against it when he wants to buy something at the Ranch store and often saves a tidy little sum against the day when he turns seventeen and goes out into the world.

In the beginning Boys Ranch placed its primary emphasis on ranch and farm work, but no longer. Farley recognizes that the demand for cowboys is slight these days, that openings for farm help grow more limited each year. To be sure, there is still a good vocational-agriculture program in animal husbandry, with dairy cows, swine, sheep and poultry and a few beef cattle. But most of the boys learn trades in jobs that are easier to find. The school, which is complete from primary grades through high school, has an excellent vocational program, and there is so much honest work to be done at the Ranch that the kids are employed in useful tasks, not in made work.

Businessmen from Amarillo frequently come out to the ranch to talk to the older boys, telling them about their own occupations and how to get jobs and hold them. One evening while I was there, the owner of a brick-construction firm—himself a former Ranch boy—spoke, and afterward the kids plied him with eager questions. This, too, is education. And finally, a nonsectarian religious program under a full-time chaplain rounds out the educational program. "Religion is essential in an operation like this," Farley said. "It works wonders with some of the boys."

Not Many Cal Farleys

What will happen to Boys Ranch when Farley, who is 66, is no longer around? "Well," Cal said, "we're on a sound financial basis now, and we have a fine staff to carry on." But will the Ranch lose the personal touch, become a bureaucracy? When I put the question to several Ranch directors in Amarillo, they exploded: "Not on your life! We won't let it! We'll find another guy!" But there are not many Cal Farleys in this world.

In any event, there is a lesson for all of us in this enlightened home for boys on the banks of the Canadian. It is probably too much to hope that some day there might be a similar private institution in every state, but this country could learn much from Cal Farley's philosophy and methods. If we are ever to get anywhere in the battle against delinquency, we will have to learn that wayward boys must be treated like human beings; that we must teach them marketable skills; that all this takes far more staff and money than we have been willing thus far to devote to the task; and finally that we damned well should take our juvenile institutions, both state and municipal, out of partisan politics, now and for always. **THE END**

Ranch life lets Danny O'Dell, 12, share the delights of most boys: Dogs, dungarees, base

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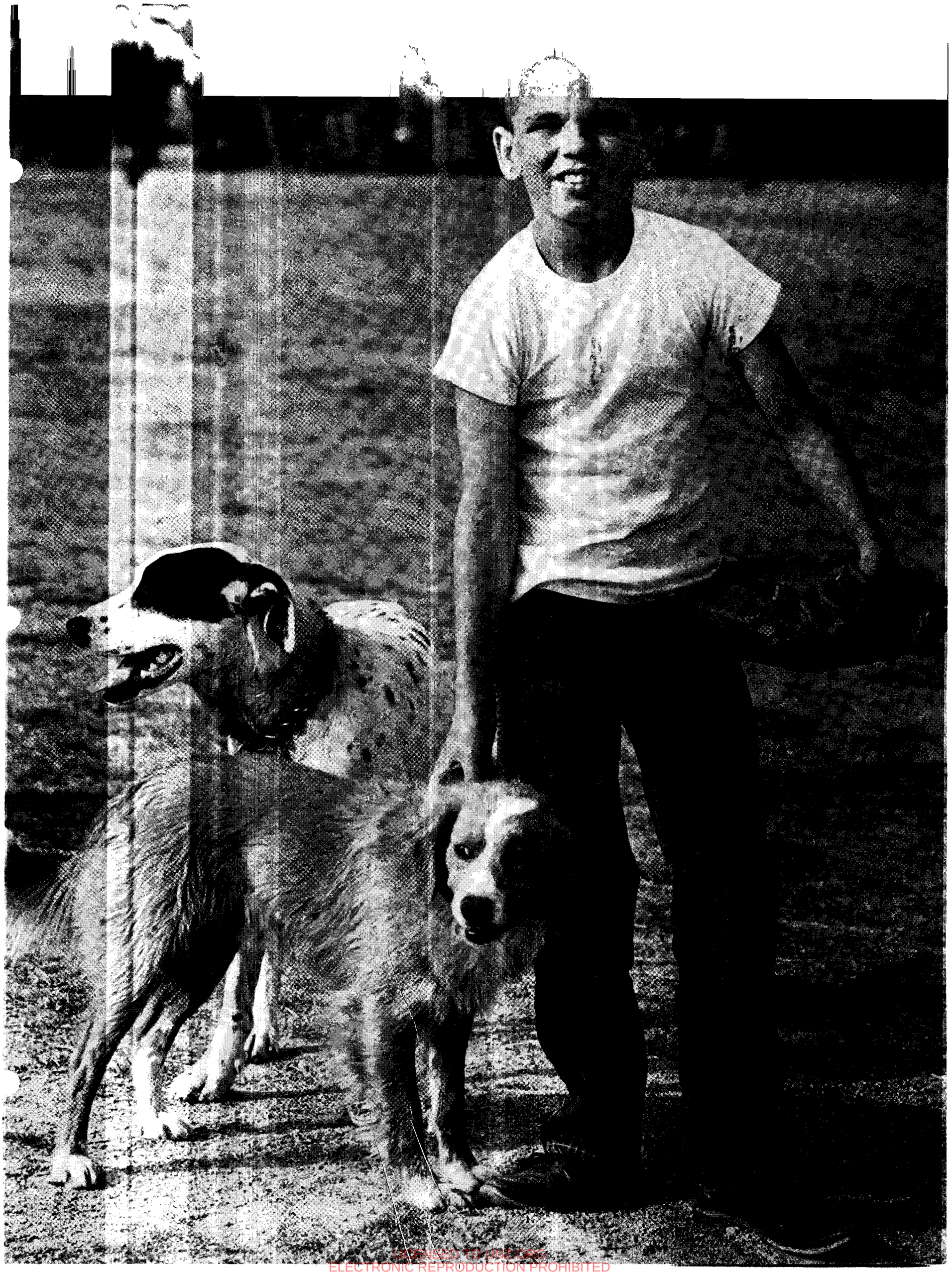

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Learning To Take It

Cuba should teach us the folly of entertaining any illusions that the Communists have changed their spots. It would be a grave mistake for us to assume that Cuba will be followed by any relaxation of the Communist effort at subversion and intrigue in other areas of the world.

The classic Communist tactic, which applies in this situation, was defined by Lenin many years ago. "The strictest loyalty to the ideas of communism," he said, "must be combined with the ability to make all the necessary practical compromises, to tack, to make agreements, zigzags, retreats, and so on, in order to accelerate coming into power." Khrushchev has zigged, and we can expect that he will zag by stirring up trouble in another place. Whenever he takes a breather we can count on Mao Tse-tung.

The Russian venture into Cuba was an extraordinary gamble. The "missile gap," we know now, doesn't really exist—and hasn't existed for many years—and it was the Russians who actually lagged in the production of intercontinental ballistic missiles. Khrushchev sought to redress this imbalance by sneaking his intermediate-range missiles into Cuba under our nose. He apparently banked upon the conviction, which he expressed to Robert Frost in Moscow in September, that Americans were "too liberal to fight." That was a colossal miscalculation. Even if the Cuban experience had no other value, it should have set Mr. K straight on that score.

The lesson of the whole episode, however, is one that we should have learned a long time ago. Whether a dictator is named Hitler, Stalin or Khrushchev, the surest way to encourage him in his aggressive designs is to give way under pressure.

The late John Foster Dulles drew much ridicule for his "brinkmanship" theory of diplomacy. The phrase was unfortunate. It gave Mr. Dulles's detractors a chance to portray him as a death-defying high-wire artist who took a fiendish delight in his association with danger. But the thesis, distasteful though we found it, was sound: There are times when we have no choice but to step to the very edge of the precipice in order to avoid disaster. This is a step that is not to be taken lightly or recklessly. It should be taken only when it becomes clear—as it did in Cuba after our intelligence confirmed the presence of a nuclear threat—that vital interests are at stake. The crucial point, in such instances, is that the chances of averting a calamity are greater when we take the risk.

In 1951, when he was Secretary of Defense, Gen. George C. Marshall warned a congressional committee that "the tensions that unsettle the world may persist through the lifetime of many of us"—and certainly there is no diminution of the Cold War a dozen years since Marshall spoke. He spoke after the hair-raising Berlin airlift; the United Nations forces were taking such a terrible pummeling from the Chinese Communists in Korea that General MacArthur suggested pulling back to one of the offshore islands. Yet to come were Lebanon, the Congo, Laos, Vietnam [see pages 13–21]—and Cuba.

"Peace and freedom do not come cheap," said President Kennedy at the University of North Carolina last year, "and we are destined, all of us here today, to live out most if not all of our lives in uncertainty and challenge and peril."

We often hear youngsters despairing because of this uncertainty. We know it's a tough world for anyone under 30, but so was the depression a rugged existence—and World War II and Korea. It was ever thus. Many years earlier, reflecting upon his Civil War experience, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "I believe that the struggle for life is the order of the world, at which it is vain to repine."

We can only say to our youth: Learn to live with it. Sustained by a higher faith, you can—and must—say to yourselves, "I can take it."

A Criminal Reviews a Book

Literary critics are frequently accused of lacking firsthand experience of the subjects they undertake. Such was not the case with a review of Dostoevski's *Crime and Punishment* that came across our desk recently. It was written by one of the inmates of the Kentucky State Penitentiary and appeared in *Castle on the Cumberland*, monthly publication of that institution.

The reviewer recounts the story of Raskolnikov, "an intellectual young student of poor family," who "completes a paper in which he declares that the superior man is above law and ethics." He tells how Raskolnikov murders a miserly old woman pawnbroker. "Raskolnikov, like present-day criminals," he says, "gave the crime considerable thought; but, also like present-day criminals, he planned unrealistically. After killing the pawnbroker, he is trapped in the apartment by students who wish to pawn jewelry. Getting no response from their knocking, they finally go away, but Raskolnikov in his panic overlooks most of the money he came to steal.

"This is all very typical, as most thieves will admit," the reviewer adds authoritatively. "But it is in the following pages that Dostoevski succeeds in revealing the real cost of crime. . . . He lays bare the guilt, fear and remorse that are all too familiar to even the most experienced of thieves. . . . Almost every criminal will recognize himself in Raskolnikov, and I wonder if it wouldn't be a real deterrent to a potential thief to read and reread pertinent passages from Dostoevski's book. Certainly the work should be required reading for every person who undertakes to study or do anything about the criminals in our society."

Fun and Games With the Kennedys

There is going to be something for every Kennedy lover and every Kennedy hater this Christmas, and, the way things are going, the early shoppers are the only ones who will not be disappointed. For the Democrats there are a Caroline doll, a Jackie doll, a fine book of photographs illustrating Mrs. Kennedy's White House tour and a raft of books about J.F.K.

For nonbelievers there are the satirical *J.F.K. Coloring Book* and a game called New Frontier featuring a large picture of a rocking chair, called the Seat of Government, on the wrapper. The game is somewhat like Monopoly, and the resemblance, no doubt, will not be lost upon the Kennedy dynasty's detractors. According to the instructions, you start out from the Seat of Government (in other words, you go off your rocker) and "move forward according to the laws of luck determined by a throw of the dice. When a player lands on a space not owned by himself, he pays the owner of the property the price-regulated rent according to the guidelines published on the Title Deed Cards. Other nonproperty spaces can send the player to the Hospital or to the Federal Court. . . . The game is one of exciting frustration in business and reward for political favoritism." There are a "Withholding Tax," "Watering Holes," "S.O.B. Industries," and an "Ask-Not Tradir Post." The Treasury ultimately wins all the money, and everyone in the game goes bankrupt. It's a grim game, but Kennedy haters will find it more fun than sitting at home cursing Medicare or muttering about "that man in the White House."

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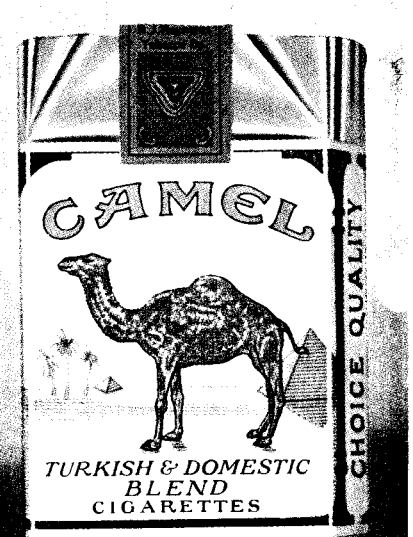

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